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Mrs POYNTZ RICKETTS,

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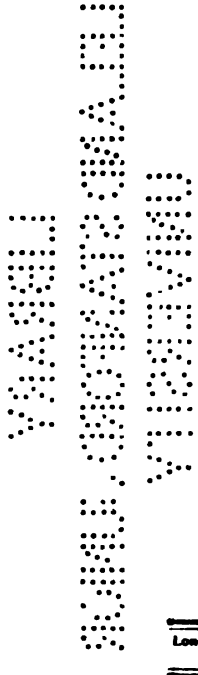

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in its immediate, consequences, as the other, to which we have alluded.

Dryden may be considered as the first popular attempter in English of the system of free translation, as it is supposed to be recommended by Horace; we say *supposed to be*, because we do not think that his words admit the wide inferences which have been drawn from them; and (what is much more important) Ben Jonson, the translator of his *Art of Poetry*, did not; and well justified in his own practice his different opinion of Horace's meaning. Even Dryden, however, had as strict theoretical notions of the duties of a translator as *he* could entertain who would follow his author—

'Non ita certandi cupidus quam propter amorem.'

'A translator (says he) is to be like his author: it is not his business to excel him.' This was his theory; but though he may occasionally catch the graces of his author, (besides exhibiting many rare qualities of his own,) can he be said to resemble the poet whom he translates, when he renders Horace's

——————— 'si celeres quatit
Pennas, *resigno quæ dedit*,'

by

'But if she dances in the wind
And shakes her wings and will not stay,
I puff the prostitute away,'

recollecting always, that Horace is speaking of a recognized and severe deity? or, when designating the priests of Cybele as *clumsy clergymen*, does he convey to us Juvenal's picture of those painted, mitred, and effeminate fanatics? Does he not rather conjure up a vision of portly gentlemen in black worsted stockings, thick shoes, and shovel hats? And yet how full is every translation by him, even his noble Æneid, of faults such as these, produced partly by the ambition of excelling his original, and partly by his indulging in the vicious use of equivalents!

We have already recorded our opinion of Pope's Iliad; but even he has been seduced into violations of the sense of his author by the same cause, by Dryden's example, and by the artificial tone of an age that would have delighted to call the House of Commons the Senate House. He was also, like Dryden, hurried away, and into some wider deviations, by a genius too original and imaginative to suffer him to become a copyist. He seems to have meditated his work in the spirit in which a painter meditates a picture, anxious rather to improve, than exactly to imitate, nature;—whereas, according to our ideas, and according to those *professed* by Dryden, he should have commenced his task with the feelings of one who is to copy and not to compose:

—But

—But the genius of Pope led him to composition; and we have to lament that his genius should have been of so distinct a character from *his* whom he professed to follow. It is observed fairly enough in a little work lately published,* that he is successful at least as a moral, if not as a descriptive, translator, and that the Achilles and Diomed of Pope may be truly said to be the Achilles and Diomed of Homer. Nor, though he is not so faithful a painter of manners as of passions, do we object to his softening features which would have disgusted the feelings of a modern age. Manners are variable, and, as we have before observed on this very subject, indicate something very different in one æra from what we should infer from them in another. But this, though it will excuse him for refining, will not excuse him for exaggerating, and it will yet less excuse him for the alteration of pictures of inanimate nature, which is invariable. The Iliad is not like the letter which so much excited Col. Bath's admiration in Amelia; it is not '*all* writ with great dignity of expression and emphasis of judgment:' it is, as every scholar knows, full of familiar images; of pictures of still life, quite as much distinguished by lightness as by force of touch; and of shadings of sentiment as delicately discriminated as those of the descriptions themselves. So many of these last have been pointed out by Mr. Coleridge in his lectures, by Mr. Uvedale Price in his book on the Picturesque, and others, that we willingly abstain from adducing new passages in proof of what we have been saying. We will, however, add, that in the neglect of these more evanescent colourings of Homer's pencil, and in the omission of his particles, Pope often not only takes from the delicacy of the expression, but injures the sense of his author. Fielding (who was never misled by present popularity†) has observed upon this in his 'Amelia,' where Dr. Harrison comments upon Pope's leaving out the δε in his version of

'Διος δ' ετελειετο βουλη.'

And though we do not venture to refine so much upon the force of Greek particles as to construe (with Dean Jackson) Τρωες ρα, 'The Trojans, *Heaven help them!*' we *do* attach very considerable importance to such monosyllables; and no less to the family of *pure, però*, &c. in Italian.

Another fault, which will not be found inconsistent with our general admiration of him, may be charged upon Pope, in the

* Thoughts and Recollections by One of the last Century. London. 1825.

† As an instance of this, we might mention his quiet sneer at *Glover*'s poem of *Leonidas* (then in the zenith of popularity) in his *Journey from this World to the next.* 'The first spirit with whom I entered into discourse was the famous Leonidas of Sparta. I acquainted him with the honours which had been done him by a celebrated poet of our nation, to which he answered, *that he was very much obliged to him.*'

stricter inquiry which we are now instituting into his merits and demerits as a *translator*. While he occasionally departs from the sense of Homer, he is guilty of some violations of English idiom, which escape the notice of the general reader amid the splendour of his versification, as false notes often pass undetected in a grand crash of music. There is much to be said in palliation of this in a faithful translation, where the poet is seduced into a deviation from the rules of his own language by an anxiety to conform more closely to the sense of his original; but instances of this fault are not wanting in Pope, where he has no such apology to offer for it. Take, as an example, what in the translation begins at the 167th line of book xxii.

> 'We greet not here, as *man conversing man*,
> Met *at* an oak or journeying o'er a *plain*.'

How much better is Cowper's translation of this passage! We need not remind the classical reader that Hector is soliloquizing, while he stands awaiting the approach of Achilles; under which circumstances Cowper's interpretation of his sentiments is, as we believe, the right one, and at all events avoids the blunders and bad English of Pope.

> 'It is no time from oak or hollow rock
> With him to parley, as a nymph and swain,—
> A nymph and swain—soft parley mutual hold, &c.

Another and a worse defect in Pope remains to be noticed, which (as far as we know) has hitherto escaped censure, and which yet strikes us as the more blameable, because it is a departure from the principles which he had prescribed to himself. Nothing is more remarkable in Homer than the varieties of his style, and their uniform appropriateness to his subject. To illustrate this by the old simile of a river, (and we know no better,) his stream of verse is as various as *that*, which now pours in a cataract, now runs 'dark, deep, and dangerous,' and now winds through pastures and festive gardens, by cabins or by palaces. Pope's verse, on the contrary, is like the Thames in sight of his own windows. He rolls along in sunshine, a magnificent volume of water which is usually

> 'Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.'

Cesarotti sins very much in the way of Pope, and is yet more full of glare and glitter; but Ugo Foscolo, with a rare union of imagination, scholarship, and judgment, has avoided these defects, and has caught much of the true Homeric diversity of style in the fragments of an Italian Iliad which he has published. Thus in one of his specimens, the swearing to the conditions of the duel between Paris and Menelaus, he has closely observed the solemn,

solemn, archaic, and monotonous narrative of his original; and in the introduction of Helen to Paris by Venus, which follows the combat, has as dexterously imitated the voluptuous style of colouring with which Homer has painted the interview. He has moreover succeeded in catching the general tone of Homer's style as characterized by simplicity and majesty, a deviation from which has been always objected to Pope, and *was so* even at the time when his translation was most popular. This Foscolo has accomplished in a great degree by the use of the *versi sciolti*, a measure perhaps as analogous to that of his original as any that could be found in any living language; unless, indeed, the German must be excepted. His predecessor Cesarotti did not turn this measure to the same good account although he had also the good taste to adopt it; for, though much depends on a right choice of weapons, yet more depends upon dexterity in the use of them. Cowper again, though his version cannot sustain a general comparison with the fragments of Foscolo, has succeeded admirably in this particular. His work, in spite of its unpopularity, is unquestionably a valuable acquisition to English literature: and, indeed, we have little doubt that it would have obtained abundant favour, had he only condescended to bestow some of that labour, which he has employed to so much purpose on other parts of his task, in combing-out the tangles of his too intricate versification.

The renewal of our intercourse with Italy has revived the public attention with regard to the great poets of that Peninsula, and one result of this renewed interest has been the production of many attempts to translate them. We do not think it foreign to the purpose of this essay to give some account of these attempts, but in discussing them, we shall entirely abstain from all comments on the originals, (which would lead us into much too wide a field,) except in so far as any mention of them is incidental to criticism upon the translations. And we are the more bound to keep to this resolution, as in order to estimate the necessity of these works, we must once more digress, and, going back in our literary history, say a few words of our best and earlier Italian versions in the golden time of Queen Elizabeth.

In this reign were produced translations of those marvellous works, the *Furioso* and the *Gerusalemme:* the first by Harrington and the second by Fairfax. The first (though it has very considerable merit, and, among others, that of being written in sterling English) is very inferior to the second, and, moreover, is *an abridgment* of Ariosto's great work. One Italian canto, for instance, containing 150 stanzas, is comprized in 90 of Harrington's, and (what is worse) the poetry is always the part left out, as if it were a superfluous ornament of the narrative. When we say this, however, we

must not be understood to insinuate that any part would be well omitted; for Ariosto was as great a dramatist as a poet, and he who, upon a single perusal of the *Furioso*, finds much to be abridged, will, upon a second, usually believe what he had condemned to be well worthy of preservation; either as characteristic, or as essential to the conduct of the story. If, however, Harrington's version be faulty in this respect, he has still many claims upon our attention. We have already hinted that he is a pure well of English undefiled, and his narrative is almost always lucid and succinct.

The other may pretend to higher honours, and well deserves the eulogium of Collins, in speaking of Tasso—

> 'How have I sighed to hear his magic harp
> By British Fairfax strung, persuasive bard, &c.'

We do not know a translation in any language that is to be preferred to this in all the essentials of poetry. It is indeed uncertainly executed and requires correction; but if it be inferior in these graces to the productions of a later age, in how many others is it not superior! The translator has thoroughly imbibed the spirit of the language from which he copies, and has withal avoided most of those defects with which the real lover of Italian poetry might reproach the English school. In him there is neither glare, glitter, extravagance, nor that foul fault, confusion of metaphors. His language is strong and simple, and his verse, never monotonous from regularity of cadence, is, like Italian verse and Italian music, distinguished by that sort of hill-and-dale character which conveys the most enduring delight to every cultivated ear, and renders even what may displease in parts, so agreeable as a whole.

Somehow or other, for reasons which it would be difficult to explain, this beautiful work of Fairfax, and that of Harrington, fell (as the Scots lawyers express it) into *desuetude*, and their matchless originals were taken up and *done into* English by that most contemptible of translators, Hoole; a man grossly ignorant of the Italian language, quite as much so of the history, climates and countries whence these poets had chosen their subjects and their scenery, and not sympathizing with either of them in any one of their characteristics. In the mean time, some of the greatest geniuses of Italy had been entirely neglected, and Dante, Petrarch and Berni were without a translation.

English literature, however, was destined to be refreshed with new streams from the fountain by which it had originally been fed. *Petrarch* had been pronounced to be untranslatable, and his rainbow-tints seemed to defy imitation; yet parts of him have been of late transferred into English verse with a care, delicacy, and success, which completely justify the boldness of the experiment.

We

We can only regret that the distinguished and accomplished lady, who has naturalized so many of these exotics, should have reserved them for the gardens of her friends, and we trust we are not abusing her favours by presenting a single specimen to our readers.

Sonnet XCVII.

'A tender paleness stealing o'er her cheek
Veiled her sweet smile, as 'twere a passing cloud,
And such pure dignity of love avowed,
That in my eyes my full soul strove to speak.

'Then knew I how the spirits of the blest,
Communion hold in heaven; so beamed serene
That pitying thought, by every eye unseen
Save mine, wont ever on her charms to rest.

'Each grace angelic, each meek glance humane,
That Love ere to his fairest votaries lent,
By this, were deemed ungentle, cold, disdain.

'Her lovely looks in sadness downward bent,
In silence, to my fancy, seemed to say,
Who calls my faithful friend so far away?'

A few very excellent translations from this poet by Mr. Wrangham have also, we believe, remained within the circle of his private friends.

Dante was also most successfully undertaken by Mr. Carey, and we have at last a complete version of the *Inferno*, *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso;* a version which admirably preserves the austere character, the over-mastered feeling, the dignity and the majestic repose of its original. One drawback only there is from the admiration which we profess for this work—we cannot but regret that Mr. Carey should have chosen what Dr. Johnson has termed the most diffusive of all species of versification, as the representative of that which is among the most succinct. Every one acquainted with the *terza rima,* knows that in this metre, with the necessary exception of the conclusion, the sense as regularly closes with the triplet, as it does, in the elegiac measure of the Latins, with the pentameter. Nothing, therefore, can afford a stronger contrast to such a metre than blank verse, however judiciously it may be managed; and surely the dress of the original and that of the portrait should be similar, if they be not the same. A very short extract taken from the *Inferno* will illustrate our opinion. It is the meeting of Dante with Manto, the daughter of Tiresias, a passage eminently characteristic of the poet's most favourite style of description.

'Manto fù, che cercò per terre molte,
Poscia si pose là dove nacqui io:
Onde un poco mi piace che m' ascolte.

'Poscia che 'l padre suo di vita uscìo
E venne serva la città di Baco,
Questa gran tempo per lo mondo gìo.

'Suso in Italia bella giace un laco
Appiè de l' Alpe, che serra Lamagna,
Sovra Tiralli, ed ha nome Benaco.

'Per mille fonti, credo, e più si bagna,
Tra Garda e val Camonica e Apennino,
De l' acqua che nel detto laco stagna.

'Luogo è nel mezzo, là dove 'l Trentino
Pastore, e quel di Brescia, e 'l Veronese
Segnar potria, se fesse quel cammino.

'Siede Peschiera, bello e forte arnese,
Da fronteggiar Bresciani e Bergamaschi,
Onde la riva intorno più discese.'

Now, Mr. Carey's translation of this is very good, but does not give so exact an idea of the original as it might. Dante marches over his ground with a sort of spectral stalk; for each triplet is a separate pace; Mr. Carey moves vigorously and gravely, but he does not (as we would have him) tread in the exact steps of his predecessor, nor yet follow him quite fast enough. A phrase in the Italian poet should be the watchword of his translators—'*Sic breve e arguto.*'

'————was Manto, she who searched
Through many regions and at length her seat
Fixed in my native land; whence a short space
My words detain thy audience. When her sire
From life departed, and in servitude
The city, dedicate to Bacchus, mourned,
Long time she went a wanderer through the world.
Aloft in Italy's delightful land,
A lake there lies, at foot of that proud Alp,
That o'er the Tyrol locks Germania in,
Its name Benacus; which a thousand rills,
Methinks, and more, water, between the vale
Camonica and Garda and the height
Of Apennine remote. There is a spot
At midway of that lake, where he who bears
Of Trento's flock the pastoral staff, with him
Of Brescia and the Veronese might each
Passing that way, his benediction give.
A garrison of goodly sight and strong
Peschiera stands, to awe with front opposed
The Bergamese and Brescian: whence the shore
More slope, each way descends.'

While these accomplished persons were paying honour to *Petrarch*

Petrarch and *Dante*, some homage was done by Mr. Rose to *Berni*, in a compendious prose translation of his *Innamorato*;* a work necessary to the understanding of the *Furioso*, which (we scarcely need observe) is a continuation of Berni's poem; and hence his version of this seems only to have been undertaken as a prologue to that of *Ariosto*. He has, however, interspersed his abridgment with some extracts in the stanza of the original, as specimens of Berni's style, and has discussed his literary character and his works at considerable length in the Introduction. The translation of Ariosto, of which this was the forerunner, has already been examined in our Journal,† and we pass to the new versions of *Tasso*, which have been recently published, or which are now in the progress of publication.

The *Gerusalemme* seems to be a greater favourite with the English public than the *Furioso;* for it has been twice translated within these few years. Hoole's translation, in the new influx of verses from the Italian, was succeeded by one from the pen of Mr. J. H. Hunt,‡ which has already been noticed by us at some length. His bark was victualled for a longer voyage than that of Mr. Hoole, and much better navigated withal; but (as we intimated in our review of it) in steering the same course, it split upon the same rock. Hr. Hunt unluckily adopted the couplet. Mr. Wiffen, the author of the yet more recent work now under consideration, has chosen the Spenserian stanza, a happier metre than that of his immediate predecessor, and has as much excelled *him*, as *he* surpassed Mr. Hoole. We are not, however, quite satisfied even with the Spenserian stanza. This consists of nine lines, the last of which is an Alexandrine, whereas Tasso's consists but of eight hendecasyllabic lines, as the Italians term them. Now every one who has attempted translation from the Italian, must be aware that this beautiful language is so much less concise than the English, that the man,

> '*Che* in questo di Procruste orrido letto
> Si sforza à giacer,'

has to stretch, instead of contracting, himself. Whoever, therefore, lengthens his bed, increases his tortures. Hence most of Mr. Wiffen's violations of Tasso are additions, and these (as is a natural risk of such a license) are often widely at variance with the tone of the author. There is another reason why the translator of Tasso should have conformed as nearly as possible to the metre of his original. We recollect once hearing an English scholar

* Rose's Orlando Innamorato, &c. Edinburgh. 1823.
† Vol. XXX. p. 40.
‡ Vol. XXV. p. 426.

of

of no common accomplishments, observe, that he thought he should know a stanza of this poet anywhere, by its structure; and with the exception of some of *Poliziano*'s, who served Tasso as a model, we entirely subscribe to his opinion. Surely then features of such marked peculiarity should (as we have in another case remarked) be most studiously preserved. Perhaps the most exact equivalent for the Italian *ottava rima* would be the English eight-lined stanza terminated with an Alexandrine. This would, in some degree, give it the majestic close which the Italian stanza possesses in the winding up of its doubly-rhymed couplet; and, indeed, we have seen, in manuscript, the translation of a canto of Ariosto, by an accomplished statesman, distinguished for his cultivation of southern literature, in which this effect is most happily produced. That, however, which is pleasing in one canto, may be wearisome in forty-six, and there are also serious objections even to the eight-lined stanza, terminated by the Alexandrine. We have already observed, that it is necessary, from English packing much more closely than Italian, even for the translator who conforms to the metre of his original, to fill up voids, as sailors do the vacant spaces between their ballast with what they call *dunnage*. The use, therefore, of the eight-lined stanza closed by a twelve-syllable verse, would be liable, though in an infinitely less degree, to the same objections which attach to the Spenserian metre; as compelling the translator to more dilation. Add, that while the *constant* employment of the Alexandrine would, as in the other case, give a drawling tone to a long narrative, so a *partial* use of it would disappoint the ear by the uncertainty of its occurrence; an exception which Johnson has, we think, justly taken to the occasional introduction of this and the triplet in English heroic verse.

Having made these objections to the sort of stanza which Mr. Wiffen has chosen for his verse, it is fit that the reader should have the means of judging how he manages it; and as we think that in matters of mere taste, the reader is more likely to form his opinion upon the specimens presented to him, according to his own feeling than ours, we shall abstain from all criticism, except in the points where the merit or demerit of our extract may be put to a certain test; to wit, by a comparison with the original, and with other translations, and by a very short trial of *its English*. As the fairest sample for Mr. Wiffen, we select a part of that which he himself published by way of a specimen, in a prospectus of his intended work; but in the corrected form (and it is much improved) in which the passage appears in his completed task. It is taken from the commencement of the fourth canto.

'Whilst

I.

'Whilst thus in fervent toil the artisan
His warlike engines framed of hugest size,
To storm the city, the grand Foe of man
Turned on the Christian host his livid eyes:
And seeing them in glad societies,
On the new works successfully engaged,
Bit both his lips for fury, and in sighs
And bellowing, like a wounded bull enraged,
Roared forth his inward grief and envy unassuaged.

II.

'Then, having run through every mode of *thought*
To work them fiercest ills, he gave command
That all his angels should make swift *resort*
To his imperial court, a horrid band!
As though it were a trifling thing to stand
(Oh fool!) the antagonist of God, and spite
His will divine, forgetful of the hand
Which thundering through all space, from heaven's blue height
Hurled him of yore down—down to Tartarus and night.'

The two last lines of the first stanza are wrong, and those of the second are not only for the most part an addition, but an addition in a spirit foreign to that of the original words. There is no repetition in Tasso's verses.

'*Stolto che al ciel si agguaglia, e in obblio pone*
Come di Dio la destra irata tuone'!

We proceed to the third, which is the famous stanza beginning with

'*Chiama gli abitator' de l'ombre eterne*
Il rauco suon de la Tartarea tromba.'

This (which it is mere justice to say is inimitable) he renders thus:—

'Its hoarse alarm the Stygian trumpet sounded
Through the dark dwellings of the damned; the vast,
Blind air rebellowing to the dreary blast,
Tartarean caverns tremblingly rebounded.
Hell quaked with all her millions; never cast
The black skies so insufferable a sound,
When the loud thunder left the world aghast,
Nor ever in such motion rocked the ground,
When in its quivering heart conflicting fires were bound.'

How far Mr. Wiffen has been successful in echoing the '*taratantara*' of Tasso, we leave to the reader's unassisted judgment; but we must again observe that the last line is utterly unjustified by the original. Tasso has

'*Quando vapori in sen' gravida serra,*'

and

and we can assure Mr. Wiffen that no Italian poet would talk about *fires being bound.**

On the whole, we cannot consider this work as a close version of

* That the reader may try the *comparative* merits of Mr. Wiffen's translation by a satisfactory test, we put the same passages, as rendered by Fairfax and Hoole, into the opposite scale. We have in another place (Vol. XXV. p. 426.) given a sufficient specimen of Mr. Hunt.

'While thus their work went on with lucky speed,
And reared rams their horned fronts advance,
The antient Foe to man and mortal seed,
His wannish eyes upon them bent askaunce;
And when he saw their labours well succeed,
He wept for rage, and threatened dire mischance:
He choak'd his curses, to himself he spake;
Such stifled groaning wounded bullocks make.*

At last resolving in his damned thought
To find some lett, to stop their warlike feat;
He gave command his princes should be brought
Before the throne of his infernal seat:
O fool! as if it were a thing of nought
God to resist, or change His purpose great;
Who on his foes doth thunder in his ire;
Whose arrows hailstones be, and coals of fire.'

* * * * *

'The dreary trumpet blew a dreadful blast,
And rumbled thro' the lands and kingdoms under;
Through the wide wastes it roared, and hollows vast,
And filled the deep with horror, fear, and wonder:
Not half so dreadful noise the tempests cast,
That fall from skies with storms of hail and thunder;
Not half so loud the whistling winds do sing,
Broke from the earthen prison of their king.'—*Fairfax.*

'While these intent their vast machines prepare,
T' assail the city with decisive war;
The Foe of man, whose malice ever burns,
His livid eyes upon the Christians turns:
He sees what mighty works their care engage,
And grinds his teeth, and foams with inward rage;
And, like a wounded bull, with pain oppress'd,
Deep groans rebellow from his hideous breast.
Then bending every thought his schemes to frame,
For swift destruction on their hated name;
He summon'd in his court, to deep debate,
A horrid council of th' infernal state:
Insensate wretch! as if th' attempt was light,
T' oppose Jehovah's will, and dare his might:
Ah! too forgetful how the vengeful hand
Of Heaven's Eternal hurls the forked brand!

* * * * *

'The trumpet now, with hoarse-resounding breath,
Convenes the spirits in the shades of death:
The hollow caverns tremble at the sound;
The air re-echoes to the noise around!
Not louder terrors shake the distant pole,
When through the skies the rattling thunders roll:
Not greater tremors have the labouring earth,
When vapours, pent within, contend for birth!'—*Hoole.*

* Fairfax has here sought to imitate a grace in his original, which neither Hoole nor Wiffen has attempted to catch.

Tasso:

Tasso: and Mr. Wiffen's composition, though respectable, has many deformities. Thus, we have scattered over both this volume and his translation of Garcilasso de la Vega, many instances of the false and vulgar style of rhyming exemplified in the first and third lines of the first stanza we have been transcribing. And we are still more frequently annoyed with bad and prominent alliteration—a vice by no means confined to the pages of the author under review, though we rather apprehend few of his rivals ever reached exactly the same 'bad eminence' which he has attained in 'lucid light' and other specimens that might be particularized.

We are not disposed to object *generally* to the use of alliteration. It was common in the early periods of Roman literature, and, even if so classical a precedent for the practice were wanting, we should say it was justified both by the genius and ancient usage of language. Italian poetry derives one of its principal charms from a happy assortment of vowel sounds; and the English, which has few *distinct* vowel sounds, seeks a grace in the alliteration of its consonants. But having granted this, we assert that the meaning of the words, the choice of the letters with which we alliterate, and the mode in which we dispose them, must be judicious and well considered. We insist the more especially upon the caution to be observed in the use of this instrument; because its abuse has led to most of the nonsense and contradictions which are to be found in English, and to which habit alone could have reconciled us. Take, as examples, some of our most familiar proverbs, as, *money makes the mare to go;* something expressive of sympathy, between a *fool* and a *fig; neck or nothing;* which latter, if it means any thing, means *neck or every thing;* and several other similar sayings, to the full as silly, but much too filthy for citation. If such glaring absurdities do not occur in our alliterative poetical phraseology, still the inartificially conspicuous introduction of what when well managed is a grace, has often produced very bad effects even there.

Artis est celare artem, and we therefore conceive that, *even* where there is a good choice of letters, which cannot be predicated of all Mr. Wiffen's combinations, and where there is no sacrifice of sense to sound, or other abuse, a too apparent use of alliteration is offensive; and an alliteration on other than initial syllables (especially where it can be placed upon accented ones) is generally to be preferred. Dryden, indeed, who is the least ostentatious in its management, may also be said to be the most judicious in the purpose to which he applies it, using it to unite different verses, by links that are almost imperceptible, and making the recurrence of the chosen letter or letters operate, as a key-note in

in music. Take the first least ostentatious example which offers itself to our recollection.

> 'Of all the cities in Romanian lands,
> The chief and most renowned Ravenna stands;
> Adorned in ancient times with arms and arts,
> And rich inhabitants, with generous hearts.'

The poet has thus almost always employed this engine; though we no more mean to insinuate that he weighed such matters nicely in the construction of his verse, than we suppose that Mozart balanced all the rules of thorough bass in the first imagination of a bravura song.

We think ourselves warranted, then, in saying that Mr. Wiffen (though he has fairly distanced Hoole and Hunt) cannot hope to contend successfully with Fairfax. Perhaps we might say the same of every man living who is known to us by his efforts in translation. It is, therefore, that we should with more satisfaction have seen Mr. Wiffen devoting himself to a *rifacimento* of this poet, for whom he himself professes such veneration. Do not let him think that we would, in saying so, assign him what we consider as a mean or mechanical task. *Berni*, a name which we need not tell him stands high on the roll of Italian fame, though the author of many classical and distinguished works, is principally known in the wide world of letters by his successful labours in recasting the work of Boyardo; and, much as we admire Fairfax, we think that there is great room for the exertion of industry and talent like Mr. Wiffen's in modernising and correcting his translation.

If, however, there are any of our readers who think we attach too high a value to this neglected poet, let them hear Dryden in the preface to his *Fables*, who, coupling him with Spenser, calls him 'a great master of English, and one who saw much farther into the beauties of our language than those who immediately succeeded him.' We may extend this eulogium; for we do not know of any one, among his immediate or remoter successors, who has shown so clear an insight into the language of English poetry, or who has adopted a more judicious scheme for its improvement. By his liberal use of the Saxon plural, (which, except by Spenser, who affected an antiquated language, had been little employed from the time of Chaucer,) as in the use of *treen* for *trees*, &c., he (if he had been successful in banishing that source of hisses) would have at one stroke freed our language from almost the only *opprobrium* in matter of sound, with which it is justly reproached.

After all, the improvement of his native language is, next to giving a faithful version of his author, the best praise to which a translator

translator can aspire. Nor does it require such poor qualifications to accomplish this, as is often vulgarly supposed. To do that well in which Spenser failed although Milton succeeded, is no ordinary achievement. But what are, it will be said, the rules for accomplishing this? We answer, a religious, but not superstitious, reverence, founded upon a thorough love and knowledge, of our own language; to which must be added such tact as shall prevent us from any involuntary violation of its character or spirit in our innovations. We will explain what we mean by citing a successful and unsuccessful attempt at the naturalization of a foreign word, which will moreover illustrate what we have said respecting Spenser and Milton. When the first introduced *spals* (spalle) into English, he imported what could never take root; but when the latter did the same by *imparadised*, a word, by the bye, first coined by Dante, he transplanted what promised to be a lasting ornament to our language. In the same manner we imagine that an Italian author who should attempt to give citizenship to *tantalizzare*, in Italian, would probably succeed; because the word is wanted; because Latin fable, from which it is derived, is popularly known in Italy; because the Italian language delights in forming verbs from substantives, as *pettoreggiare* from *petto*, &c. &c. &c.; and, above all, because, we believe, no whimsical or vulgar association is connected with the word, which we suppose might so be naturalized.*

We do not, however, after fidelity, limit a translator's duty to an accurate knowledge and full feeling of the beauties of his own language, however highly we may rate these qualifications; he must, among many others, have an accurate knowledge of the language from which he works. He must not talk of 'heaping *canisters* with bread,' nor fill shrubs with '*grass-hoppers*.' He must moreover have a competent knowledge (a necessity which is in some measure proved by this last example) of the climate, of the modes of cultivation, of the animals, and even of the manners of men (for these last have been very stationary) in the countries where poets have principally laid their scenes. If such things have been studied by him, he will not write only for the ignorant, but will afford most useful and material assistance to those who, though capable of understanding the original for the most part, encounter occasionally difficulties which can only be removed by more labour than they are willing to bestow. Had Collins been better

* An anecdote will best illustrate this condition. A foreigner, who thought he had obtained a great insight into Italian, coined in a Florentine circle the word *amusare*, justifying its use by the analogy of *amuser*, in French, and observing that *musa* (a muse) was familiar to every Italian.—'Aye, but *muso* (a snout) is unluckily yet more familiar,' replied one of the society.

informed

informed upon such points, we should not have to lament some blots in his exquisite oriental eclogues; he would have hardly applied to any hour, as an appropriate pleasure,

'What time 'tis sweet o'er fields of rice to stray,'

but would have been sensible that to wade through a rice-field is a most laborious and wearisome occupation, at whatever period of the day, and even when enlivened by the rising of a snipe at the distance of every thirty yards.

To these points of knowledge must also be added an acquaintance with the history, the families and the geography of the countries described, or the poet may, like Hoole, translate *i Viscontei colubri* (meaning the *snakes* in the armorial bearing of the Viscontis) 'Calabrian earls,' or render *reame*, the kingdom, (meaning the kingdom of Naples,) by 'Rheims' of Champagne, in a passage where there is no question but of *Italian wars*.

There is also another qualification which we conceive necessary for the discharge of a duty incidental to translation—we mean that of commentatorship—for which, taste, a certain portion of scholarship, and very various information are all absolutely necessary. This is more especially true of the translator of the Italian poets, because there are none who have borrowed more largely from their predecessors, and there are none whose works have been so miserably edited at home. It is surely an interesting labour to trace out the quarries (some of them disused and overgrown with weeds) from which these mighty architects have drawn their materials; nor less so to compare the fabrics they have constructed with the models from which they have worked. Ariosto is, for instance, considered as the most inventive and original of poets; yet, strip him of all which he has collected in a thousand parts, and made his own by skilful appropriation, and what will remain to him! He takes a story out of a *fabliau*, varies it, adds *dramatis personæ* from Apuleius, supplies them with sentiments from Ovid, and here and there intersperses his own beautiful stanzas with verses *tolti da peso*, as the Italians phrase it, (that is, taken bodily,) out of Dante and Petrarch. He does, in short, what every good poet, whose operations we have been able to trace, has done; and it is a most curious point to ascertain what is that quality which we call invention, and to prove how almost entirely made up of borrowed parts is that which may be designated original, as a whole. It is true that Tasso has ranged less widely in pursuit of materials than Ariosto, but he has dipt as deeply in the pure wells both of classical and of ancient Italian poetry. Such instances of borrowing as he and other real poets afford, possess other value, when judiciously selected, besides that arising from the mere question of what is their own and what is another's;

as,

as, for example, when the same idea takes a distinct colouring from the character of the borrower. Thus Petrarch makes his mistress say to him in a vision—

'Non sperar più di *vedermi* in terra mai.'

Ariosto has almost copied this verse, which he has also put into the mouth of Angelica seen by Orlando in a dream, but has inserted a warmer expression than suited the Platonic feelings of his predecessor; the alteration is

'Non sperar più di *giovirne* in terra mai.'

In the same manner the distinct characters of Dante, Petrarch and Tasso are marked by an essential difference in a passage, otherwise unimportant, which is to be found in all three. Ugo Foscolo observes, in his essay on Petrarch,

'The conflict of opposite purposes *thrills in the heart* of Petrarch, and *battles in the brain* of Dante.

"Chè si e no nel cor dentro mi suona."—*Petrarch.*

"Chè si e no nel capo mi tenzona."—*Dante.*

Tasso has expressed it (continues Foscolo) with that dignity from which he never departs,

"In gran tempesta di pensieri ondeggia;"

yet not only does this betray an imitation of the

—— "magno curarum fluctuat æstu"

of Virgil, but Tasso, by dreading the energy of the idiom *si e no*, lost (as he does too often) the graceful effect produced by ennobling a vulgar phrase.'—*Essays on Petrarch.*

We cite this passage, not only because it illustrates admirably our general notions of commentatorship, but because it is more especially appropriate to the immediate object of this review. As such we earnestly recommend it to the attention of Mr. Wiffen. An ordinary translator, nay most of our best artists, would probably, if engaged in a version of these poets, have rendered these passages in the same way. Yet how distinctively illustrative is each variety of the moral or poetical character of its author!

Unfortunately the reader will seek in vain in Mr. Wiffen's book for the critical notices, which we consider as indispensable in a work like the translation of the *Gerusalemme.* None of Tasso's imitations of ancient or modern poets are brought to light; no difficulties are explained, and, we have only six short notes appended to nine long cantos!

In reviewing the execution of the poetical part of Mr. Wiffen's task, we regretted that he did not adopt Tasso's own stanza in preference to that of Spenser. As an additional cause for such regret, we will give the three first of some dedicatory stanzas, written in Tasso's own metre, and addressed to the Duchess of Bedford,

which will show how successful Mr. Wiffen is in *the mechanical structure* of the *ottava rima*.

I.

'Years have flown o'er since first my soul aspired
In song the sacred missal to repeat,
Which sainted Tasso writ with pen inspired—
Told is one rosary, and the task compleat:
And now, 'twixt hope and fear, with toil untired,
I cast the ambrosial relique at thy feet;
Not without faith that in thy goodness thou
Wilt deign one smile to my accomplished vow.

II.

'Not in dim dungeons to the clank of chains,
Like sad Torquato's, have the hours been spent
Given to song; but in bright halls, where reigns
Uncumbered Freedom—with a mind unbent
By walks in woods, green dells, and pastoral plains,
To sound, far-off, of village merriment;
Albeit, perchance, some springs where Tasso drew
His sweetest tones, have touched my spirit too.

III.

'O that as happier constellations bless
My studious life, my verses too could boast
Some happier graces (*should* I wish for less?)
To atone for charms unseized and splendours lost!—
No! the bright rainbow marks the child's caress,
Who can but sorrow, as his fancy's crossed,
That e'er so beautiful a thing should rise
To elude his grasp, yet so enchant his eyes.'

These stanzas prove Mr. Wiffen's capability of well versifying Tasso, and yet more, of modernizing Fairfax; he has caught much of the Italian variety of rhythm, and avoided all the vulgar seductions of abrupt elision and smooth monotony of cadence.

Having thus returned from the incidental to the more immediate duties of a translator, it is but just to observe in conclusion that the exercise of these in the faithful mode in which we conceive they should be exercised, is especially difficult in rendering from the Greek, or from the Italian. To confine ourselves to the latter: it is a language so harmonious in itself, and possessed of so exquisite a prosody, that every thing may be simply related in its verse with dignity and effect; whereas the comparative poverty of sounds in our own tongue has led our poets and orators to the use of a figurative, and sometimes even to an unnatural, style of phraseology, which is the most opposed to that of Italian poetry. To attempt therefore to give the tint of the original is not always possible; but it is surely better to give no colouring at all than to give a false one; and we acquiesce in

in the answer which the translator of Ariosto evidently anticipates to the following question:—'Would a real lover of Raphael prefer a copy of one of his pictures, which, though well painted, did not convey a true idea of his colouring, or a print of it carefully executed, which would give at least a faithful idea of the design?'

But it may be said, is the translator, working according to Mr. Wiffen's system, and not dealing in equivalents, to copy closely every line, however hard to bend into another language; is he to render *every thing* literally? We say, No: this would be a real infraction of the precept of Horace; one, by the way, of which our favourite Ben Jonson has occasionally been guilty, as in his version of *vultus nimium lubricus aspici*, to wit, 'a face too slippery to behold.' What then is to be the guide, and how far is such an author to be literal or not? We answer again, he is to be as faithful an interpreter as the idiom and construction of his own language allow; and (as example is always clearer than precept) we will cite, as the model of translation best agreeing with our notions of what is fitting, a great statesman's extemporaneous version of Tacitus's comparison of eloquence to fire. '*Eloquentia, sicut flamma, materiè alitur, motu excitatur, et urendo clarescit:*'—Somebody having cited this passage after dinner as impossible to be rendered into English, Mr. Pitt instantly disproved the assertion by repeating; 'It may be said of eloquence as of a flame, that it requires matter to feed, motion to excite it; and that it brightens as it burns.' The example is short, but sufficient. We have here a version of Tacitus which is spirited, and yet close enough to assist a boy in the lower school of Eton in the construction of his task. If any rule can be considered as absolute, we conceive that which we maintain, is without exception; and if there be foreign authors, ancient or modern, who cannot be subjected to it, we aver that they may be paraphrased, but cannot be translated. Such is that exquisite idiomatic poet Catullus among the Latins; and such is Aristophanes among the Greeks, of whom we have seen most brilliant and successful imitations—and no *translation*.

Art. II.—1. *Histoire de l'Homme au Masque de Fer, accompagnée des Pièces authentiques et de Fac-simile.* Par J. Delort. Paris. 1825.

2. *The True History of the State-Prisoner commonly called 'The Iron Mask;' extracted from Documents in the French Archives.* By the Hon. George Agar Ellis. London. 1826.

THE debt of gratitude to a discoverer of historical truth is often more readily acknowledged than faithfully paid. 'Extorta voluptas'! is the secret murmur of the many against those

those who remove cherished doubts and specious errors; and no work was ever more calculated to excite such inward repinings than M. Delort's treatise on the celebrated anecdote of the Man in the Iron Mask. By a research well directed and pursued under favourable auspices, he has divested this strange incident of obscurity and exaggeration, and, at the same time, destroyed the far greater part of its romantic effect.

Voltaire, who first gave the fact a place in history, delivered it, as rumour had conveyed it to him, inaccurately, and with embellishments well fitted to encourage wild surmises. It was, according to his narrative, some months after the death of Cardinal Mazarin, that an unknown prisoner, young and of noble appearance, distinguished stature, and great beauty of person, was sent in profound secrecy to an island on the coast of Provence. The unfortunate wore, while travelling, a mask, so contrived by means of steel springs, that he could take his meals without uncovering his face, a peremptory order having been given, that, if he disclosed his features, he should be instantly put to death. The minister, Louvois, paid him a visit, and spoke to him standing, and with an attention which implied respect. It was said that, during this period of his confinement, he one day traced some words with a knife on a silver plate and threw it from a window looking to the sea: a fisherman brought it to the governor of the island, who, when he had ascertained by a rigid examination that the man could not read, dismissed him, with the remark, that he was very lucky in his ignorance. In 1690, St. Mars, who had been governor of Pignerol, was appointed to command the Bastille, and under his care the mysterious captive was transferred to Paris, masked as before. In the Bastille he was lodged as commodiously as the nature of the place allowed; his table was excellent, all his requests were complied with, and the governor seldom sat down in his presence. He played the guitar and had a passion for lace and fine linen. The physician, who frequently attended him, inspected his tongue but never saw his face. The very tone of his voice was said to inspire interest; no complaint ever escaped him, nor did he attempt, even by a hint, to make himself known. He died in 1703, and was interred, at night, in the burying-ground of St. Paul. So great was the importance ascribed to this dark event, that M. de Chamillart (the unfortunate war-minister and successor of Louvois) was importuned even on his death-bed, by his son-in-law, the Maréchal de la Feuillade, to unfold the mystery; but he replied that it was the secret of the state, which he had sworn never to reveal.

It is unnecessary now to examine the various conjectures that were grounded on these and other circumstances which disclosed themselves,

themselves, or were invented, as the story obtained celebrity.* The masked prisoner was from time to time pronounced to have been Fouquet, the disgraced minister of finance; a nameless person acquainted with Fouquet's secrets; an Armenian patriarch; Louis, Comte de Vermandois, son of Louis the Fourteenth, by Mademoiselle de la Vallière; and the redoubted duc de Beaufort, nicknamed, in the days of the Fronde, Le Roi des Halles. It is true, that the Comte de Vermandois was believed by his mother to have died in the camp before Dixmude, in 1683, and that his father had caused him to be, ostensibly at least, interred at Arras; it is also true that Beaufort was apparently slain and beheaded by the Turks at the siege of Candia; but, on the other hand, the unknown captive was named, in the register of his burial, Marchiali, which word, by a transposition of the letters, might be read *Hic Amiral*, evidently pointing out either Beaufort or Vermandois, both of whom were admirals of France! On grounds not less solid, it has been supposed, that the mysterious prisoner was James, Duke of Monmouth, whom the Londoners imagined they had seen executed on Tower-hill, in 1685.

But the most favoured hypothesis was that which made Marchiali a son of Anne, mother of Louis the Fourteenth. It was at one time boldly advanced that the prisoner was a twin brother of that monarch, brought into the world clandestinely a few hours *after* him, and concealed for reasons that are not strikingly cogent. A more plausible supposition was, that the queen had at some earlier period produced an illegitimate son, who, being born in wedlock, and senior to the acknowledged prince, might have disputed the succession, and was, therefore, to be buried in captivity. The adulterous father was, by some romantic persons, conceived to have been the duke of Buckingham; more feasible suspicions rested on Mazarin. Voltaire, who supposed himself better informed upon the subject than in truth he was, appears to have favoured this last opinion,† and it is openly maintained in a supplementary note on the Dictionnaire Philosophique, perhaps written, but at least known and uncontradicted by him.‡ The ingenious essay of Gibbon§ tends to nearly the same conclusion, but he refers Queen Anne's frailty to the period of her widowhood. The name, Marchiali, was made serviceable to these latter theories, as indicating an Italian father, and the pri-

* A work published in the beginning of the French revolution, entitled La Bastille dévoilée, contains (in vol. iii. livraison 9.) an ample digest of all that had, up to that time, been known, fancied, or fabled, on the present subject.

† See the Dictionnaire Philosophique—Tit. *Ana, Anecdotes.* Œuvres de Voltaire, tom. xxxvii. Ed. 1784. And Supplément au Siècle de Louis XIV. ibid. t. xxvii.

‡ Œuvres, t. lxx, p. 485.

§ Miscellaneous Works, 8vo. 1814. vol. v.

soner's love of fine linen greatly strengthened the presumption as to his mother, for Anne of Austria was known to abhor coarse drapery.

Amidst these various speculations, an opinion existed that the object of so much curiosity was the confidential agent of a duke of Mantua, and had incurred this strange and protracted imprisonment, by disappointing Louis the Fourteenth in a political intrigue. So modest a solution of that which Voltaire termed the most singular and astonishing of all historical mysteries was not likely to obtain general favour; it was early refuted, and would have been so again and again but that M. Delort has lately found out documents which prove it to be true. This gentleman produces, from the archives of France and those of the Foreign Office at Paris, a series of letters minutely developing the transactions of the French court with the Mantuan minister, and establishing, beyond any reasonable doubt, the identity of that personage with the Man in the Iron Mask. We proceed to take a short view of the correspondence thus collected, premising, however, that the principal facts discovered in its earlier part had been long before related with tolerable accuracy by the Italian annalist Muratori, of whose statements we shall, in some few instances, avail ourselves.

In 1677, when the grandeur of Louis the Fourteenth was at its highest pitch, and he was served in all departments by men of courage, genius, and industry, whose ambition lay in gratifying that of their master, the Abbé d'Estrades, ambassador of France to the Venetian State, formed the hope of acquiring for his sovereign, Casal, an important town and fortress in the territory of Ferdinand Charles, Duke of Mantua. This prince, who succeeded his father at a very early age, had arrived at manhood without attaining to power; his mother, a lady of the house of Austria, bore sway over his dominions, and they were wholly subjected, through her, to German influence. The duke himself was a debauched and uneducated young man, who dissipated his time and such money as he could command, in low company, degrading riot, and promiscuous amours.

D'Estrades selected, as his agent with the duke, Ercolo Antonio Matthioli, a native of Bologna, bachelor of laws in the university of that place, and a senator of Mantua. He had been secretary of state to the preceding duke, who graced him with the title of count: he enjoyed, also, the favour and confidence of Ferdinand, but without retaining his former station. As a displaced minister he still busied himself in observing the policy and relations of the Italian states; and appears to have cultivated an intercourse with the Spanish government at Milan, in some hope of

of personal advantage; but the Spaniards, according to one of his own letters, knew not how to reward talents and industry. D'Estrades, having already found reason to believe this person favourably disposed, addressed him through the medium of a subordinate intriguer, named Giuliani, lamenting the depressed and inglorious condition of Ferdinand, pointing out the ambitious designs of Spain and Austria on Casal and the Montferrat, as well as on the duchy of Guastalla, to which Ferdinand claimed a right of succession; and urging, that the only course to which that prince could resort for entire safety was to seek protection from the king of France. The Mantuan confidant received these overtures with eagerness, and procured Giuliani an interview with Ferdinand, who entered warmly into the projects of D'Estrades, and consented to negociate for the surrender of his fortress. Matthioli foresaw his own restoration to power in the establishment of his master's authority by French interference, and the duke was allowed to hope that Louis would send an army into Italy and place him at its head.

The Abbé d'Estrades submitted a narrative of his proceedings to Louis, and dispatched with it a copy, in cipher, of a letter to the king from Matthioli. In this epistle (a composition equally officious and servile) the count represents Casal as the *point d'appui* which alone secured the Spaniards in their possession of the Milanese; observes that this territory ought to belong to the crown of France; and ('nescia mens hominum fati!') blesses his fortune for having procured him the honour of serving a monarch whom he reveres as a demi-god.

'Succederono dipoi varie commedie in esso affare,' says the Italian annalist. The duke, surrounded by persons in the Austrian interest, and closely watched by his mother and her spiritual director, Bulgarini, could not openly confer with D'Estrades, but promised to give him an audience in Venice at the ensuing carnival, when they could meet disguised and in masks without exciting curiosity. Louis wrote to the Abbé, expressing himself well satisfied that the Duke of Mantua had resolved to shake off the lethargy of pleasure, consult his own glory, and attach himself to French interests. He flattered the duke's hope of commanding an army; desired the ambassador to keep up a belief that his master would send a strong force into Italy that year, and, at the same time, instructed him to maintain the negociation on such a footing that the king might advance or recede as he saw occasion. Louis added a short letter of compliment to Matthioli. The ambassador found it no easy task to protract the business; 'elle va si vite,' he observes to the secretary Pomponne, 'que je suis réduit à être fâché de n'y trouver pas des difficultés.'

Some difficulty, however, did occur in fixing the 'present' which Ferdinand was to receive for admitting a French force into Casal; Matthioli insisted on a hundred thousand pistoles, but the abbé combated manfully, and brought down the pistoles to crowns.

The duke arrived at Venice, but some time elapsed before a private interview could be hazarded. In the meanwhile, D'Estrades was requested to see Ferdinand take his exercises at the riding-school; and he makes a particular report to his own government on the prince's qualifications as a cavalier. The conference was at length obtained; the parties met at midnight, in a public place, and Ferdinand announced his intention to hasten the depending treaty by dispatching Matthioli to Paris. He had the more reason for this impatience, as, relying on immediate support from France, he had precipitately taken possession of Guastalla, thus crossing the designs and arousing the jealousy of his Austrian and Spanish neighbours. The ingenuity of D'Estrades was forthwith at work to contrive delays, though he dared not openly oppose the journey. But his labour was spared. The Spaniards became so formidably urgent with the duke to declare against France, withdraw the garrison of Guastalla, and receive German troops into Casal, that Matthioli, not trusting to the unsupported resolution of his master, deemed it prudent to continue near him. Sickness and other causes protracted the delay; but, at length, in October, 1678, the count departed for Paris accompanied by Giuliani, a very useful personage, but not qualified to add much lustre to the mission in the eyes of Louis the Fourteenth, as he was merely 'un petit gazetier,' keeping a shop at Venice, where he published the news of the day in written sheets, (for printed journals were not in use,) and eked out his revenue by labouring as a common scribe.

D'Estrades met them at the house of M. de Pomponne; a treaty was drawn up and a letter dispatched from the king to the Duke of Mantua. Matthioli was dismissed with a liberal reward, and promises of advancement for his sons and brother. The peace of Nimeguen had been concluded this year, and Louis, being now on friendly terms with the house of Austria, had leisure to undermine the interests of that power in Italy. Catinat, already renowned by more honourable exploits, was sent into Piedmont about the end of December, with an order to St. Mars, the French commandant of Pignerol, to conduct him by night and unperceived into the donjon. D'Asfeld (a name celebrated in the Spanish war of the Succession) repaired to Venice as an ordinary traveller. His commission was to obtain a meeting with the Duke of Mantua, and procure his ratification of the treaty; this accomplished, Catinat was to issue from his hiding-place, and take possession

possession of Casal with a French force which now drew towards the Italian frontier for that service. Ferdinand still appeared impatient for the proposed alliance, and the agents of France looked anxiously for Matthioli, believing that on his return the affair would at once be concluded.

But January passed away and Matthioli did not arrive. He had shaken off the 'gazetier' at Turin, and his own journey through the Italian states was surprizingly retarded. The duke, who was to meet D'Asfeld at Casal, began to find reasons for deferring the interview; he was unprepared with money; he waited for the heir presumptive of Mantua, who was to attend him on his journey; he had engaged with some Venetian gentlemen to give a 'carrousel,' and suspicions would arise if he disappointed them. In the meanwhile, Italy was resounding with rumours; the march of the French troops, which could not be concealed, excited alarms for Casal, for Genoa, for Savoy, for Geneva, and a report arose that Vauban was in Pignerol. Intelligence of a more authentic character soon followed. Ferdinand was pressed with expostulation by the agents of Spain and Austria, but Matthioli still assured the French of his master's fidelity, and it was finally arranged that the long deferred ratification should take place at a village named Incréa, near Casal, on the 9th of March. D'Asfeld accordingly left Venice, but was arrested in the Milanese; and Matthioli, who had set out a day or two later, returned, after a short absence, and informed Pinchesne, (the chargé-d'affaires acting in the place of D'Estrades,) that the duke had been compelled to execute a treaty which disabled him from keeping his engagement with France.

During these transactions, Catinat (under the name of De Richemont) had been patiently waiting the season of activity in his narrow winter-quarters. On the arrest of D'Asfeld, he was ordered to Incréa in that officer's stead; the expedition was of course fruitless, and he returned to Pignerol, where he was allowed to solace the hours of his confinement with the conversation of two distinguished state-prisoners, Fouquet, and the Count (afterterwards Duke) de Lauzun. D'Estrades, still clinging to the hope of accomplishing his long-cherished project, had written a letter to Matthioli from Turin, containing an awkward mixture of reproof, praise, menace, allurement, implied suspicion and affected confidence—the epistle, in short, of a slighted gouvernante; but it was too late for remonstrance; the treachery became every day more palpable, and a communication from the Duchess-dowager of Savoy at length brought the mortifying certainty that Louis the Fourteenth had been duped by the obscure agent of a small Italian prince.

So

So audacious a crime could only be expiated by the ruin of the offender. D'Estrades was commissioned to ensnare him, and Louvois wrote thus to the governor of Pignerol:

'A M. de St. Mars.

St. Germain en Laye ce 27 Avril, 1679.

'Le Roy envoye présentement ordre à M. l'Abbé d'Estrades, d'essayer de faire arrester un homme de la conduite duquel Sa Majesté n'a pas sujet d'estre satisfaite; de quoi elle m'a commandé de vous donner advis, afin que vous ne fassiez point de difficulté de le recevoir lorsqu'il vous sera envoyé, et que vous le gardiez de manière que non-seulement il n'ayt commerce avec personne, mais encore qu'il ayt lieu de se repentir de la mauvaise conduite qu'il a tenue, et que l'on ne puisse point pénétrer que vous ayez un nouveau prisonnier. DE LOUVOIS.'

The indifference with which these arrangements were made for seizing and imprisoning, on political grounds, the subject of a foreign power, was consistent both with the character of Louvois and with the spirit of the government. The violence exercised on Matthioli is not without parallel in the history of these times,* and the minister who threatened Heinsius with the Bastille, for an expostulation on behalf of the Prince of Orange, was not likely to be withheld by fear or respect from executing such an outrage on the minion of a Duke of Mantua.

Soon after the abandonment of the treaty, we find Matthioli once more at Turin, where he met the Abbé d'Estrades, and had the effrontery to press him for the repayment of expenses incurred during the late negotiation. The Abbé craftily observed, that Catinat had been furnished with money for the exigencies of the service, and proposed that they should wait upon that officer. Matthioli, strangely unconscious of the dangers which environ those that trifle with 'demigods,' consented; and on the 2d of May, D'Estrades and he departed from Turin early in the morning. Such was the Italian's eagerness, that, when their progress was stopped by a broken bridge, he himself assisted in repairing it. On approaching the end of their journey, D'Estrades left his carriage and servants, and proceeded on foot with Matthioli to a place within the French territory, where Catinat expected them

* The story of François de la Bretonnière, the Leyden printer, who, for publishing a satire on Louis XIV., was clandestinely seized in Holland, and confined many years in a cage of wood at St. Michel, in Normandy, where he died, is a more melancholy, though less famous anecdote than that of the Iron Mask.—See *History of the Bastille.* London. 1790. The Armenian patriarch, named in the Register of the Bastille, Avedik, was forcibly carried away from Constantinople during the reign of Louis, by the contrivance of the Jesuits, and died a prisoner in Paris. It is he whom some persons identified with Marchiali. While on the subject of these arrests, we may add the remarkable fact, that a lettre de cachet (obtained for private purposes) was secretly executed in London on a M. Bertin de Fratteaux, so lately as in 1752, and the prisoner conveyed to the Bastille, where he passed the remainder of his life.

with

with a small party of St. Mars's garrison. The interview was at first amicable, but after a short conversation the Abbé withdrew, and Matthioli was arrested. Although armed, he offered no resistance, and he was carried that night to Pignerol. Except Catinat himself, none of the captors knew what prisoner they had taken. The count's valet was also entrapped by D'Estrades's contrivance, and transmitted to his master's place of confinement.

It now became important to recover some documents which Matthioli had received from the French government for the purpose of concluding the treaty, and these being concealed at Padua, the prisoner was compelled to write for them to his father. Three letters were accordingly prepared and entrusted to Giuliani, with orders to deliver one or more in succession, as circumstances might require. The last two disclosed the writer's real condition. Matthioli himself was in the mean time rigorously examined by Catinat, on the circumstances and motives of his treason. The culprit prevaricated; the inquisitor threatened, and on one occasion, Catinat terrified his prisoner by calling in soldiers to administer the torture. It is needless to follow the unhappy delinquent (to whom the titles of 'fourbe' and 'fripon' are now liberally applied in the French correspondence) through all his evasions. He acknowledged that, in passing through Turin, on his return from Paris, he had, 'par indiscrétion et volubilité de langue,' betrayed the secret to his friend the president Turki, with whom he afterwards corresponded on the subject; that he had received two thousand livres at Turin, but only as a recompense for some former services; that he had held communication respecting the treaty both with the Spanish governor of Milan, and with individuals in the German service, but that these were already apprized of the transaction by the duke of Mantua's mother, who had drawn an avowal from her son. He declared that he himself always intended to fulfil his engagements with France, and had, with that view, obtained credentials under the hand of Ferdinand, which would have enabled him to secure Casal even after the duke's defection; but the papers themselves, when delivered to Giuliani, proved inadequate to such a purpose. Having now no further task to accomplish, Catinat returned into France, leaving Matthioli, whom, for the better concealment, he had named L'Estang, a close prisoner in the hands of St. Mars.*

We will here shortly conclude the history of the Duke of Mantua and his fortress, which M. Delort leaves imperfect. Louis renewed his negotiation, and Ferdinand, who, as Voltaire observes, would have sold all his territory to maintain his pleasures, again

* We copy most of the statements in this paragraph from M. Delort, who has unaccountably withheld the Abbé d'Estrades' narrative of Matthioli's arrest.

concluded

concluded a treaty, or rather bargain, laying the blame of the former miscarriage on his faithless servant. In the autumn of 1681, Casal was delivered up to Boufflers and Catinat. Ferdinand vainly endeavoured to avert the indignation of the neighbouring powers at this unworthy transaction, and even swore upon the host that he had received no bribe. His oath obtained small credit, and at Venice, his favourite resort, he was excluded from society. In 1701, when the war of the Succession was breaking out, the duke, now wholly corrupted by France, admitted a garrison of that nation into Mantua. He afterwards visited Paris, and the king gratified his vanity by naming him Generalissimo of the French armies in Italy. With a constitution shattered by debauch, and a military reputation almost as frail, (for he had served with little credit in Hungary,) he espoused a daughter of the Duke of Elbeuf, and joined the army of Vendôme, as its nominal commander. The decisive campaign of 1706 placed his whole possessions at the Emperor's mercy; his wife returned to France; and he himself, an unpitied refugee, was sinking into the grave at Padua, in 1708, when the imperial sentence issued declaring him a felon, and his estates an escheat to his feudal superior. The French lost Casal three or four years after they had bought it.

We return to the Sieur L'Estang. At the time of his capture, D'Estrades had requested that his treatment might be gentle, at least until the king's pleasure should be known. Louvois soon determined this point. 'Vous aurez connu par mes précédentes,' says he, in one of his peremptory dispatches to St. Mars, 'que l'intention du roy n'est pas que le sieur de L'Estang soit bien traité, et que sa Majesté ne veut pas que, hors les choses nécessaires à la vie, vous luy donniez quoy que ce soit de ce qui la luy peut faire passer agréablement,' 'Dureté' is again and again enjoined, and even medical attendance is prohibited, unless the governor shall know it to be absolutely necessary. Permission, however, is given to allow the prisoner pen and ink, for the purpose of writing to Louvois. What effect was produced by any such communication, we do not learn, but the prisoner's remonstrance to St. Mars, that he was not treated like a man of quality and the minister of a great prince, appears to have been very lightly regarded.

After a confinement of nearly ten months, the unfortunate Italian began to affect (perhaps actually to experience) those wanderings of mind with which the secret victims of state-policy or vengeance are not unfrequently afflicted. He talked of supernatural visitations, and, says St. Mars, (evidently perplexed with the task of repeating such blasphemy,)

'pour

' pour vérifier sa folie, c'est qu'il dit qu'il a l'honneur d'être proche parent du roi, à qui il veut écrire et se plaindre du traitement que je lui fais. Je ne lui ai point voulu donner du papier ni de l'encre pour cela, ne le voyant pas dans son bon sens.'

This conduct afforded a reason or a pretext for aggravating his punishment by placing him in the same room with a Jacobin friar who was really insane. For several days the Italian believed this person to be a spy.

' Matthioli,' writes St. Mars, ' who is almost as mad as the Jacobin, walked up and down with large strides, holding his mantle to his face and saying that he was no dupe; that he knew more than he would speak of. The Jacobin sat on his couch as usual, resting his elbows on his knees, and looked at the other gravely, without attending to what he said. Signor Matthioli was at last convinced that his companion was no spy, when the Jacobin one day got out of his bed quite naked, and began to preach, with all his might, things that were neither rhyme nor reason. My lieutenant and I saw all their manœuvres through a hole over the door.'

When the Sieur became intemperate in his language and scribbled libels on the wall with coals, an officer of St. Mars was directed to threaten him with the cudgel like an ordinary lunatic; a proceeding quite in the spirit of Louvois' commands, ' J'admire vôtre patience,' he writes to the governor, ' et que vous attendiez un ordre pour traiter un fripon comme il le mérite, quand il vous manque de respect.' L'Estang received castigation meekly: for in a few days he presented a valuable ring to the officer who had menaced him; it was delivered to the governor, and by him laid aside, to be restored with the rest of the prisoner's effects, if ever the king should set him at liberty. The same respect to property was usual at the Bastille.

In 1681, St. Mars was removed to the command of Exiles, a few leagues from Pignerol, but Matthioli and his companion were not suffered to pass into the hands of a new gaoler; St. Mars' carried them with him. They travelled in a litter and under military escort. Their new lodging was prepared with the most anxious attention to secrecy; two soldiers of St. Mars's own company watched the tower in which they lay; passengers were not allowed to linger in its neighbourhood; and the governor could observe the sentinels from his own window. A lieutenant slept above the prisoners, and received from the servants whatever was brought for their use; their physician never spoke to them but in St. Mars's presence; a permanent screen was contrived, so that the priest who said mass to them did not see their persons, and their confessor was ' un homme de bien et fort vieux,' who was commanded never to ask their names or inquire into their former condition, to receive no message or writing from

from them, and never to talk of them 'en nulle manière du monde.'

In December, 1685, we find the governor announcing that his prisoners continue sick, 'du reste ils sont dans une grande quiétude.' In 1687, his report is of one prisoner only. The correspondence as disclosed by the present pamphlet affords no actual demonstration that this person was Matthioli; the defect of proof is inconsiderable, but it still is a chasm, of which some hardy disputant may hereafter take notable advantage. The knights-errant of hypothesis have often marched horse and foot through as small a breach.

St. Mars was made governor, in 1687, of that island on the coast of Provence, in which Voltaire fixes the abode of his unknown. Matthioli, whose companion had died, according to M. Delort, in the unwholesome prison of Exiles, was removed from that place in a chair borne by men, and covered with oilcloth, so that he was invisible even to the soldiers who closely surrounded him. The unfortunate captive fell sick on the way, for want of air; St. Mars hastened his journey, but still kept his prisoner from all men's view, of course exciting, by his precautions, a general eagerness to know who the concealed person was. His bed, furniture and table linen (which can hardly have been such as Anne of Austria loved) were left behind as not worth transportation and sold for thirteen crowns.

Matthioli passed eleven years of captivity in the Isle of Ste. Marguerite. His chamber is described in a topographical work as lighted by a single grated window on the north side, opening to seaward, in a wall nearly four feet thick. It is here that he is described by some writers as richly dressed, supplied with laces from Paris, served at table with silver plate, sometimes wearing a mask of iron, at others amusing himself in solitude by plucking out the hairs of his beard with steel pincers. Here too it is said that Louvois visited the captive and paid him so much respect as to remain standing in his presence. After the quotations we have made, it cannot be necessary to bestow much attention upon these tales; St. Mars said that on the journey from Exiles he satisfied the inquisitive with 'des contes jaunes;' and we may safely pronounce these to be of the same colour.

The romantic story of the writing picked up by a fisherman is plausibly accounted for by a communication of St. Mars. Two protestant ministers were consigned to his charge the year after his arrival in Provence; one of them endeavoured to publish his condition by singing psalms night and day; the other by writing sorry stuff ('des pauvretés') on his linen, and pewter vessels, signifying that he was imprisoned for the purity of his faith. They received

received 'une grosse discipline' for their contumacy, but the scribbled pewter was transformed by gossips into a silver plate, with the inscription, 'Louis de Vermandois, fils naturel de Louis XIV.'

It is remarkable that during Matthioli's residence in the Isle Ste. Marguerite, there were persons who knew what prisoner was confined there, and made disclosures on the subject, inaccurate in many points, but yet coming so near the truth as to show that they were not thrown out at random. A political work entitled Histoire Abrégée de l'Europe, printed at Leyden three or four months after Matthioli's removal from Exiles, contained a letter to the publishers, in Italian, relating, as strange but authentic news, the negociation for Casal, and the treacherous arrest of the duke of Mantua's secretary near Turin, for having thwarted the designs of France; adding that the unfortunate man, after being conveyed to Pignerol, had at length been carried to the Isle Ste. Marguerite, where he then remained. M. Dutens, in his Correspondance Interceptée, and afterwards in his Mémoires d'un Voyageur, has quoted the statements of two persons employed by St. Mars while on the coast of Provence, who were evidently acquainted with the prisoner's quality, and knew something, though inaccurately, of the cause and manner of his arrest. We find, too, preserved in Muratori's annals, a tradition that Matthioli, being sent in a diplomatic character to Turin after the affair of Casal, permitted himself to be entrapped by the French, was carried by them to Pignerol, and there ended his days in prison. It was naturally to be supposed that the disappearance of this active and well-known politician would have given rise to investigations, and perhaps to a correspondence of state, some traces of which might still be extant. None, however, have been discovered. It is said, indeed, that in 1687, when the letter on Matthioli's imprisonment was published at Leyden, Ferdinand remonstrated with the French court, but was answered by a positive denial of the imputed treachery. If the account we have given of the duke's conduct and character be just, it appears scarcely probable that he should at any time have exerted himself seriously on this subject. Although he had possessed the requisite courage and perseverance, yet after the renewal of his engagements with France, when he excused his former tergiversation at the expense of Matthioli, it is not likely that he would assume with Pomponne or Louvois the high tone of an independent prince in behalf of his unfortunate and disavowed agent; on the other hand, there were several considerations which would tempt him to acquiesce in Matthioli's removal as conducive to his own quiet and security.

Seven

Seven years after the death of Louvois, St. Mars was promoted from the government of Ste. Marguerite to that of the Bastille,* and removed to Paris, still carrying with him his miserable burthen. The prisoner travelled this time in a litter; of the journey scarcely any thing is reported; but Voltaire says, that on one occasion when St. Mars halted at his own seignory of Palteau, the mysterious captive was seen coming out of his vehicle in a black mask, a circumstance still remembered in the neighbourhood.† They entered the Bastille on the 18th of September, 1698, at three in the afternoon, and Matthioli, after remaining in a temporary place of confinement till night, was lodged in the third chamber, (on the middle floor of five,) in the tower 'de la Bertaudière.' When the records of the Bastille were made public in 1789, the Register was in vain consulted for information respecting this prisoner; the leaf which should have contained it had been carefully removed. A journal kept by Dujonca, lieutenant of the fortress, and a paper subsequently drawn up by another officer named Chevalier, supply the only authentic notices on the subject, and these are very scanty. In the latter document the person brought in by St. Mars is thus described: 'Ancien prisonnier de Pignerol, obligé de porter toujours un Masque de Velours noir, dont on n'a jamais sçu le nom ni les qualités.' The mask, to which this unhappy being owed so much of his celebrity, may have been, as M. Delort supposes, adjusted to his head with strong whalebones fastened by a padlock behind, and further secured by a seal, but that his features were ever cased in iron is a tale unsupported by any respectable authority. In the Bastille, according to M. Chevalier, St. Mars treated him with great distinction. No other person saw him except Rosarges, major of the fortress, who had followed St. Mars to Paris, and was entrusted with the peculiar care of the prisoner, the governor himself providing his table. His long confinement and submissive demeanour, and perhaps the death of Louvois, may have caused some relaxation of the decree 'that he should have nothing which could render life agreeable.'

After an imprisonment of twenty-four years and a half, and in the sixty-third year of his age, the deliverance of Matthioli came upon him almost as suddenly as his loss of freedom. On a Sunday in November, 1703, he felt a slight illness at his departure

* Constantin de Renneville, who published an account of his imprisonment in the Bastille, under St. Mars's government, (Amsterdam, 1715,) represents him as a monster of tyranny, and relates of him the well-known story of the gaoler, who, perceiving that a solitary captive had found amusement in taming and feeding a spider, crushed the animal to death. But De Renneville is an extravagant and evidently unscrupulous writer.

† Fragmens sur l'Histoire. Art. 25. Œuvres, tom. xxviii.

from

from mass, and the next morning, without any apparently serious attack of disease, he died, so unexpectedly that the sacraments could not be administered. He was buried the following day in the neighbouring churchyard of St. Paul, and is registered in the books of that parish as 'Marchiali, aged about forty-five years.' Persons who died in the Bastille were not unfrequently interred under fictitious names, nor was that an uncommon precaution which was adopted in the present instance, of scraping and white-washing the late prisoner's chamber walls; but M. Chevalier relates that, on the decease of Marchiali, his keepers used the more extraordinary diligence of burning all his furniture, reducing to ashes even the doors and window-frames of his apartment, and melting down all the metallic vessels, whether of copper, pewter, or silver, which had been appropriated to his service.

The secret of the *Masque de fer* was long celebrated among those which have been most faithfully and successfully preserved. Marchiali had been dead almost fifty years before any writer pretended to relate his story. Voltaire, not the first who handled, but the first who rendered it famous, was unable, with his acknowledged acuteness and boasted accuracy of information, to arrive at even a just conjecture on the subject. And yet, such at best is human precaution, this secret, so profoundly buried and religiously guarded, had already, when M. Delort made his recent discoveries, been twice or thrice betrayed by those entrusted with it, and as often penetrated by others. We have seen that it was not faithfully kept by the persons attending St. Mars, at the château de Sainte Marguerite; and, if we may rely on M. Dutens, Louis the Fifteenth was beguiled of it as Samson was of his riddle; for Madame de Pompadour, at the duke de Choiseul's instigation, drew from the king a disclosure that the prisoner with the mask had been *minister to an Italian prince*. The person whose letter was published in the Histoire Abrégée possessed similar information. A statement of the same kind is said to have been found among the papers of a Marquis de Pancalier de Prié who died at Turin in 1782 or 1783. There appeared twenty years later, in the same city, a work containing all the principal facts now verified by M. Delort; the mission of Matthioli to France; the disclosures made by him on his return, both at Turin and to the governor of Milan; the snare laid for him by the French ambassador; his arrest on the second of May, 1679, within the French territory; his successive imprisonments in Piedmont and France; the date of his death and the age he had then attained.* The author, M. Keth, announced an intention

* See an account of this work (which is unnoticed by M. Delort) in the Nouveau Dictionnaire Historique of Chandon and Delandine. Lyons. 1804.

of publishing the proofs on which his narrative rested, but we have not heard that the design was ever fulfilled.

It has been thought incredible, and may still seem strange, that a person of no greater importance than the duke of Mantua's agent should have been the object of those anxious precautions which distinguished the captivity of this unfortunate. Allowance must, however, be made for the false lights which have been thrown upon his fate by exaggeration and by pure fiction. That Louis the Fourteenth and such a minister as Louvois should doom Matthioli to perpetual imprisonment, and decree that no man should from thenceforth hear his story or even look upon his face, was, under the circumstances, not surprizing. His crime was peculiar: he had not only broken faith with the government of the great monarch, but exposed his baffled intrigue to the petty courts of Italy. Pride and resentment called aloud for his destruction, and policy concurred in the demand, if Louis still cherished his views of Transalpine encroachment. The sentence pronounced under these impulses was not likely to be revoked or essentially mitigated. He who could have told Europe how Louis had avenged his wounded dignity by an act of lawless and unworthy outrage, was never more to be trusted in free converse with mankind. He was to be as one dead, although the king's hand was kept free from his blood. To invent means of effecting this design was the business of inferior agents, whose whole ambition centered in the perfect fulfilment of commands. The expedients used by them (if we confine our attention to those authentically recorded) were not perhaps more complicated or elaborate than the service required, and even if they were so, the history of state prisons (of the Bastille especially) will supply many other instances of fantastic and curious precaution, harassing alike to captive and to keeper, adopted from the mere excess and refinement of jealousy; as if in the practice of oppression, as of better arts, men learned to seek an excellence beyond the immediate need, and approach an ideal standard of perfect cruelty.

Such then is the true story of Marchiali, a tale no longer romantic or mysterious, but still worthy of historical remembrance as a feature of the time to which it belongs. The anecdote of the Iron Mask will not now, as Voltaire foretold, be the astonishment of posterity, but it may still contribute to instruct them, although its hero has descended from the rank of princes, patriarchs and captains to that of an ordinary Italian adventurer, whose epitaph may be written in the words of Hamlet—

> 'Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell,
> I took thee for thy better!'

The account of this strange story, drawn up by Mr. Agar Ellis,

is

is not a translation from M. Delort; though founded almost entirely on the documents discovered by that author. Mr. Ellis was of opinion that Delort had arranged his materials in a confused and illogical manner; and that the history deserved to be, not rendered, but re-composed. Accordingly the reader may now put into his English library, an edition of 'the Man in the Iron Mask,' as complete in every respect as the French, and undoubtedly much better executed.

ART. III.—*Oronzio di Bernardi's Vollständiger Lehrbegriff der Schwimmkunst aus dem Italienischen übersezt, und mit Anmerkungen begleitet* von Friedrich Kries, Professor an dem Gymnasium zu Gotha. 1824.

THE question concerning the weight of the human body as compared with water, though one of no mean importance to mankind, and very easy to be determined by the test of experiment, is still permitted to remain obscured by doubt in the minds of many.

We read in Borelli, *De Motu Animalium*—'Homines ex sui natura *inepti* ad natandum, artificioso motu manuum et pedum id consequuntur.' A writer of a later period, Mr. John Robertson, F.R.S., who details a set of interesting experiments on the gravity of the human body, in a paper preserved in the 50th vol. of the Philosophical Transactions, seems to have been originally of the same opinion. He weighed, however, ten different individuals in water, comparing their weight with the quantity of water displaced by their bodies; and states the result as follows:—'Excepting two, every man was lighter than his equal bulk of fresh water, and much more so than his equal bulk of sea water; consequently could persons who fall into water have presence of mind enough to avoid the fright usual on such accidents, many might be preserved from drowning.' In corroboration of this inference, Mr. Robertson narrates a circumstance connected with his own personal knowledge: a young gentleman of thirteen, little acquainted with swimming, who fell overboard from a vessel in a stormy sea, having had presence of mind enough to turn immediately on his back, remained a full half-hour quietly floating on the surface of the water, until a boat was lowered from the vessel. He had used the precaution to retain his breath whenever a wave broke over him, until he again emerged, but confessed that, at last, a fainting began to creep over him, and his eyes to become dim,—and that he thought himself on the verge of sinking.*

Dr.

* We may add to the above an incident from a late publication, Mr. Maude's 'Visit to Niagara in 1800.' The author was on board a sloop on Lake Champlain when a boy named

Dr. Franklin, in whose works a letter on the subject of swimming appears, while he considers the detached members of the body, and particularly the head, as of greater weight than their bulk of water, acknowledges our bodies in the aggregate to be of less specific gravity, by reason of the hollowness of the trunk. He thinks that a body immersed in water would sink up to the eyes; but that if the head were inclined back so as to be supported by the water, the mouth and nostrils would remain above, the body rising one inch at every inspiration, and sinking an inch at every expiration; and also that clothes give little additional weight in the water, although upon stepping out of it the case is quite otherwise. If a person could avoid struggling and plunging, therefore, he concludes that he might remain in the posture described long enough with safety. That the body is to a certain degree buoyant, he refers to the experience of every one who has ever attempted to reach the bottom of deep water; the effort required sufficiently proving that *something* resists our sinking.

The only other work on the Art of Swimming, which we have seen, is one which has not as yet appeared in an English dress. This is the production of a Neapolitan Canon, Oronzio di Bernardi, discursive and long-winded to excess, but at the same time containing many useful hints. The Canon expounds his system with all the circumstance of a new and important discovery, his chief claim to which seems to rest upon successfully *adapting the habitual movements of the body on land* to its progress *in water*. The German translation of this work, the

named Katlin, who was on deck cutting bread and cheese with a knife, was knocked overboard by the captain gibing the boom. He missed catching hold of the canoe which was dragging astern, and an attempt of Mr. Maude's servant to untie or cut the rope which fastened it, that it might drift to his assistance, also failed. Katlin was known to be unable to swim, it was in the night and very dark, and it was with difficulty that the captain, who considered that there was no hope of saving his life, was at last prevailed upon to go in the canoe to attempt it. He succeeded in picking the boy up and brought him on board again in about a quarter of an hour. 'Katlin's relation,' proceeds Mr. Maude, 'almost exceeds probability. He had heard my exclamation to seize the canoe, which he was on the point of doing, when it gave a sudden swing and baffled him; but finding he could support his head above water, he dismissed all fear, expecting that the canoe would come every moment to his assistance. When he no longer heard our cheers from the sloop, hope began to fail him, and he was on the point of resigning himself to a watery grave, when he heard the captain's life-restoring voice. On telling Katlin, that we despaired of his safety, as we understood that he could not swim, he replied, 'Nor can I! I was never before out of my depth; but I am fond of bathing, and I have often seen lads what they call tread the water, and that's what I did.' The truth of this account was made manifest by the boy not only retaining his hat on his head, but its being perfectly dry; and what adds to the singularity of this event, the boy never quitted his grasp of the knife that he was eating his bread and cheese with. It now appeared that it was a most fortunate circumstance that my servant in his confusion could neither untie nor cut the tow-rope. Had he effected this purpose, the boy must have perished; for had there been light enough for him to have seen the canoe, he could not have swam to it.'

title

title of which is prefixed to the present Article, appeared two or three years ago. The translator corrects some mistakes in physics, which the Canonico's ardour for his favourite art had led him to discuss, notwithstanding very obvious indications of his unfitness for such a task. Any translator, other than a folio-loving German, would have curtailed at least one half of the work, and thereby done both the author and the reader service. We could have well spared, for instance, the anxious and long winded investigation of the question, whether by nature mankind were intended to go on all fours, yea or nay. Bernardi shrewdly determines in favour of the vulgar theory, and thence takes occasion to infer the propriety of a similar position in the water: but were his theory unsupported by any more conclusive arguments, we doubt if the strength of this analogy would be sufficient to engage many converts.

Surrounded as we are by every convenience which the fertility of invention can provide for anticipating artificial wants, we soon experience the absolute deprivation of those faculties which we no longer find ourselves compelled to exercise. The simple and natural resources of man seem in this respect progressively to recede as civilization advances; for we find the savages of every climate, however rigorous, in the most perfect and enviable possession of a faculty, the want of which renders us a prey to a thousand distressing accidents. Yet this want is not to be attributed to any hopeless check which the energies of our nature have sustained from the indulgences of civilized life: it is the effect of disuse alone, which would as readily deprive us of the powers of utterance and loco-motion on dry land, if the constancy of our necessities did not render these so familiar as to seem more inherent qualities than voluntary acquirements. We may rely upon it, that the savage regards the equally familiar and successful exercise of his limbs in water, as no more the result of acquired skill, than the power of walking, or grasping with the hand.

We cannot look for systems of instruction among savages; but in the civilized states of ancient times, and especially among the Greeks and Romans, with whose practices we are best acquainted, no branch in the education of youth was considered more important than swimming; so that it was usual to characterize the uneducated by saying 'neque literas, neque *natare* didicit.' That it should now have fallen into utter neglect, notwithstanding the ultra-solicitude of the present day on subjects of education; that we should abandon entirely to the casual whim of youth an acquirement as valuable to the individual as it is serviceable to the public, is an instance of reprehensible neglect not easily to be accounted for.

It is, our author truly says, the unfortunate propensity to look down, and in a manner to embrace the water, casting the arms about, that occasions the inexperienced to sink—every struggle forcing the body deeper and counteracting its natural tendency, if it were but kept tranquil and the lungs inflated, to rise to the surface. Violent struggling and throwing the limbs about would, in the same manner, infallibly deprive the body of the faculty of loco-motion, or of retaining its erect posture on land. Every swimmer knows that by holding himself perfectly still and upright, as if standing, with his head somewhat thrown back so as to rest on the surface, his face will remain entirely above the water, enabling him to enjoy full freedom of breathing. The only difficulty is to preserve the due balance of the body, and this is secured by extending the arms laterally *under* the surface of the water, with the legs separated the one to the front and the other behind, thus presenting resistance to any tendency of the body to incline to either side, forward, or backward. This posture may be preserved in perfect equilibrium for any length of time. In general, when the human body is immersed one eleventh of its weight will remain above the surface in fresh water and one tenth in salt water.

The great desideratum, therefore, for safety to the inexperienced, is a firm and sufficient conviction of the fact, that the body *naturally floats*. This conviction being gained, no more than a common share of presence of mind is farther required to ensure that that proportion of the body which will naturally remain above the surface shall comprehend the respiratory organs. The movements adapted to the advance of the body are to be learnt in the same manner as a child progressively learns to walk. Proficiency in this, as in every thing else, comes of practice; and by its efficacy we may in a short time stem the roughest tide with confidence—change our position in various ways—alternately use and recruit different classes of muscles—gradually prolong our endurance and extend our progress—urge our bodies to a considerable depth—rise again to the surface, and there extend ourselves and repose with as much confidence as on shore.

It is natural to suppose that the less we alter our method of advancing in the water from what is habitual to us on shore, we shall find a continued exercise of it the more easy. According to this principle, the usual position of the swimmer—stretched flat on his face, and the head held as much back on the shoulders as possible—is liable to objection. Savages are observed to urge their forward progress in an attitude nearly as upright as when they walk or run on land. Hence their motions are easy, the head is in perfect liberty, and the hands ready to be used when wanted.

In

In stating the fact of the natural tendency of the human body to float, it must of course be understood with the qualification of its being gently immersed; for the impetus given by the fall of the body into water must occasion its sinking to a depth proportioned to the force of that impetus. Its natural buoyancy, however, soon impels it again to the surface, where, after a few oscillations up and down, it will in time settle with the head free. In the alarm of falling into water, ignorant or timid people, as soon as they again rise to the surface, stretch the arms out to grasp at whatever may present itself, and in so doing effectually keep the head under; as the arms and head, together exceeding in weight one-tenth of the whole body, cannot both remain above the surface at the same time. By struggling thus, the buoyancy of the hollow trunk of the body occasions the more weighty portion of the head and shoulders ultimately to sink under, while the ridge of the back becomes the portion exposed: in this attitude water is swallowed, by which the specific gravity is increased, and the body settles to the bottom, only to rise again from the effects of dissolution.

Infants float in safety if fortunate enough to rise to the surface with the face uppermost; as they are incapable of fear, the buoyancy of the body is left to its natural efficacy, and they will continue on the surface as long as that posture is retained undisturbed. Many instances of this kind have occurred, as well as many similar and extraordinary achievements of grown persons, who have been known, under the paroxysms of frenzy, to exhibit powers of floating and even of swimming, of which, in their sane moments, they appeared and conceived themselves to be utterly incapable. Persons subject to sleep-walking have in the same manner been known to afford singular instances of nature triumphing over the difficulties which in our waking moments fear suggests. We have the instance of a poor crazy girl, (mentioned by Bernardi,) who had a fancy whenever she observed frogs thrusting their snouts above water—and she exhibited a singular alacrity in making such discoveries—to plunge immediately into the water, however deep, in pursuit of her favourite sport; she generally succeeded in catching her game, and never failed to reach the shore with safety and ease, exulting in her address.

Few of the lower animals are rendered incapable of swimming by fear, though many of them exhibit great reluctance to venture into the water. When a dog has for the first time been plunged into deep water, and sinks, he no sooner regains the surface, than he deliberately looks around to judge of the best course, and then makes with speed for the shore. Though man and animals of this class seem alike capable of floating, the latter possess the superiority

riority in the water of retaining their natural position; so that while their length of neck enables the head to be elevated, the legs remain naturally in the best disposition for effectual progress in the water the same as on land. The respiratory organs of man, on the contrary, are less conveniently placed for being protruded upwards; while an entirely different motion in swimming is required from what is usual to his limbs. Moreover, animals have this additional advantage, that the peculiar formation of their bodies occasions their rising to the surface with the head up and free, and remaining afloat in that position; while the centre of gravity in man is so placed, as to give the body a tendency to a prostrate position, which it demands well-directed efforts to counteract: for the capacity to preserve life is not furnished absolutely by nature, but requires, to a certain extent, the assistance of reason or art; accident, ignorance, fear, or whatever else paralyzes this co-operation, renders the gift of nature of no avail. The ape, a creature so nearly resembling the human form, affords a curious elucidation of this fact. He possesses exactly the same adaptation for floating that man does, but is unable to swim because he is incapable of managing so as to keep his head above water. With the ape reason is absent, while fear is present, so that destruction must be inevitable. Man, on the contrary, can discover where the difficulty lies, and by management and practice is enabled to overcome it.

The principal reasons given by Bernardi for recommending the upright position in swimming in preference to the horizontal, as commonly practised, are—its conformity to the accustomed movement of the limbs; the freedom it gives to the hands and arms, by which any impediment may be removed, or any offered aid readily laid hold of; vision all around; and a much greater facility of breathing; and lastly, that much less of the body is exposed to the risk of being caught hold of by persons struggling in the water, a circumstance so often fatal to those who adventure to the assistance of others.* A person swimming in an upright posture advances more slowly, but he can continue his course infinitely longer. There can be nothing more beneficial to a swimmer than whatever tends to husband his strength, and to enable him to remain long in the water with safety. A learner is taught, by the general practice, to conclude, that his existence in the water depends entirely upon the unceasing efforts of his arms and legs, and is seldom placed in deep water until he has laboriously

* In cases where endeavours are made to save persons in danger of drowning, they should be laid hold of by the hair, and, if possible, got on their backs, in which position little effort is required to support the head above the surface, provided such persons have presence of mind enough to retain their arms under water, and so suffer themselves to be tranquilly pulled along.

achieved

achieved some power of swimming in shallow; hence the apprehension of remaining at the mercy of his own efforts, renders confidence of such difficult acquisition as materially to retard and enervate even proficients in the art.

In teaching, Bernardi proceeds upon a plan considerably different from the usual one; his primary object is to enable the pupil to float in an upright posture, and to feel a decided confidence in the buoyancy of his body. He proceeds at first with as great caution and deliberation as a nurse teaching a child to walk, supporting the pupil under the shoulder until he floats tranquilly with the head and part of the neck above the surface, the arms being stretched out horizontally *under* water; from time to time the supporting arm is removed, but again restored so as never to suffer the head to sink, which would disturb the growing confidence, and give rise to efforts destructive to the success of the lesson. In this early stage the unsteadiness of the body is the chief difficulty to be overcome: against this we are disposed, from our habits on land, to trust to the resisting fulcrum of the heel, which cannot, in a yielding medium, prove of any avail. Instead of the heel, it is the head which, like the rudder of a ship, is the great regulator of our movements in water. The smallest inclination of the head and neck to either side instantly operates on the whole body, and, if not corrected, will throw the body into an horizontal posture. The pupil has therefore to be taught how to restore any disturbance of the just equilibrium, by a cautious movement of the head alone in an opposite direction. This first lesson being familiarized by practice, he is then taught the use of the legs for balancing the body in the water: the one of these being stretched forward and the other behind, and the arms laterally, he will soon find himself steadily sustained, and independent of further aid in floating. Fat people, being naturally more erect, find less difficulty in acquiring this upright position with steadiness, than thin persons; and none experience so much as those who have acquired the habit of stooping.

When these first steps have been gained, the sweeping semicircular motion of the arms is shown; this is practised slowly without motion forwards until attained with precision; after which a slight inclination of the body from the upright position occasions its advancing. The motion of striking with the legs is added in the same measured manner, so that the pupil is not perplexed by the acquisition of more than one lesson at a time.

A person who has learnt to sustain his body afloat in an upright posture may at any time rest almost without motion, or he may move gently forward at pleasure. The strength may likewise be recruited by using the arms and legs alternately, turning first

first the right shoulder and then the left to the water; for by this means less resistance is opposed, than by presenting the whole breadth of the breast. The upright position a little inclined backwards, (which, like every other change of posture, must be done *deliberately*, by the corresponding movement of the head,) reversing in this case the motion of the arms, and striking the flat of the foot down and a little forward, gives the motion backward, which is performed with greater ease than when the body is laid horizontally on the back. The same motions either backward or forward may be accomplished in a sitting position; and neither of these ought to be considered too fanciful for practice: from the yielding nature of the element, a frequent change of attitude becomes agreeable, and the greater the number of postures to which the body can be familiarized, the better—as the resources for repose are so much the more augmented. There is a mode of treading deliberately in the water, by which a person, with the head and shoulders above the surface, appears to walk the same as on dry land; and in fact as soon as familiarity has established the sufficient adjustment and balance of the body, as well as the power of guiding the movements by the position of the head and neck, it becomes as easy to vary the postures in water as on shore. So equally does the element surrounding every portion of the body support its different parts, that we lose in a manner the consciousness of weight, and with it that instinctive impulse to prevent sinking, which creates a constant counteraction in some of the sets of muscles with which our bodies are furnished. It is perhaps to the cessation of these involuntary efforts, which however imperceptible must notwithstanding occasion fatigue, and are never entirely suspended except in sleep, that we owe some of the restorative qualities of that blessed state of repose. Akin to which, therefore, are in some respects the positions of rest in the water, which when fully attained are such, that one may with confidence stretch out the wearied limbs in utter inaction, until again refreshed and invigorated for renewed exertion.

There are besides other positions for swimming: by alternating first the one shoulder forward and then the other, speed is much accelerated; this screwing movement divides the water advantageously, and forcibly propels the body; but it is attended with considerable fatigue on account of the whole body being thus brought into simultaneous motion, and therefore is a practice which ought in general to be reserved for any emergency of urging our way through difficult water.

Swimming on the back, although at first somewhat difficult, soon becomes easy, and is in every respect a most important attainment;

tainment; being attended with little fatigue, and in practice so safe, that it ought ever to be resorted to upon the occurrence of any difficulty. A swimmer seized with cramp should immediately turn on his back; and by continuing for a little to jerk out the affected limb in the air, taking care however not to elevate it so high as to disturb the equilibrium of the body stretched flat on the surface, he will soon find its natural powers restored. To advance in this position, he must push with the flat of the feet, without regarding an occasional dip of the head under water. He must not attempt to prevent this by dropping down a leg, as a person is instinctively disposed to do; which so far from producing the desired effect will infallibly occasion the body to sink. The limbs must on the contrary always be kept stretched to their full extent, and then there is no danger to be apprehended. The arms may likewise be used in swimming on the back, in which case they act like oars, while the legs are either laid across each other or used to assist.

At every stroke a swimmer ought to be able to urge himself forward a distance equal to the length of his body. Instead of advancing head foremost, the motions may be reversed so as to go feet first, and although the progress made in this method is but slow, it may for particular situations become advantageous.

The resistance offered by the surface of water when violently struck by a flat object is little inferior to that of a solid body, as any one may experience who strikes it strongly with the palm of the hand, or with a flat piece of wood; in the latter case the resistance often proves sufficient to break the wood. In springing from a height into the water, therefore, great precaution is required, not only that the depth of water shall be sufficient to prevent the possibility of striking the bottom or a rock, but so to dispose the body as to avoid any awkward concussion from the water itself. In order to cleave the water therefore without injury to the body, the limbs must be kept firm together—the head protected by the hands clasped over it, so as to present a sharp edge, entering the water like an arrow—the feet last and kept close. By taking a diagonal direction in the spring, the risk is considerably diminished, as the resistance is more progressively overcome, and the hands and feet are in a better position for giving assistance. The eyes ought always to be kept open under water, as there is no danger in doing so, and by use, we acquire the complete power of discerning every thing around, and so of avoiding rocks or other interruptions.

For the purpose of diving, we possess to a certain extent the power of contracting the bulk of the body, by drawing it together while the weight remains unaltered. There is no power which is more remarkably augmented by habit and perseverance, than that

that of remaining uninjured under water. On the shores of the Mediterranean in general, the natives practise diving with extraordinary success, in shell fishing, gathering bits of rope in the harbours, &c.—indeed they not unfrequently turn the acquirement to the purposes of thieving, by picking out the oakum from ships' bottoms, from which practice many unexpected and very serious accidents to vessels have occurred.

As to the length of time during which a person may be capable of floating, or the distance he may be able to swim, so many circumstances have influence, that nothing very precise can be said on the subject. In general a good swimmer ought to make about three miles an hour, and as thirst and the want of nourishment are less severely felt in the water than on land, by reason probably of the liquid imbibed by the pores of the body while immersed, a good day's journey may be achieved if the strength be used with due discretion, and the swimmer familiar with the various means by which it may be recruited. With the use of these advantages, people have been known to accomplish the extraordinary distance of thirty miles; and it is even recorded of the famous Neapolitan diver, (generally nicknamed *Il Pesce*, or the Fish,) that upon one occasion he actually performed the incredible distance of fifty miles on the coast of Calabria.

So much for Bernardi's method of teaching and theory of the art of swimming. As to its successful practice we shall allow the Canonico to speak in his own words.

'I having been appointed to instruct the youths of the Royal Naval Academy of Naples in the Art of Swimming, a trial of the proficiency of the pupils took place, under the inspection of a number of people assembled on the shore for that purpose on the *tenth* day of their instruction. A twelve oared boat attended the progress of the pupils, from motives of precaution. They swam so far out into the Bay, that at length the heads of the young men could with difficulty be discerned with the naked eye, and the Major-General of Marine, Forteguerri, for whose inspection the exhibition was intended, expressed serious apprehensions for their safety. Upon their return to the shore, the young men however assured him, that they felt so little exhausted, as to be willing immediately to repeat the exertion.'

Again:

'A young man Niccola Sciarrone, quite unacquainted with swimming, was placed under my care. On the *eleventh* day of his instruction we entered the water together, accompanied by Signor Romolo, an excellent swimmer; we proceeded far into the bay of Naples, making a circuit before our return to the shore of nearly *six miles;* upon this occasion likewise a numerous concourse of spectators assembled.'

These are no doubt sturdy achievements for beginners, even under all the advantages of the genial climate of Naples, and stand somewhat in need of being attested by the following official

cial report on the subject, drawn up by a commission (appointed by the Neapolitan government) which had devoted a whole month to the investigation of Bernardi's plan.

'1st. It has been established by the experience of more than an hundred persons of different bodily constitutions, that the human body is lighter than water, and consequently will float by nature: but that the art of swimming must be acquired, to render that privilege useful.

'2d. That Bernardi's system is new, in so far as it is founded on the principle of husbanding the strength, and rendering the power of recruiting it easy. The speed, according to the new method, is no doubt diminished, but security is much more important than speed, and the new plan is not exclusive of the old when occasions may require great effort.

'3d. It is established that the new method is sooner learnt than the old, to the extent of advancing a pupil in one day as far as a month's instruction according to the old plan.'

We take leave of this subject with the hope that swimming may at length be admitted as a regular branch in the training of our youth. Dependent as we are, more than any nation within the circle of Europe, on the facilities and resources of the ocean which surrounds our coasts, which invites our familiarity, and upon whose fickle bosom so great a proportion of the population of these islands pursue their daily course, it is surprizing that we should have so long suffered ourselves to remain utterly destitute of any regular means of instruction, in an art so important. We shall in vain search our numerous sea-ports for one establishment where our sons may be trained to hardihood in an element on which the best years of their lives may perhaps have to be passed; and we shall equally in vain search our libraries for one tolerably useful and practical treatise on the art of swimming.

ART. IV.—1. *Lettres sur l'Angleterre.* Par A. de Staël-Holstein. Paris. 1825.

2. *Journal Hepdomadaire des Arts et Métiers, de la Fabrique et de la Méchanique pratique; des Découvertes, Inventions, Perfectionnemens, Procédés utiles de l'Industrie, et de l'Economie manufacturière, rurale et domestique de l'Angleterre.* Paris. 1825.

3. *Documens relatifs au Commerce des nouveaux Etats de l'Amerique, communiqués par le Bureau de Commerce et des Colonies aux principales Chambres de Commerce de France.* Paris. Septembre, 1825.

THE attempts which have been made since the communications between the two countries have become more frequent, to give a true picture of England to the French people, have produced

duced little or no effect. We are hardly better known to them now than we were ten years ago; neither do we foresee at what period such knowledge is likely to accrue to them. To us the injury is small: we are not either better or worse, intrinsically, for the opinion of others; but the detriment to the willing blind is great; and for this reason solely do we speak our regret. We do think that—however the French may excel us in some of the trifles and amusements of life, and in many things where we do not envy their superiority—we could afford them millions of valuable lessons in all that is great and important. From them we might learn to be more refinedly depraved, more sensual, more selfish, and more specious than we are. By us they might be taught the means which have given wealth and power to these little islands, so much beyond what nature promised them; and here find what the course of policy is which can make the most free of empires the strongest. As long as the advantage is so much on our side, we can have little selfish reason to regret that no encouragement is held out to a free interchange of commodities.

This obstinate misrepresentation proceeds from one sole and general cause: the French do not wish to know us; nay, they wish not to know us. To know us would be more than they could bear; and they turn aside with soreness from every true estimate of British prosperity.

This feeling is so general throughout society, that we hardly recollect a single manifestation of the contrary; neither would any person dare to show an opposite sentiment, under the risk of excommunication. To acknowledge any thing good in England stamps a Frenchman unworthy of his country; and the best title to be deemed a true patriot is, to assert universal superiority. To this passion every writer is compelled to sacrifice; and if, to his own shortsightedness and blunders, he does not add this national contraction of mind, we doubt whether he could find a reader, nay, a printer, among his countrymen. France requires to be told by every man that she is, in all things, the first of nations; and she would rather hear that flattering falsehood, than be made one jot better than she is. She skips along merrily among contemporaries; she succeeds in most things which she cares about, because she cares chiefly about trifles; and, with many cankers in her heart, she rejects the probe, as long as her mirror reflects a ruddy complexion, and shows her a fair prospect of pleasure.

Among the writers who have ventured to become an exception to this rule, and have dared to find something tolerable here, is the son of Mad. de Staël, who has produced a volume from which the French might learn many practical truths. The author possesses

sesses a talent for observation. He gives his remarks in correct and easy language; and, upon the whole, though the British public may see little to interest them in the account of circumstances with which they are familiar, he has opened a source of light and utility to his countrymen—by which they are not likely to profit.

This volume is divided into letters. The first is 'Upon the precautions necessary to be taken by all who would study and observe this country:' and the subject gives opportunity for many useful hints to the Parisians—which they will not take; but in his second letter he hazards a series of heresies for which he must sooner or later expect lapidation. He begins thus:

'L'on ne sauroit observer l'Angleterre avec un esprit dennué de prévention, sans être forcé de reconnaître que *la civilisation y est plus avancée que dans aucun pays du continent*; que les lumières y sont plus répandues, la science du gouvernement mieux comprise, tous les mouvemens de la machine sociale plus rapides et plus habilement combinés. C'est un fait qui pourrait s'établir *a priori*,' &c.

Now how true soever this may be, it is so little to the taste of any class of Frenchmen, that all the proofs which M. de Staël adduces in support of it will only irritate them more profoundly.

Whether M. de Staël drew this conclusion himself from history, or whether he found it ready drawn to his hand in the Quarterly Review, it is equally new and intrusive in France. The facts however are incontestable, and are irrefragable proofs of what he asserts, that civilization *is* more advanced in England than in any country of the continent. Her Magna Charta did precede the capitulations wrung by the states-general from the French King John during his captivity in England, by 141 years—but how much more did it precede them in value than in time! The age of Elizabeth did precede that of Lewis XIV. by about 150 years; but how much richer was it in true splendour and glory, in conquests and in letters, in the arts of war and of peace, in universal progress! The parliament did begin its struggle with Charles I. 149 years before the convocation of the states-general at Versailles; 141 years did separate the murders of Charles I. and Lewis XVI., and the English restoration was 154 years prior to the French. But with how many more mischiefs, with how much less good, did all these occurrences teem, in the hands of the imitating nation! Although the time which separates these corresponding events in the two countries, be about a century and a half, yet, in consideration of the value of the events themselves, we cannot help thinking that our superiority in political wisdom and virtue, measured in years, is equal to double that period. Neither can we subscribe

subscribe to the salvo which M. de Staël has introduced into his remarks, that the civilization of England, in other respects, is not in proportion to that of her polity. If, by civilization, he understands luxurious and sensual enjoyment, he may be right; but if the word comprises intellectual progress, the development of mind in all its branches, philosophy, letters, industry, and their diffusion through every rank of society, he is utterly mistaken. As the greatest part of these things prospered more in this island, and as her wealth and power were greater in proportion to her original means than those of France, we cannot help concluding, in contradiction to M. de Staël, that, at least since the date of our Magna Charta, Britain has had the start of her rival in civilization properly so called, by much more than one century and a half, time and value included.

A circumstance which strikes the author now before us, and which —though he does not seem to think so—affords no small proof of the superiority of our progress, is this—that the French, in discussing political subjects, launch out into general principles, of which we hardly make any mention. The march of human improvement is first to practise an art, imperfectly perhaps, and merely in relation to our feeble wants. Then comes an observer who examines the instruments, a speculator who inquires into the causes, a philosopher who explains the general principles. This indeed is great improvement, but 'the greatest is behind.' The acme of civilization in this art—at least the world has hitherto seen no higher—is when its instruments, causes and principles, after undergoing the ordeal of philosophy, re-act upon its *practice* and make *that* philosophical. Then the recital of generalities is cast into its ancient history as rudely as a speculator bestows upon its infant and untutored practice the epithet of empiricism. To use a great and noble quotation, which M. de Staël makes from one of the first of mortals, Bacon, the earliest condition is that of the 'axiomata infima,' which are those of mere manual exercise, and belong to uncultivated man. These may be found in every infant state, and wherever human beings have continued rude and ignorant, from the sands of the desert to the steppes of the north. 'Suprema vero ac generalissima rationalia sunt et abstracta, et nil habent solidi.' The vague and abstract axioms, even when so profound as to be unintelligible, are a nobler exercise of mind than the 'axiomata infima,' and belong to nations in the middle condition of social progress, or to those whom rigorous necessity has not compelled to be practical. Among the latter, France claims the highest rank: for her best enlightenment—beside luxury —is empty speculation. The 'axiomata media,' then, which are 'vera et solida et viva, in quibus humanæ res et fortunæ sitæ sunt,' are

are the property of the highest civilization, and England alone—or England and her descendants—can be said to possess them at this hour. They who say that the general reasonings of the French are superior, forget that the period of abstraction is gone by with us; that, when we argue upon a particular point with a view to its application, we no more return to discuss and prove its general principles, than we repeat the letters of the alphabet when we are preparing an oration for parliament. When we contemplate the statue of Apollo, we do not descant on the chisel. But those letters and that chisel must have been known and used, or words could not have existed, and the statue would still have slumbered in its block. Well indeed might Sir James M'Intosh reply, 'In England we take all this for granted,' when M. de Staël showed him one of the strongest and profoundest of the French political pamphlets. To dwell upon such productions as these, would be to return to infancy; yet the French imagine that we proceed without any general principles, and upon the mere selfish and empirical impulse of the occasion, because we have ceased to refer, in every instance, to the elements of our actions. Thus they imagine themselves to have invented the science of political economy, and say that Adam Smith took all his ideas on the subject from Turgot, and the other French economists. But where did Turgot himself and his followers first see the science and acquire their knowledge, but in the country where, having been put in practice, its principles had ceased to be discussed? Political economy was in full exercise in England long before it was reasoned upon in France; and had the theoricians of that country not found it here, they never could have philosophised it at home. While we had left the 'suprema ac generalissima rationalia' far behind us, they were only systematising; but, in all the concerns of real life, where the superstructure is, there too must be the foundation.

The four letters which follow are devoted to the discussion of the division of property; and are a singular specimen of ratiocination. The practice of England in this respect is to concentrate property by entails, &c. that of France (modern) is to disperse it, by an equal distribution among all the children of the testator, with the exception of one single share. The author discusses both these systems; but his own inclination is decidedly in favour of the French. 'Prejudice,' he says, 'has so blinded men upon this subject in England, that few can reason upon it,' and he adduces arguments to support his opinion, to not one of which we can subscribe. But what is the most extraordinary of all—after reasoning thus during nearly eighty pages, he comes to this unexpected conclusion, that as he deprecates the intervention

of legislation in the direction of capital and the management of private fortune, he is much of the same opinion as the English. In these letters he refutes many of the errors current in France with regard to England, as, for instance, one reproach which we should hardly expect to find made to us by that nation under any of its forms of government: to wit, that all the wealth of this country is in the hands of a few, while the people are in a state of complete suffering. He says, however, that our writers are equally mistaken as to the effect of division in France; neither can he find, in the reasonings of Malthus and Mill on this subject, the firmness and solidity which they have displayed on other points of political economy. In our minds, the perpetual division of property is the scourge which the revolution has fastened upon France, and in less than half a century, will be the avenger of Europe for all the injuries which she has suffered. Beside the disputes which it creates in families and the ill-will which it breeds in co-heirs, it prevents exertion and leaves no disposable masses for industrious ends. It creates dependants on power; and already, says M. de Staël (its advocate and a *liberal*) public employments—that is to say, the favours of the crown—are the principal sources of wealth to the upper ranks of society.

One assertion made by M. de Staël we cannot pass in silence, 'La seule relation de famille qui soit en Angleterre dans toute sa beauté, c'est le lien conjugal;' and he proceeds to descant on the merit and affection of English matrons. In this we perfectly agree with him; but we differ entirely when he says that all other family connections are defective. He particularly instances the word *Sir*, as used by a son to his father, and considers it as a token of constrained respect, and a want of mutual affection. 'La mort d'un père, celle d'un frère aîné dont on attend l'héritage, sont, sur la scène Anglaise, l'objet de plaisanteries que l'on tolère, que l'on applaudit même, et qui, chez nous, révolteroient le public le moins délicat.' But since the stage is the source whence M. de Staël draws his conclusions, how came our wives and mothers to escape his rebuke? Has he forgotten Wycherley, Congreve, Farquhar, and the time when no female entered a theatre unmasked? To all inductions from this source we will answer by a citation of which our author will not deny the validity. It is from his own eloquent mother, who certainly was right on the present occasion; we quote from memory, but the substance is, 'Rien ne ressemble moins aux Anglais que leur comédie.'

M. de Staël seems further to imply that family affection is stronger in France than in England; and that, in the latter country, the sentiment which, in the former, is 'affection de famille,' is only esprit de famille.' We think that facts will prove exactly the reverse.

reverse. It is indeed almost impossible that, in a state of morals where conjugal relations are perfect, the other ties of family feeling should be so relaxed as the stage has led our author to suppose. The heart cannot be warm between parents, and chilled to their common offspring; and the example of such affection must awaken congenial tenderness in children. In a country indeed where every adult belongs so much to the public as in England, youth sooner attains emancipation than in states where despotism is disguised under the name of paternal government; and a father is obliged to yield up his son to the commonwealth at an early age. But does he for this give up his affection; or is filial love less strong because the public claim the time and talents of the rising generation? The early manliness of our youth, so completely contrasting with the long subjection in which others live, may make a foreigner suppose that their affections are as independent as their manners and their minds. The French require unbroken deference from their children; neither does any event of life—as the marriage of those children, their becoming parents in their turn—diminish filial bondage. British fathers (on the contrary) hasten to give their sons that independence which fits them for a free state; and never are more satisfied than when they see them assert their rights as British subjects. Besides, might we not add, paternal affection and filial return are stronger in proportion to the certainty which a parent has, that he is not merely the father *quem nuptiæ demonstrant*, and that this chance is greater in England, M. de Staël allows, since he admits that there *le lien conjugal est dans toute sa beauté.*

One consequence indeed of family connexion is more powerful in France than in England; but we deny that it is founded on affection —quite the reverse. It springs entirely from the sentiment which our author rightly terms, but sadly misapplies, 'esprit de famille,' and which is little more than vanity. Every person bearing the same name, particularly if that name be one of the highest of the privileged class, is more or less considered as of the same blood, and all are in duty bound to maintain the rest in that condition of society which is worthy of it. In England the chief of the Howards or of the Percys would feel no mortification at beholding his arms engraved upon the seal of a man of very inferior rank and fortune; nay, would not blush to read his name upon the sign-board of some very humble trader. But what humiliation would not a Montmorency feel if a Montmorency had not the means of living in the highest circles, or were to embrace any profession but that of a courtier, a man of the sword, or a dignitary of the church? Not even the study of the law could be followed by him without a blush; no—he could not deign to be chancellor of France.

Now the only proofs which we can find of the 'affection de famille,' which M. de. Staël supposes to exist exclusively in that country, are the subjection to their parents in which aged children live, and this vanity which makes it derogatory for any high born Frenchman to adopt an useful and honest, if it be an humble profession, and prompts all those who call themselves alike to rescue the name, if not the man, from the shame of subsisting by industry. We should indeed have been surprized if the assertion of our author had been correct; for we cannot grant that any feeling of the heart is so strong in France as in England. Where levity is great, and reflection rare, the affections may be prompt and flashy, but they are not either deep or lasting.

Another opinion which we were sorry, for *his* sake, to find in M. de Staël's work is, that England has not been the protector of the liberties of other nations. This is the common cry of the French liberals; while that of the opposite party is that she has overthrown all the ancient institutions of the world, and protected the illegitimate emancipation of subjects. From this double reproach we should suspect that she has kept the proper medium, and done exactly what was requisite to promote freedom, and to oppose licentiousness. But, in fact, we think that if any reproach can be made upon this head, it is that England has been too officious, too sanguine in her endeavours to make other nations participate in the blessings which she enjoys; and that she has communicated the desire to men incapable of putting it in practice. The popular error in this country is, rather, that all men are equally fit for freedom, than that any nation can be disqualified. Hence every crude abettor of revolution expects to find assistance from this classic source of constitutional government, and many of them must of course be disappointed. But we defy M. de Staël, backed by all the liberals and all the *doctrinaires* of the French school, to prove her guilty, before a jury of men who really know what rational freedom is, of ever having opposed its introduction into any country upon earth; while her conduct in Sicily testifies her strong—even her rash desire to give every opportunity of establishing at least as much of it as men can bear, wherever she had any influence.

The remaining letters of this work are upon many practica. points, through which we shall not follow our author, having other matters to consider. So great is his desire to be useful to his country—and we heartily wish that he may be so—that he enters into minute particulars upon the mode of debating in our House of Commons; and gives a frontispiece, representing the place of meeting, the speaker's chair, the ministerial and the opposition benches, the gallery, &c. Upon the whole we are far from joining

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in the general sentiments of our author, or of adopting the tenets of his school; yet we think that his views are benevolent; and though we cannot approve of his modes of reasoning, we give him full credit for his perceptive faculties.

Notwithstanding the evident utility of the hints contained in this work, it is not likely that many of them will be adopted by the French, who feel excessive tenderness about openly imitating any thing from England. Though their constitution is the same in all its leading features, as our own, yet they would be very much irritated if they were told that it was but a copy. Nay, so jealous are they upon this head, that, in order to have some claim to originality, they have purposely introduced deviations, and put themselves to great inconvenience, as well as run a risk of adopting less expedient forms. The shifts which they made to escape the septenniality of our parliament were quite ludicrous; and their election laws were pitiful subterfuges to avoid our mode of choosing representatives. They prefer doing worse, to doing well with us; and, though the least original or inventive of nations, they have not greatness of mind to avow that the best modes of rule have been practised by a rival, long before they thought of any thing but despotism. Such narrowness of views has already been prejudicial to them; and, until they can enlarge their minds and feelings, it ever must be so. We have often thought that the first indication of improving morality in France will be her acknowledging that we are an honester nation than she is; and the first symptom of increasing wisdom, her perceiving our superiority in that matter also—as the first dawn of her liberty was her Anglomania.

We have selected the volume of M. de Staël as a favourable specimen of the opinions entertained in France respecting our political conduct: we shall now turn to another question, and examine the estimation in which our industry is held there. This is a subject upon which doubt cannot so easily hang; for, while there is no positive general standard of liberty, there is a very accurate measure of labour: produce. As long as the quantity of things produced can be measured in length, breadth and thickness, and their value expressed in francs, pounds sterling, or any other article of barter, reasoning will be less vague upon industry than upon constitutions.

For this reason, juster notions of our superiority in the former than in the latter are current among the French; and, while they say that our elections exceed in corruption all that they could ever know—we suppose because, with them, ministers only have the means of influencing votes—they cannot deny the number of pounds of wool, cotton, or silk, which we spin and weave. Still,

however, they have a subterfuge for holding us wonderfully cheap, even for this very superiority: they ''clepe us pedlars,' despise us for having recourse to labour, and load us with all the opprobrious epithets due to rusty knaves and mechanics. Some few of them, indeed, begin to perceive that, notwithstanding the disgrace attached to trade and manufactures, industry is an essential means of national prosperity; and that even their great empire, 'la belle France,' with her plains and her forests, her vines and her olives, runs considerable risk of being thrown, farther than ever, behind the shopkeeping nation, whose late successes in arms delivered and abashed her, and whose present prosperity quite stupifies her.

That this class, however, is not very numerous or enlightened, the French press demonstrates. The works which appear upon industry are lamentably few, and still more lamentably deficient in originality. Large views are therefore not to be expected; neither must the world look for much improvement from that quarter. The '*Société d'Encouragement*' publishes little of any value, except what is taken from England; and nothing is more completely jejune and characteristic than its bulletins. We could not, indeed, quote any work, periodical or not, worthy to be compared to the very worst production of these islands, relating to the subject now before us.

A weekly journal has lately been undertaken, 'Le Journal Hepdomadaire des Arts et Métiers,' for the express purpose of making known, upon the continent, the state of arts and manufactures in England; and, of all the presents which could be made to the French people, this is the richest. But it is an ungrateful task to teach a nation that thinks it has nothing more to learn: and the author is reduced to the necessity of apologizing for his temerity. As it is impossible to relate the wonders of British labour without eulogizing them, as to mention is to praise them, he has found it necessary to intimate that he is not an Anglomane; but that he does all this in order that the eyes of the whole world may be opened to see and imitate us. He tells his countrymen, however, some hard truths, and indirectly cautions them against one of their principal weaknesses:—

'Avant de tracer quelques routes, avant de signaler quelques points remarquables dans l'immense tableau industriel que j'offre à mes lecteurs, je dois combattre ce honteux préjugé, cette pitoyable vanité, ces sentimens funestes de rivalité nationale, qui causent tant de dommage à ceux qui s'y livrent, et qui sont le signe spécial de la sottise et de l'ignorance; assertion dure, mais justifiée par les stupides dédains qu'ont pour les autres peuples, pour leur intelligence et pour tout ce qui vient d'eux, les esclaves bruts de la Turquie et de la Moscovie; les fainéans, les ignorans, les mendians, les superstitieux de la grande péninsule.'—'Vainement les petites bouffisures locales ou individuelles chercheroient-elles à nier les supériorités

supériorités industrielles de l'Angleterre. Les faits sont trop nombreux, trop accumulés; ils parlent trop haut pour qu'il n'y ait pas de la mauvaise foi à les nier.'

In a preface, containing sounder views than are usual in France, the author gives a rapid sketch of the present prospects of the world, in the branch of which he treats. After briefly considering the vicissitudes of trade and manufactures in Venice, Spain, Portugal, Holland, France and England, he concludes:—

'1. Le monde social a totalement changé de sphère, et ne sortira plus de celle de l'industrie, dans laquelle l'ancienne propriété territoriale n'a désormais qu'une importance extrêmement secondaire, au moins quant au vieux continent. 2. L'Angleterre est seule, jusqu'à présent, dans l'esprit de ce nouveau système. 3. Les deux Amériques s'uniront à elle; et, si l'Europe demeure plus long-tems engourdie, étrangère aux grandes entreprises commerciales, à l'usage général des machines,—c'est à dire principalement à celui de la machine à vapeur—elle tombera nécessairement dans l'état de pauvreté industrielle où se trouvoient l'Espagne et le Portugal il y a 35 ans.'

The compiler of this journal, or, as he is termed in French, 'le principal rédacteur,' was at first supposed to be M. Dupin; but there are evident marks that this is a mistake. M. Dupin is a better writer than the present, and is moreover much more familiar with scientific subjects; but what chiefly distinguishes them is, that the compiler of the 'Journal Hepdomadaire' appears to have sounder and more liberal (liberal in the good sense) views of general policy than M. Dupin. Besides, the compiler, in praising us, shows as little envy as a Frenchman can have, while the author of the 'Voyages dans la Grande Bretagne' gives too many proofs of that baleful sentiment. The former is, indeed, grossly mistaken respecting the conduct of England to Ireland, and also in some other points of her political bearings; but, at the same time, he seems to feel that a nation which makes so noble a use of intellect as she does—which, in all her relations of industry, has constantly shown such just and comprehensive views—cannot be guilty of the petty duplicity of which she is often accused. The latter has not elevated his mind to such a height as this; and, being compelled to acknowledge the wonders which he beheld, he solaces his jealousy in harping upon charges which a very little knowledge of the human heart would at once reject. It is impossible for such large and enlightened industry as that of England not to perceive that in every thing honesty is the best policy. Pettifoggers alone may thrive by nefarious practices.

The great authority upon the subject of British industry, ever since his work was published in France, is M. Dupin. Although we have already spoken of his volumes, we must revert to them again; particularly as our object in the remainder of this article

is to refute an assertion made by him toward the conclusion of his introduction to the 'Force Commerciale' of Great Britain. After speaking, in a very rhapsodical style, of what England has, and France has not done, and mixing up the whole with Themistocles and Miltiades, he hopes that his country will be stimulated to success in industry by the example of Britain.

'Gardons-nous de penser, que ces victoires soient impossibles à notre persévérance. Je viens de le montrer, *autant l'Angleterre est en avance aujourd'hui, autant, il y a cinquante années, elle étoit en arrière de la France, et dans l'entreprise et dans l'exécution des grands ouvrages utiles à l'industrie, indispensables au commerce.* Ce qu'elle a fait durant un demi-siècle, nous pouvons le faire, plus promptement encore. Nous pouvons reprendre notre rang, en profitant de son expérience, *comme elle a su profiter de la nôtre.* Osons vouloir. Ni l'ardeur et l'activité, ni la science et le génie, ne manquent à notre heureux pays. Notre territoire est plus vaste, notre climat plus beau, notre sol plus fertile. Une immense frontière et deux mers ouvrent leurs débouchés aux produits des entrailles et de la superficie de notre terre. Mais nous manquons encore, pour arriver à ces limites, de communications intérieures assez nombreuses, assez aisées, assez économiques. Sachons les entreprendre, avec les efforts combinés et les sacrifices communs d'un grand nombre de citoyens,' &c.

And a little before we have this:—

'Enfin Louis XIV. législateur de ces mêmes travaux, ordonne qu'*un jury*' (Louis XIV. and a jury!) 'composé des plus notables habitans, accordera par un arbitrage conciliateur, tous les différends à naître sur la propriété de la nouvelle voie publique et des biens limitrophes; et cent ans plus tard, *l'Angleterre retrouvant là le génie de ses loix, s'est honoré de suivre cet exemple.* Eh nous, mes chers concitoyens, nous Français! serons nous les moins empressés à suivre les exemples légués à la postérité par les beaux règnes de Henri IV. et de Louis XIV.? Laisserons nous l'étranger jouir, plus que nous-mêmes, *du plagiat d'une prospérité inventée par nos ancêtres?* et ne ressaisirons-nous point une des palmes de notre gloire héréditaire?'

Upon what is fulsome and bombastical in these extracts, we shall offer no remark; but we must bestow some attention upon the passages printed in italics; and to point out their incorrectness shall be the business of the following pages.

'Autant l'Angleterre est en avance aujourd'hui, autant, il y a cinquante années, elle étoit en arrière de la France, et dans l'entreprise et dans l'exécution des grands ouvrages utiles à l'industrie, indispensables au commerce.'

Now, if we can show that, three centuries ago, and ever afterwards, England was superior to the country of M. Dupin in all the points referred to, the fallacy of his assertion will be demonstrated.

That civilization began in the mild and genial climates of the south, indeed that it could not *begin* any where else, is undoubted.

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The cradle of the first generations was Asia; later races, and, with them, higher mental culture, sprung up on the southern shores of the Mediterranean, whence they crossed to the north; and Greece had the precedency of Rome, because her soil and climate were more favourable to youthful society than those of Italy. From Italy, again, at two different periods, the social arts spread themselves to the north; and France, not only because her natural circumstances were more capable of providing for the early wants of men, but as situated nearer to the source of improvement, had the priority of this island in the career of mind. But, as necessity is ever more powerful than example, and as greater obstacles, when not insuperable, always stimulate to greater exertions, it follows that, when the immediate wants of the inhabitants of the north are supplied, the ingenuity which was awakened in satisfying them is exercised upon other objects, and becomes a source of higher improvement than could be attained by men who, from their outset in life, have revelled in enjoyment. Thus Egypt, Greece, Italy, France, England succeeded each other in social progress, in periods nearly proportionate to the advantages which nature had bestowed upon the soil and climate of each; but the value of the civilization which they have enjoyed has been in a ratio as nearly inverse. The Greeks were far superior to their massive predecessors, not only in all the beautiful arts and accomplishments of life, but in philosophy and reason. The Romans, inferior to the Greeks in many respects, rose far above them in an art before which sculpture, painting, poetry, nay speculative philosophy itself must bow—the art of creating the greatest empire of the world from the smallest beginning, and of giving that empire longer freedom than the pettiest states have known. When social improvement flourished anew, after the dark ages, France was more tardy than Italy; but she had not long begun to advance before she outstripped her in useful industry, and composed a larger and a finer empire, one more swayed by reason, even than the spiritual realm of St. Peter. Last of all, necessarily came England; but the mental power which has been there developed exceeds all that antiquity, or even more modern ages, could have dreamed of. In every department of intellect, if it be but useful, Britain has no rival among nations; and she has opened and explored more new regions of thought in every direction than all the rest of the world since the restoration of knowledge.

At what period, or at what precise degree of social improvement the tardier nations begin to take a lead, may not easily be determined: but, with respect to England, we have already shown in this article, that, in policy at least, she had the priority of France by more than one century and a half, at the epocha of our Magna

Magna Charta. In other branches the genius of Britain was celebrated by the earliest Romans who visited the island; and, under the emperor Constantius Chlorus, the mechanical arts were so much superior to those of Gaul, that her architects and artificers were employed to repair the ruined fortresees upon the Rhine. But this advantage was soon lost when more barbarous invaders overran the country. A similar superiority was remarked by the Romans in the agriculture of Gaul; but as the German nations held this art in contempt, it declined after the irruption of the Franks. Thus then, even at this remote period, the career of both nations was marked out by their natural circumstances; and the advantageous territory and climate of France disposed her principally to the cultivation of the soil; while other wants and other opportunities determined the British to addict themselves to other arts, even more than to agriculture.

The further progress of these two nations was determined by the circumstances which act in general throughout the world: and the severer climate of England required harder labour than the fertility and warmth of France. In the former, industry at once assumed a character of utility which it wanted in the latter; and the luxury which there began to flourish at a much more early period, here gained footing only when the most imperious necessities were satisfied. The later developement of British industry was accompanied by the highest reach of intellectual civilization; and was incorporated with every branch of prosperity; but the industry of France was too much connected with ostentation and selfish enjoyment, to produce such enlarged advantages. In disproving the assertion of M. Dupin, we shall particularly attend to these distinctions; and consider the relative progress of both empires, not only as greater the one than the other, but as characteristic.

One of the earliest wants of men is clothing; the materials principally used for this purpose are wool, cotton, linens and silk. Now those which suit the wants of a northern climate are the two first; whilst the latter, but particularly silk, are appropriate to the demands of the south. An inquiry into the progress of these manufactures will, then, throw considerable light upon the present subject.

The first great historical encouragement given to the woollen manufactures of this country was in the reign of Edward III. though their introduction was prior to this period. The Romans, we are told by Camden, had a cloth manufactory at Winchester, and, under William the Conqueror, a body of Flemish weavers, expelled from home by an irruption of the sea, settled in this island. In the reigns of Henry I. and of Henry II. several privileges were granted to cloth-weavers; and, under Henry III. regulations

lations were made respecting broad-cloths, russets, &c. The office of aulnager is mentioned by Maddox, as existing in the time of Edward I; and thus the very early establishment of woollen manufactures is proved, although, under the Norman race, a common clothing still was leather. But, in 1331, John Kemp, with seventy Walloon families, was invited into England; and Kendal was the metropolis of this branch of industry. Many other towns, as Norwich, Sudbury, Colchester, and York had their own manufactories; and woollens were spun and wove in Devonshire, Worcestershire, Gloucestershire, Hampshire, Berkshire, Sussex and Wales.

A table of what the exports and imports of woollen goods were about the middle of the fourteenth century, and not more than twenty years after the arrival of the Flemish artificers, will show the progress which this manufacture had made in a very short time.

Exports.	£	s.	d.
Thirty-one thousand six hundred and fifty-one sacks and a half of wool at £6 value each sack,	189,909	0	0
Three thousand thirty-six hundred and sixty-five felts at 40s. value, each hundred at six score,	6,073	1	8
Whereof the custom amounts to	81,624	1	1
Fourteen last, seventeen dicher and five hides of leather, after six pounds value the last, amount to	89	5	0
Whereof the custom amounts to	6	17	6
4,774½ after 40s value is	9,549	0	0
8,061½ of worsted after 16s. 8d. value the piece is	6,717	18	4
Whereof the custom amounts to	215	13	7
Summary of the outcarried commodities in value and custom,	£294,184	17	2

Imports.	£	s.	d.
1,822 cloths after £6 value each,	10,922	0	0
Whereof the custom amounts to	91	12	0
397¾ quintals of wax after the value of 40s. the quintal,	795	10	0
Whereof the custom is	19	17	0
6829½ tons of wine after 40s. per ton,	3,659	0	0
Whereof the custom is	182	0	0
Linen cloth, mercury, grocery wares and all other manner of merchandize,	23,014	16	0
Whereof the custom is	285	18	3
Summary of the inbrought commodities,	£38,970	13	3
Summary of the surplus of the outcarried above the inbrought commodities amounteth to	255,214	3	11

It

It is remarkable that the value of the imported cloth, per piece, is here three times as great as that of the exported; and it may be inferred that the quality was also superior. It appears then that the fabrication of coarse cloths exclusively occupied the manufacturers of Britain, while the finer cloths were still imported from abroad; that is to say, that hitherto the wants of *the people* were the regulator of British industry.

But the manufactories of England were not yet sufficiently extensive to employ all the wool produced there; and much was still exported unwrought. They increased however; and, early in the reign of Edward IV. the importation of woollen cloth, caps, &c. was prohibited. The civil wars were of course prejudicial to them; but Henry VII. did more toward their prosperity than any of his predecessors, and gave them greater vigour than they ever had before. Fine cloths, in particular, seem to have been much improved about his time; neither was the end of the fifteenth century too early a period for the introduction of a little luxury into a branch of industry which had so long been devoted to comfort. The ostentatious reign of Henry VIII. gave a further impulse to the woollen trade; even in 1512, the cloth which but fifty years before was sold for forty shillings, was worth four and five marks; and a similar variation took place in the price of labour, so much had the demand increased, in consequence of increasing population, wealth and consumption. Beside the exports to Flanders, English cloth found its way to Holland, Hamburgh, Sweden and Russia; countries where the coarser and the warmer stuffs were the most necessary.

The protestants who fled from the persecutions of the Duke of Alva, in the Low Countries, brought a considerable accession of industry to England; and the woollen manufactures, together with all that related to them, became more flourishing than ever. Queen Elizabeth extended her strong protection to them; insomuch that, although, in 1552, a large quantity of the raw material was exported, in less than thirty years Germany, Poland, France, Flanders, Denmark and Sweden were overrun with British cloths. The price had nearly tripled; yet two hundred thousand pieces were annually exported to those countries.

The processes by which woollens are rendered beautiful were not yet performed in England; and a part of the operation was reserved for the Netherlands. Much of our exports consisted in white undressed cloth; and the profits upon dyeing and finishing, amounting as it was stated to a million a year, were lost to us. The exportation of white cloths was therefore prohibited; but the Dutch and the Germans forbad the entrance of any English woollens dyed in the piece, into their states. The export then fell

fell immediately from 200,000 to 60,000, when it was found necessary to take off the restriction. This circumstance gave rise to the fabrication of what was termed medley cloths, or mixtures of wool dyed of different colours, and wrought into the same web. The Long Parliament still further promoted this manufacture; and the law enjoining the exclusive use of woollens in burials gave it fresh activity. The processes of dyeing and dressing were improved; and, in 1699, the quantity of manufactured cloth was estimated at eight millions, of which three-fourths were the price of labour. One-half of this quantity was exported; and thus did the woollen trade of England exhibit a very different appearance from what it wore when Flanders absorbed the whole raw material of the country. Neither can this success be ascribed to the prohibitory laws which were repeatedly enacted; but to the general expansion of industry, knowledge, and of that exalted civilization which creates and satisfies the noblest wants.

The following century witnessed a still more astonishing increase of this commodity. Some documents addressed to parliament in the year 1739, assert that one million and a half of British subjects were employed in this manufacture; now allowing to each workman the very moderate pay of 8*l.* per annum, the sum total of their stipends is twelve millions. But to this must be added, according to the proportion first stated between the material and the labour, four millions for the former: the total value then of cloths manufactured in that year was sixteen millions sterling; and therefore the woollen manufactures had exactly doubled between the years 1699 and 1739, that is to say, in the first forty years of the last century. But, in another period of equal duration, comprising thirty-one years of the last and nine of the present century, when the machinery invented by Arkwright, and used in the cotton manufactories, was, with other improvements, applied to the fabrication of wool, they became more than three times as extensive; and it is no exaggeration to say that, during the eighteenth century our woollen manufactures had increased in the proportion of six to one, and that the time which has elapsed since its conclusion has evinced a similar tendency.—We know that M. Dupin's strictures do not fairly go farther back than the year 1770; but we could not resist the temptation of the present statement, though without any reference to him.

A part of the advantage derived from the application of machinery to this branch of industry may be learned from a statement made by his majesty's attorney general before parliament, in the year 1800, that one million and a half of persons were employed in the woollen manufactures of England, the same number as in the year 1739. But, during that time, the produce had been tripled;

tripled; and, as no more hands were employed, the increase was entirely due to improved methods of manufacturing. The multiplication by three, however, would give but a feeble idea of the power of machinery.

In France, the fabrication of woollens was probably practised at as early a period as in England. The demand for English wool was so great, that, early in the fourteenth century, application was made to open a staple for its importation; but the exportation of manufactured woollens did not figure in the commercial balance till three centuries later; neither were the coarser stuffs the most abundant. At the beginning of the seventeenth century, workmen were procured from Flanders for a manufactory of tapestry, but we find no mention of any notable improvement made in the art of weaving for the people. The administration of Cardinal Richelieu encouraged every species of manufacture then known and demanded; but cloths of luxury were more in request than cloths of necessity. It was in 1646, that Nicolas Cadeau, with some other Frenchmen, obtained a patent for twenty years, together with various other privileges and immunities for establishing at Sedan a manufactory of black and coloured cloths, made, like those of Holland, of the finest Spanish wool. About fifteen years after this, a treaty between France and Spain put the former country in possession of the finest wool of Europe, which was wrought into stuffs fit for the Levant. The opening which France possessed to the south by means of the Mediterranean, and, still more, her own wants, naturalized the fabrication of thin and light woollens; and her connection with Spain furnished her with the materials. It is rather a subject of astonishment that her vicinity to that country did not put her earlier in possession of a manufacture from which so much benefit was to be derived. In 1664, Colbert, to whose efforts France is so much indebted, invited manufacturers from every country to introduce their industry; and persuaded his monarch to appropriate a million of livres to the encouragement of this manufacture. Now the proportion between the English and the French trade may be estimated by the modicity of this sum, near twenty years after the exportation of raw wool had been absolutely and definitively prohibited by the Lords and Commons in parliament assembled; and two years before the law for burying in woollens.

In 1669, Van Robais, a Dutchman, was induced to settle with 500 workmen at Abbeville, where a new manufactory of superfine broad-cloth was established, and where in less than forty years the number of looms increased from thirty to one hundred. The better to honour this branch of industry the French king permitted the nobility to take a part in it without derogating from their rank.

But

But the cruel and impolitic revocation of the edict of Nantes soon gave England a share in the advantages which every protestant state reaped from the influx of many industrious families, and proved how much bigotry was preferred to industry in the kingdom of Lewis XIV.

The principal manufactories of fine woollen in France, were, the Gobelins in Paris, Sedan, Abbeville, Louviers, Elbœuf and Rouen. The first has long been celebrated for the luxury of its productions, and most of all for its magnificent tapestry. It was established by two brothers, Giles and John Gobelins, in the time of Francis I.; but it did not become a royal manufactory till the year 1667, when Lewis XIV. changed its former name of 'Folie Gobelins,' into the grandiloquous epithet of 'Hôtel Royal des Gobelins.' The cause of this metamorphosis is characteristic, for it was not any popular or national want, but the desire of the monarch to possess furniture worthy of his splendid palaces, which induced his minister, Colbert, to collect all the ablest workmen and even artists, into this establishment; and to make it the most luxurious of its kind in the known world. But the embroidered battles of Alexander, the four seasons, the four elements, all the exploits of Lewis XIV. however they may ornament regal apartments, and gratify national vanity—however they may speak the splendour of the monarch—are less approved by reason than the homeliest drugget that ever hung upon the backs of 'our bold peasantry, their country's pride.'

From this very rapid sketch two things are evident: 1st, that the woollen manufactures of France were not, in their general progress, so much directed by the wants of the people as ours; and, for this reason, 2dly, that they were not so extensive. No sovereign, no court, can give such support to a manufacture as to make it rank among the mines of national wealth; while the true customers which make it flourish are the people; the people at home, and the people abroad. The French, we know, are not of that opinion, and we doubt whether M. Dupin does not prefer the 'Hôtel Royal (even with this title) des Gobelins,' to the sixteen millions of yards of broad and narrow cloths which were milled in the single West Riding of York, in the year 1817. We do not by any means wish to depreciate the merits of beautiful tapestry, or to say that the Gobelins is not a very fine establishment; but, taking all things into consideration, we prefer seeing a peasantry well and warmly clothed, to the finest painting that ever was represented in the most exquisite colours which woollen threads are capable of receiving. In the same manner, we prefer that the richest and greatest man of England should tread upon a carpet worth but three hundred pounds, and that this

this wholesome piece of furniture should be found—of inferior quality, it is true—general in our cottages, to the cold and dirty tiles which pave the floors of almost every apartment in France, except those of absolute luxury; even though the monarch and his ministers should trample under their feet the softest and most brilliant worsted picture, worth perhaps five thousand pounds.

The manufacture of silk presents a very different history from the above. This substance is an indigenous product of the warmest climates. The art of manufacturing it was said to be invented by Pamphila, daughter of Platis, in the isle of Cos. It was much valued by the Roman ladies and much satirized by the Latin poets, for it had the double advantage of covering the body and yet showing the form. It was at one period sold for its weight in gold: and Vopiscus says that the Emperor Aurelian refused to give a suit of it to his wife, on account of its excessive dearness; and Heliogabalus, who preceded Aurelian by about half a century, is said to have worn a holosericum, or a garment made entirely of this material. In the middle of the sixth century, two monks who returned from India brought back with them large quantities of the worm, with full instructions upon all the processes relating to the thread. Manufactories were established in the provinces and cities of the Greek empire, particularly at Athens, Thebes and Corinth; and Venice became the carrier between them and the west of Europe. In the twelfth century, when these cities were damaged by the Crusaders, the silk-workers were carried into Sicily by Roger II. and by degrees the Italians and the Spaniards learned the art. The vicinity of these countries diffused it gradually into France; and before the reign of Francis I. it was fully established in Dauphiné, Provence and Languedoc. Nothing can be more conformable to our theory then, than the progress of this light and luxurious material, so admirably suited to every warm climate in all periods; and to climates a little less warm in proportion as men have learned artificial means of making them more temperate.

While the French were in possession of the duchy of Milan, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, they studied the secrets of this art; they carried these, together with an ample provision of workmen, into France; and immediately the manufactory at Lyons, which ever since has continued to spread its merchandize through Europe, was established. But the raw material was still imported from abroad, and the stuffs continued scarce and dear. Henry II. is said to be the first who wore silk stockings; and that upon the great occasion of his sister's marriage with the Duke of Savoy. Mezerai says that 'until the troubles under Charles IX. and Henry III. the courtiers did not use much silk;

silk; but after that time the very citizens began to wear it, so much do pride and luxury predominate during public calamities.'

At the end of this century, Henry IV. gave new encouragement to the silk manufactures of his realm. Wisely indulging the propensity of his people to vanity, lest, by repressing it, he should altogether disgust them with industry, and with a view to keep at home the money which purchased silk in other countries, this monarch used all his efforts to propagate the worm, notwithstanding the representations of Sully. Hitherto the mulberry tree, so essential to the nourishment of this animal, had flourished only in the southern provinces; but Henry had it planted at Orleans, at Fontainebleau, at the Castle of Madrid within two miles of Paris, and even in the gardens of the Tuileries. These attempts were not very successful; yet the manufacture of silk became much more general than it had ever been before. During his reign it prospered very much, and De Thou says, that silk clothing had become so common, especially among the fair sex, that they despised the use of woollens, which their ancestors had so generally worn.

That while France was thus encouraging her silk manufactures, England was supplying her with woollen goods, may be learned from a treaty of commerce concluded between James I. and Henry IV. in the year 1606, by which it was stipulated that, in the ports of the respective countries, all controversies concerning trade should be referred to two merchants of each nation, who should be called conservators of commerce; that each should see to the justness of weights and measures; and those in France to the goodness of English woollens; and that the cloths which should appear bad should be re-exported to England, but without confiscation or paying any duty. This was the year in which Henry particularly encouraged many branches of industry, but which were generally more luxurious than necessary; and, ever since, the manufacture of silk has been among the most prosperous, the most cherished, and staple sources of wealth and luxury to his kingdom. Silken apparel has gradually descended from the highest to the lowest ranks of society, and is now to be found, in almost every shape, even in the wardrobe of the peasant.

The introduction and success of this manufacture, so early as the beginning of the sixteenth century, and while many of the necessary arts were neglected, evince a premature and an irresistible tendency in the nation to luxurious industry. The climate of France is not such as entirely to preclude the use of woollens, or to tolerate a silken dress as sufficient protection from cold. Yet, no sooner had it become possible to procure this light and glossy substance in abundance, than vanity appropriated it as its

own. Nothing can be more characteristic than the precedency which it had over woollens, in the favour of the rulers of France; for, as we have already mentioned, it was admired and protected by Francis I. in the year 1520, while the establishment for broadcloths, at Sedan, does not date until 125 years later. The expenses incurred by Henry IV. in the year 1589, and afterwards, together with his efforts to establish the manufacture of silk throughout his realm, were much greater in proportion to his æra and situation, than the million which Lewis XIV. contributed, in 1664, toward encouraging woollens; and the attention paid to the fabrication of fine rather than of common cloths, confirms the tendency of the nation to luxurious in preference to necessary industry.

In 1818, the value of silk manufactured in France was computed at £4,250,000. In 1739, the value of woollens wrought in England was computed to be £16,000,000. Now this is a very awkward account for M. Dupin, and we do not know how he will surmount this single fact, even if we were to spare him a legion of others which we have in reserve for him. We here take a staple commodity of each kingdom; we find that the annual value of woollens manufactured in England, in 1739, was four times as great as the value of silk manufactured in France seventy-nine years later. But the diminution in the value of money during that time has certainly been much more than half; and the increase of industry has been more than four. Hence then a manufacture which, in 1818, produced £8, ought, in 1739, to have produced but £1; and the four millions of silk just mentioned, would have been reckoned at £500,000; that is to say, at $\frac{1}{32}$ of our cloth manufactures in the same year. Now we do not wish to give this fact more importance than it merits; we know that, wherever silks and woollens are worn in European climates, the consumption of the latter is much more extensive; we know too that the cases are not quite parallel; yet, upon the whole, this single fact affords a strong presumption that the superiority of industry was in favour of England at the period related; and one or two facts more of the same nature would be sufficient utterly to disprove M. Dupin's assertion.

Although the staple of England, early as well as late, was woollens—coarse, common, popular woollens—yet it cannot be supposed that a country trading as she does with the whole world, having at her command the produce of every climate, and able to furnish all with what they do not possess, should strictly and eternally confine herself to necessary industry. This indeed must be the first to employ a nation situated amidst superable difficulties; but should such a nation ever prosper, a time must come when

when luxury, if not for domestic, at least for foreign uses, will engage her attention; and the fabrication of superfluous elegancies will be added to that of what is good and wholesome. Such has been the progress of the silk manufactures in this island.

In the reign of Henry II. much encouragement was given to the weavers of wool, while large sums were paid to Spain for silken robes. These were worn by the English kings and princes only, and at the coronation of the young king and queen, under Henry II. It is not till nearly three centuries later, that mention is made of any attempt to manufacture this material at home; and even then, in 1455, it was entirely in the hands of women, and was probably confined to needlework and embroidery. Toward the end of the century some small haberdashery was made; but the broad silks were still supplied by the south. The difficulty of procuring the raw substance, notwithstanding many attempts to import it from Persia, and to cultivate the mulberry tree at home, retarded this branch of manufacture until 1620. In forty years, however, it became so extensive as to occupy in London alone, 40,000 throwsters; and, in 1719, Lombes' admirable machine, which spun 23,000 yards of organzine silk in one minute, was introduced. So much indeed was this manufacture then improved, that English silks were preferred, even in Italy; and it was thought expedient to derogate from the navigation act of George II. in favour of the importation of Persian silk through Russia.

The persecution of the protestants by Lewis XIV. drove many useful arts out of France; and the tolerant countries reaped the benefit of his intemperance. So prone are the French to find their own merits every where, that they generally boast more of the civilization which they pretend to have diffused over Europe by the talents of the refugees, than they feel the disgrace and cruelty of the revocation of a just and mild edict. But, in our minds, they have much more reason to be ashamed than vain of such an event. Be this as it may however, the establishments of Spital-fields were indebted to their intolerance; and, from this epocha began the flourishing state of the British silk manufactures. Still however their sphere was very limited, until the raw material of India came to increase it; but, since that time, it has increased in extent and importance with a rapidity of which no other manufacture affords an example.

The manufacture of silk is not one of those which we adduce in direct testimony of the superiority of Britain over France, in an æra prior to that of which M. Dupin speaks. We grant that, till within five or six years perhaps, France did carry on a more extensive traffic in this commodity than we did; but we have

spoken of it principally as characteristic of the industry of both nations; as showing the addiction of the one to luxury, of the other to utility. Of all the views which can be taken of the subject, this is the most interesting and the grandest. Profit and loss may captivate the merchant's mind; the financier, the statesman may consider labour as a mine of national wealth; and ministers will hold it to be a source of taxation. But philosophy, which comprises these and every other view, which presides over them all, will never be satisfied by any inquiry which is not at once the most minute and the most comprehensive. Now let industry be turned on every side, let it be considered by men of every vocation, its most enlarged and noble properties relate to the intellectual history of human beings. This is the aspect by which it will unite at once the views of the merchant, of the statesman, and of the minister; for in tracing up their respective idols to a common origin they will find that the only source of private profit, of public wealth, the only taxable commodity—is MIND. Philosophy too not only directs the present researches and the future prospects of men, it is the great preserver of all that we have acquired, and embalms the memory of all that we know. The art which has deposited its principles in the archives of philosophy will never perish.

From such a view it is fair to conclude that the nation which principally manufactured the most useful article, wool, was more industrious, more enlightened, and more prosperous than that whose exertions were directed to the most luxurious, silk. Whether M. Dupin by his meditations upon England has sufficiently shaken off the trammels of early impressions and national preconceptions, to feel this deduction, we know not; but we trust that every unbiassed and reflecting mind will at once admit its extreme probability. Men who instinctively, as it were, discover the limits of utility must possess superior intellect; and intellect is prosperity.

The substance which, as applied to human clothing, stands the next in value to wool is cotton. It is almost as warm; it is softer, lighter, more flexible, more glossy, and, if it possessed the same durability, it would be preferable. Cotton then belongs more to necessary than to luxurious industry, and is the legitimate commodity of the nation whose woollen manufactures exceed those of all the world. The prosperity acquired by England, from this branch of trade, principally belongs to the time to which M. Dupin's assertion does not relate; and we ought to confine ourselves to refute him. We shall however offer a summary of the state of our cotton manufactures prior to 1770.

The period when this vegetable wool was introduced into England

England is not precisely known; consequently the manufacture, if any such existed, must have been very inconsiderable in early times. In the Itinerary of Leland, who visited Lancashire in the reign of Henry VIII. it is stated that many villages near Bolton make cottons. But an act passed in 1552, during the reign which followed, enjoining that all the stuffs called Manchester, Lancashire and Chester cottons, shall be twenty-one yards in length and ¾ of a yard in breadth, and shall weigh *thirty* pounds, destroys the supposition that these cottons were really cottons. The same supposition is still further rendered improbable by another order that Manchester frizes, 36 yards long and ¾ broad, shall weigh 48 pounds. Camden, speaking of Manchester in 1590, says, 'this town excels the towns immediately around in handsomeness, populousness, *woollen* manufactures, &c. which they call Manchester cottons.' This strange misnomer has led to the error that cotton really was largely manufactured in England, at a remote period. The same cause has produced the same effect with respect to Welsh and Kendal *cottons*, both of which were made entirely of wool.

Before any manufactory of this substance was established here the raw material had long been known. It is certain that, in 1430 at least, cotton was imported from the Levant, by the huge carracks of the Genoese, (Hackluyt's Process of English Policy,) for which they took back wool and woollen cloths. After 1511 'divers tall ships of London and Bristol had an unusual trade to Sicily, Candia, Chios and sometimes to Cyprus and to Tripoli, and Baruth in Syria;' whence, among other things, they brought home cotton-wool. When the merchants of Antwerp engrossed the Levant trade, they continued the importation of this article; and even introduced some from Lisbon, which the Portugueze derived from India. But whether any other use but the fabrication of candle-wicks was made of it at this period, is uncertain; neither does it appear to have been manufactured into stuffs, until the beginning of the seventeenth century.

According to Guicciardini, fustians were first made in Flanders; and Hackluyt mentions them as an early article of exportation from that country. But whether the Netherlands or Italy had the priority; whether we derived our first knowledge of cotton-stuffs from those nations or from India, is of little importance here. Some Flemish protestant refugees established the manufacture at Bolton and Manchester early in the seventeenth century. In the 'Treasure of Traffic,' by Lewis Roberts, published in 1641, it is stated that the Manchester weavers 'buy cotton-wool in London, which comes from Cyprus and Smyrna, and work the same into fustians, vermillions and dimities, which they

return to London, where they are sold; and from thence, not seldom, are sent into such foreign parts where the first materials may be more easily had for that manufacture.' Thus, at last, Manchester cottons ceased to be a misnomer.

Immediately after this, fustians were manufactured at Bolton, Leigh, and in many of the adjacent towns; and as soon as the other sources—America, for instance, and India—poured in the raw material, the variety and the quantity of stuffs became unlimited; and the quality so superior, that an entirely new career seemed to be opened to industry. The cotton manufactures of England have done more to promote a wholesome spirit of enterprize, and to bring together the minds of the artizan and of the philosopher, than any fabrication of human convenience ever did. As much as the early prosperity of this nation owed to her first great native staple, wool, even so much is her present unexampled greatness indebted to this her second staple, which her trade and exertions have brought home from distances that equal one half of the earth's circumference, and which her genius has converted into a source of noble, honest wealth for herself, and of comfort for mankind.

The history of the cotton manufacture in France is so meagre, and so brief, that it is not worth recounting. At the time alluded to by M. Dupin it was absolutely null, in so much that he could not have founded much of his assertion upon this ground.

On the manufacture of linen we shall not offer many considerations. That fine linens were woven in England at a very early period, appears from an order of Henry III., who, in 1253, enjoined the sheriffs of Wilts and Sussex to send no inconsiderable quantity of it to his wardrobe. In 1386 a company of linen weavers was established in London, composed of Flemings, who had been invited thither by Edward III. About a century and a half later a statute of Henry VIII. ordained that a certain proportion of the arable lands of the realm should be sown with flax or hemp, for the provision of nets for the fisheries; and the fabrication of sail-cloth was begun, or at least much improved and extended, under Elizabeth. But although this manufacture was occasionally encouraged by the legislature, yet the policy of England seemed rather to promote it in those parts of the territory where flax and hemp were more advantageous crops—in Scotland and in Ireland—and to turn her own attention particularly to work the material with which nature had so bountifully provided her. In the sister island this article was of very ancient date; but such was then the want of commercial skill, that it was sent to Manchester to be manufactured. In the beginning of the last century, however, legal encouragement was given to this branch of

of Irish industry, and so effectually continued that, in 1741, the exportation of linen was valued at £600,000 sterling; whereas, in 1689, it did not amount to £6,000. A similar increase took place in Scotland between the years 1727, when it was protected by parliament, and 1751, as the following table will show:—

Manufactured in Scotland,	Yards of linen.	Value, *pounds sterling.*
from 1728 to 1732 . . .	17,441,161 . .	662,938
1733 to 1737 . . .	23,734,136 . .	897,254
1738 to 1742 . . .	23,366,863 . .	949,221
1743 to 1747 . . .	28,227,086 . .	1,155,281
1748 to 1751 . . .	30,172,300 . .	1,344,814
And further, in 1757 . . .	9,764,408 . .	401,511
1758 . . .	10,624,425 . .	424,141
1759 . . .	10,830,707 . .	451,390
1762 . . .	10,303,237	
1763 . . .	12,399,656	

The principal seat of the linen manufactures in France was Normandy. When the duke of Bedford was regent there, he signified to the Norman government how rich they might become by an interchange of wines and linens for wool, lead, &c. But the art of spinning and weaving flax was soon practised in other parts of the kingdom, particularly to the north; and so renowned were the fine stuffs fabricated at Cambray, that they universally bore, in English, the epithet of cambrics. For many years this article formed a considerable portion of French exports, and England was tributary for near £200,000 annually. But the linen stuffs of more general use were not fabricated in the same proportion; and the Russians, the Germans, the Dutch, the Flemish and the Swiss, as well as the Scotch and Irish, were the manufacturers of coarse linens for the rest of Europe. The natural circumstances of those nations were favourable to the growth of flax and hemp; and while, in consequence of the penury of their situation, they were pursuing a course of necessary industry, and administering to the comforts of mankind, the French, guided by their spirit of luxury, converted a northern production into an article of vanity. The beautiful French lawns and cambrics were the most costly stuffs of flax and hemp that ever were woven for general commerce, and were by much the most considerable produce made from those materials in France. We do not think, however, that even they will be of much assistance to M. Dupin in demonstrating his assertion.

We shall here dismiss the subject of clothing, and turn to other materials to support our refutation; and, first, to some of the metallurgical arts.

Of all the general rules relating to national concerns which can be drawn from the history of human industry—and they are many—the least subject to error is, that the nation which excels in working iron is the most advanced in true civilization. The observation and experience necessary to distinguish its ores from stones of smaller value, and the labour of extracting it, must have retarded its general use much longer than that of gold, silver and copper. It is, however, mentioned in the Pentateuch as employed for the construction of sharp-edged instruments; but that the difficulty of working it was not yet generally overcome, appears from the value set upon it by Achilles, who proposed a ball of iron as a prize at the games instituted in honour of Patroclus. What is to be thought of the admiration bestowed by Herodotus upon a vase of this metal, most curiously inlaid, and presented by Alyattes, king of Lydia, to the Delphic oracle, cannot now be determined, unless the vase itself were forthcoming. But these are mere casual productions, and cannot be compared with the purposes to which iron is applied in modern times. The Greeks might have honoured the departed hero just as well with any other reward to the victors; the Delphic oracle, like modern oracles, might have been satisfied with a vase of gold; the Israelites, to be sure, might have been a little puzzled, without knives or swords, to cut their way into the land of milk and honey:—But were this word, iron, suddenly expunged from the catalogue of modern materials, the total fabric of European civilization would be effaced along with it. There is not a want of the present age, absolute or fictitious; not a gratification, physical or intellectual; not a link in the whole chain of social improvement, to which iron, in some shape or other, directly or indirectly, does not minister. Thus it is that Britain, the greatest iron-mistress in the known world, stands, and long has stood, at the head of civilization.

Although we have been seriously told that a very large proportion of the knives and scissars used in England were of French manufacture; although we know the common-place story of a magnificent steel-hilted sword, sold to the late and too-well known duke of Orleans for an English sword, and afterwards proved by a Parisian maker to be a production of his workshop; yet we do not think that M. Dupin will contest the superiority of England, in every species of hardware, even as far back as the period which he has assigned as the æra of her unskilfulness. The case is so notorious that we do not think it needs to be insisted upon. However, should he not be of our opinion, and should he bring forward facts to prove that we are mistaken, we are ready to retract.

Although all the metals are skilfully worked by English artificers—

ficers—yet it is most remarkable that those in which they excel are the most refractory; those which, when dug out of the earth, have the smallest worth, but to which thought and labour give the highest importance; those on which the hand of man, directed by his genius, accumulates the greatest factitious value; that is to say, a value which is nearly null in the savage state, but which goes on increasing in the exact ratio of intellectual civilization. The French, on the contrary, have turned their attention to the metals which have the greatest value in themselves, and to which, when wrought, the workmanship adds the smallest merit. Thus a favourite manufacture with them long has been jewellery, and the fabrication of the precious metals in all their shapes. These are the most luxurious, and the least useful, of the metallurgic arts; they are the least intellectual also, as gold and silver are more easily purified and melted than iron. Necessitous nations have, indeed, fabricated jewellery, but not until more urgent wants had been satisfied, and previous exertions had brought home the wealth which entitles men to indulgence. Some nations too, whose demand for domestic consumption was small, yet fabricated them for the gratification of others. Thus anciently did Tyre and Sidon. Thus Venice and the Netherlands have at different times been celebrated for their gold and silver works; but only when the immediate necessities of those republics had been satisfied; only when other objects, more useful, had been produced both for the home and the foreign market; and the woollen cloths of Bruges were some centuries earlier than the plate and jewellery of the same city. On such conditions luxurious industry is a legitimate, a necessary consequence of the labour which is employed to overcome early difficulties, and the very obstacles which, in the first instance, seem to forbid all indulgence. But what constitutes the particularity of France is, that while she was tributary to England and Flanders for covering, she was chiselling silver, or twisting gold into filagrams; and was gratifying her vanity herself, while she was paying wiser nations for her comforts.

This is enough upon the metallurgic arts. In a wide view of the subject, we may say the English had the superiority in working iron; the French in working gold. In silver let us grant them to be equal; copper, lead, and pewter must be thrown into our scale. Now, until M. Dupin can prove that the consumption of jewellery is more profitable than that of hardware, we cannot admit the alleged superiority of his country; and when he does prove it, we can oppose him by means of the other metals.

An establishment which the French esteem no less than the Hôtel Royal des Gobelins, is the porcelain manufactory at Sèvres.

Sèvres. We have long been contented with commoner, but more useful earthenware. While their gilding and painting have been admired in palaces, our plain white plates and dishes have had the greater honour of bringing cleanliness and comfort into cottages under every degree of latitude. All the names of which they boast in their royal ovens could not compose one so great, so beneficent, as that of Wedgewood.

A substance which has very much contributed to the luxury, the comfort and the knowledge of the moderns, is glass; the influence of which upon social life is now most extensive. The art of making this substance was known in very ancient times, though perhaps not quite so remotely as many writers assert. It is certain that the Romans possessed it in the reign of Tiberius. The remains of Herculaneum show it applied to many uses; but the ancients were far from being acquainted either with its most agreeable or its most useful purposes. In the present condition of the world glass is a substance which embraces the widest range of application, from the extremes of luxurious to those of necessary and of scientific industry. It may be questioned whether iron, the most useful of all the metals, that which the most completely belongs to our civilization, properly so called, has a larger domain; for if, on the one hand, it is found in every art that is useful, in every domestic, in every great employment, its presence is much more circumscribed on the side of luxury. A fair criterion, then, of the social condition of nations, and of their relative prosperity, may be found in the uses to which they apply this substance. Savages delight in wearing beads of glass as an ornament in dress; more refined luxury fashions it into beautiful furniture; intellectual civilization directs it to the firmament.

According to Bede, artificers in glass came into England in the year 674; according to others in 726. But glass windows were a rarity and a mark of great magnificence until 1180, at which time they were introduced from France, she herself having received the boon from Italy. Venice was, for a long time, the sole proprietor of this art; and the village of Murano furnished Europe with the most beautiful mirrors. In 1557, glass was manufactured at Crutched Friars and in the Savoy-house. In 1635 it was much improved, and coal was used instead of wood to fuse it. But the greatest progress was not made till 1673, when the duke of Buckingham encouraged it, and engaged some Venetian artists to settle at Lambeth.

Hitherto mirrors, which may be reckoned as the most luxurious production of the glass-house, were made by blowing nearly in the same manner as those of inferior quality are still manufactured; but an improvement, which gave a decided superiority over all preceding

preceding processes, was invented by the French about the year 1688.

The manufacture of glass had long been practised by that nation. The Venetian modes of fabrication were introduced during the reign of Henry II. about the same time as in England; and Henry IV. gave them fresh vigour by repeated encouragement; Richelieu and Colbert promoted them by every means in their power; but, about the year 1688, Abraham Thevert conceived and executed the project of casting glass, like metal, into plates of almost any dimensions. The experiment was made in Paris in the presence of skilful witnesses, when he absolutely melted sufficient matter, in one furnace, to cover a surface eighty inches long and fifty broad, and of a suitable thickness. When his success was acknowledged, he received the royal sanction, and a manufactory was established at St. Gobin, in Picardy, where plates of no less dimensions than sixty inches by forty were allowed to be made, as smaller sizes would have interfered with the rights of other establishments. From that period the art of casting mirrors has flourished in France; and may be considered as a branch of industry in which that country stands the most prominent.

This example remained unfollowed by England for almost a century; for it was not till 1773 that a company was incorporated there for the same purpose. If mirrors were an object of necessity, or even of comfort, it is probable, not only that so great a lapse of time would not have intervened, but even that England would have been the earliest to succeed. But she had other wants, more imperious than this; and, while the inventive powers of France were turned in the direction of luxury, she was meditating upon a more noble application of the same material.

The use of flint glass in optics and astronomy, in geometry and navigation, appeared to the English a much more worthy object than the decoration of palaces, or the fabrication of mirrors for self-admiration. Fifteen years before the establishment in Lancashire, 1773, an English artist, who, like many other English artists, was a man of genius and learning, resolved the great problem despaired of by Newton, of refracting the solar rays without decomposing them. The advantage which optics, with every art and science depending on distinct vision, derived from the discovery of Dollond, is incalculable; and, before the epocha of our acknowledged superiority, brought back a better return to England than did the plate-glass manufacture to France. The direct amount of the general consumption, at home and abroad, might perhaps have been greater in French looking-glasses than in British achromatic telescopes. But what an influence had not the latter

latter upon our commercial, upon our nautical, upon our intellectual condition; upon the science which guides our merchants and our heroes through the ocean, and which, as it were, brings down the heavenly bodies into the astronomer's observatory? Surely, even supposing the cash received at the counting-house of the cast plate-glass manufactory of St. Gobin to have far exceeded that produced by the sale of English telescopes, M. Dupin would not found, upon such a fact, any part of the claim which he advances in favour of the past superiority of France. Admitting that the images of the French princes and courtiers of the ages of Lewis XIV. and XV. were more gracefully reflected by a well-polished, well-foiled cast mirror, than those of English tories in the striated specula, blown and whirled into shape according to the Venetian process, we see little disgrace to England in that. But what will M. Dupin think—if he thinks fairly—when we remind him that, during the latter portion of our alleged period of inferiority, every one of his countrymen, who looked at our fleets, our shores, our armies, during the war which was concluded by the peace of 1763, and long afterwards, who surveyed the heavens or the earth—nay, who went to the opera—had his eye fixed in a spy-glass on which was engraved the then uncounterfeited name of Dollond.*

We cannot help remarking here the characteristic fact that, while magnificent mirrors were fabricated for luxury, the glass-houses of France, which furnished nothing to science, contributed less to comfort than those of England. The drinking-glasses which were served upon the tables of their rich, fifty years ago, would not, even then, have been admitted into an English hovel; and were worthy companions of the knives which figured on the same board.

Having found in this manufacture but little to support the assertion of M. Dupin, we shall turn to another trade connected with science; and inquire into the condition of chronometry during the period to which he alludes.

Various and many are the ages and persons that claim the merit of having constructed the first machine which measured time by means of gravitating bodies as the moving and regulating

* M. Dupin seems to have been much irritated by some strictures published in a contemporary journal, upon the 'Comparative skill and industry of England and France,' (Edin. Rev. No. LXIV.) and among a variety of errors points out the mispelling of Mr. Dollond's name: 'L'auteur ne sait pas même exactement le nom du plus célèbre opticien de l'Angleterre, qu'il appelle toujours Dolland.' It would be rather extraordinary if neither the writer of that article nor the editor of the Edinburgh Review should have known how to spell a name so celebrated, and which daily stands before their eyes in so many shapes. But it never occurred to M. Dupin that this might be a fault of printing.

powers.

powers. Germany, however, certainly is the native country both of clocks and watches.

In 1544 a corporation of clock-makers was established in Paris, who secured to themselves a complete monopoly. They effected little indeed toward the improvement of their instruments; neither did any important change take place until Hooke, an Englishman, and Huyghens, a Dutchman, about the year 1658, introduced some valuable innovations. Since that time the art has been approaching to its present accuracy, as well in France as in England; and the encouragement held out by the governments of both countries excited a laudable emulation.

The exact measure of time is the object of horology. This it is which constitutes the chief utility of the art in civil life, and still more for the purposes of science. Now this is the branch to which the attention of the English has been particularly turned ever since they engaged in it; and as we really have not time to prosecute the inquiry now, we must throw back the onus probandi upon the person who first put forward the assertion of the superiority of one nation to the other fifty years ago. We wish to be understood by M. Dupin. We do not deny the merit of the French in their attempts to determine the longitude by chronometers. We value highly the artists who flourished in their country before 1770. But we assert, that the merit of the English during the same period, their efforts, their success have been four times as great in quality, and in quantity forty times; and that the number and value of our artists exceeds, in a like proportion, all that they could adduce to refute us. We defy M. Dupin to prove the contrary.

Two remarks, however, we must make as characteristic. The mode of reckoning time in which the French persist,—that is to say, of admitting into its exact computation the daily variations arising from the obliquity of the ecliptic, and the eccentricity of the orbit of the earth—must render superfluous a very steady march of the machines which measure it. A chronometer adjusted to apparent time on November 2, would, if rigorously invariable, appear to have lost 30° 50″, February 11; whereas in England the variations of the great luminary which separates day from night are reckoned once for all. In this case the accuracy of the instrument is immediately perceived and valued; while, in the former method, it is useless, as the thing to be measured has no settled dimensions.

To correct the apparent errors of a chronometer supposed invariable, two methods exist; the one is to do as the English have done, to correct the errors of time; that is to say, to suppose a mean sun which shall be invariable. The other is to make the machine

machine follow the errors of time; but this method complicates and loads the works, and is never perfect. Equation watches, showing the difference between mean and apparent time, were originally made in England, but were soon abandoned as inadequate to the end proposed. But the French have persisted in the worst method of correcting the error; and some of their most eminent artists, as the Le Roys, Le Bon, Enderlin, Passemant, and Berthoud have squandered away as much talent in devising methods of marking both mean and apparent time by the same instrument, as if the ends of navigation or the perfection of chronometry could be promoted by success. The utmost that could be gained would be to save to those who can pay for such machines, the trouble of calculating the daily apparent variations of an instrument too accurate always to be true.

The second remark is: in the year 1676, Barlow of London astonished the amateurs of that city by his invention for making clocks and watches repeat the hour at pleasure; and some of his countrymen improved it. But, when the novelty had subsided, few British artists of eminence occupied themselves about it; while, in France, it became a study among the most ingenious and philosophical watch-makers; and they who have excelled in chronometry are they who have done the most to improve repeaters. Hence, then, two English inventions in horology, the one useless, the other luxurious, were soon abandoned in their native country as not congenial with the demands of society, and were seized upon with avidity in France; while here, the philosophic branch of the art has been most unremittingly and successfully cultivated.

In treating of telescopes and chronometers, we have perhaps stept a little out of the circle in which M. Dupin intended to trend; and have been led by the nature of our subject from what is generally termed industry to science. But by extending our limits we only give him a better chance of extricating himself. Hitherto, indeed, his case does not seem to be a very strong one, even in the scientific manufactures, and we shall now return into the proper sphere of general industry. It is impossible, in the limits of a review, to sift the subject to the very bottom; but as we contrasted wool, cotton, linen, and silk, as examples of necessary and luxurious industry, in the arts which clothe mankind; in metallurgy, iron with gold and silver; in the works of the glasshouse, achromatic telescopes with mirrors; in horology, chronometers with equation and repeating watches; so shall we now select two cases which we think bear more directly upon our subject than all that we have yet stated; and which indeed constitute the very pith and marrow of our whole discussion.

Of

Of all the indirect estimates of national prosperity, the rapidity and convenience of communication afford the most satisfactory. The most general mode of keeping up an interchange of thought—for that is the ultimate purpose of all civilized communication—is by letter; and any documents which declare the extent of epistolary intercourse are most instructive upon the subject before us. The revenues of the post-office then are, next to the direct returns of national income, the surest measure of social improvement and opulence.

Like most things known in modern times, the establishment of posts claims a very ancient origin; but, as it is nearly impossible to know what the word meant formerly, all dates and facts respecting those old *posts* must be doubtful. They are ascribed variously to Cyrus, to Xerxes, to Charlemagne; but there can be no question as to their establishment, in France, under Lewis XI. in 1464. It was not, however, for any enlightened purpose, that so suspicious a prince desired to facilitate communication between the various parts of his kingdom; but in order to be himself the more speedily informed of all that was passing there. His posts too were of a very limited nature, and merely for the use of the court; for it appears that a general letter-office was not founded till the year 1619. Germany, it seems, had the priority in this matter by a few years; for the Emperor Mathias, in acknowledgment of the service which the Count de Taxis had rendered to his country by forming such an establishment there at his own expense, erected the office of post-master into an hereditary feof for his family in 1616. Charles I. of England established posts in 1635; and it is remarkable that, so far back as then, the regulated speed between London and Edinburgh was six days to go and to return. In 1660 parliament authorized the same monarch to appoint a governor to this establishment. But posts were, in fact, a much earlier institution here; for, in 1548, under Edward VI. the price of post-horses was fixed at one penny per mile. Under Queen Elizabeth, in 1581, the office of chief post-master of England is mentioned; and it would be extraordinary if, so near to the epocha when the first English gazette was printed, rapid communication had not been facilitated. In 1631 also, a post-master for foreign countries is mentioned, and the office seems not then to have been quite new. The Fœdera attribute it to James I. who died 1625. From all these documents it appears that an establishment for the conveyance of letters for public use was earlier in England than in France.

In the year 1644 the revenue of this branch was £5,000. In 1653 it was farmed for £10,000. In 1660, at the Restoration, it had more than doubled, being then £21,500. In 1674 it had increased

increased to £43,000. In 1685 it was estimated at £65,000. In 1697 it was worth £90,504 : 10*s.* 6*d.* In 1711, when the former laws respecting the carriage of letters were repealed, and one general post-office was established, the gross revenue of the preceding year was stated to be £111,461 : 17*s.* 10*d.*; and Davenant makes the net produce of the three preceding years, 1708, 9, 10, to average at £56,664 : 19*s.* 10½*d.* The increase of postage laid on this year (1711) made the net revenue for the five years (1711, 12, 13, 14, 15) average at £90,223. But as this increase was one-third, this sum represents about £60,000 at the former rate. Hence then, the real quantity of letters carried by post, at this time, was about three times as great as at the Restoration half a century earlier. In 1715 the gross amount of the inland postage was £198,226. In 1722 it was £201,804 : 1*s.* 8*d.* from which deducting £33,397 : 12*s.* 3*d.* for letters franked, and £70,396 : 1*s.* 5*d.* for the expenses of management, the net revenue is £98,010 : 8*s.* 0*d.* In 1744 the gross produce of the inland and foreign office was £235,492; and twenty years afterwards it was £432,048. Thus then, in one century, the extent of letter-carriage had multiplied exactly twenty times. It is true that the rate of postage had been augmented; but if the wants of the people had not been as great as they were in respect to epistolary communication, and if their wealth had not increased, they would neither have demanded nor supported such an establishment. It is difficult to conceive a greater proof of the progress of civilization, commerce, and prosperity, than such an increase. We cannot help adding—though not in reference to M. Dupin—that, in half a century after the last-mentioned estimate, the gross amount of the English, Scotch, Irish, and foreign postage was £1,789,640; that is to say that, in one century and a half, the postage of the empire had increased ninety fold, fractions neglected. We have not in our hands any minute documents respecting the progress of epistolary communication in France, neither do we know whether any such existed, publicly, till very lately. But, by a comparison of what the revenues of the post-office now are in each country, and taking into account the various other circumstances of their prosperity, we shall be enabled to draw some conclusions concerning its state in France. In England, the net produce of all the post-offices, for the year ending July 5, 1825, was £1,497,000. Now, taking the proportions found above between the gross and the net produce, this sum represents about three millions sterling. In France the presumed gross revenue of the posts was stated, in the budget of 1824, to be about twenty millions and a half of francs, or a little less than one million sterling; consequently about one third of the gross

revenue

revenue of the English posts. But, as the three of England are paid by a population which is only two thirds of that of France, it follows that each British subject pays, in the year, four times and a half as much postage as a Frenchman does. It is true that the rate of postage is higher in this wealthy and enlightened nation than in France; but, as the territory is only half as great, the distances are smaller, and the points of communication less numerous. Definitively, however, the epistolary necessities of England are four times and a half as great as those of France; and this is a stupendous intellectual balance in her favour.

But we can hardly expect that the political economists of France should immediately perceive inductions which flash conviction upon the mind of every educated Englishman; or require the same conclusions to be drawn by persons who set out from very different premises, and pursue opposite modes of reasoning. It would be a difficult thing to convince the generality of French financiers that a piece of folded paper with a seal to it, can, by its multiplication, represent the knowledge, commerce, wealth, and power of a nation; while our economists would be very much puzzled to find those things in extreme splendour, accompanied by extreme misery. We conceive that prosperity consists in the wide and happy mean betwixt Tyrian purple and rags; they see it more in gold and silver tissues. We must then adopt a more direct mode of convincing M. Dupin, if that be possible, that the superiority of England is of older date than he is inclined to allow. This may be found in the commerce of Britain.

We need not trace back the trade of this country to its origin, to be convinced of its comparative importance and extent even in early times. A record in the exchequer, for 1354, states the exports of England for that year to be £294,184 : 17*s.* 2*d.* and the imports £38,970 : 3*s.* 6*d.*; leaving a balance of £235,214 : 13*s.* 8*d.* which, reduced to the present denomination and value, is a very large sum. The æra corresponds pretty nearly with the time when France, unable to pay the ransom of King John, was under the necessity of applying to the Jews, and of issuing a leather currency, with a little stud of silver in the middle; no very great symptom of her superiority. In 1381 was passed our first navigation act; which showed that the attention of government was much turned to trade and shipping. The turbulent reign of Henry IV. was unfavourable to our commerce, though some foreign merchants residing among us amassed great riches. In 1421 the revenue of England amounted to £55,754 : 10*s.* 10½*d.* and some curious details are given in the Fœdera of its sources and its application. In 1458 the company of staplers is said to have paid to the crown £68,000 sterling, for the customs of staple

wares, consisting principally in wool, woolfels, tin, lead, leather, and, if so, commerce must have increased considerably in the space of forty years. During this period the condition of France was most miserable. Her lands remained without cultivation, and her people was reduced to misery, yet she could then boast of the richest merchant in the world, Jacques Cœur, intendant-general of the French king's finances; so much did that nation always abound in contrasts. At the end of the sixteenth century, the customs of England were farmed for £14,000, but were raised by Queen Elizabeth to £40,000, and, afterwards, to £50,000 per annum. In the beginning of the same century France had a gleam of prosperity; for trade, navigation, and letters began to flourish under Francis I.; but, as Voltaire remarks, they were all buried in his grave. The same writer observes, that about the middle of that century, 'the French, though possessing ports both on the Ocean and the Mediterranean, had no navy; and though plunged in luxury had only a few coarse manufactures. The Jews, the Genoese, the Venetians, the Portugueze, the Flemish, the Dutch, and the English traded for us, as we were ignorant of the very first principles of commerce.' Yet, in the midst of this great superiority, it is curious to hear the complaints of Sir W. Raleigh, like a modern grumbler, lamenting over the misconduct and melancholy prospects of England; and, like modern grumblers too, finding a speedy refutation in facts; for, in 1613, the exports amounted to £2,487,435 : 7*s.* 10*d.* and the imports to £2,141,151 : 10*s.* In 1622 the same complaints were renewed, and the same answer was given, by an increase of circulation, if not of exports: for the sum total of export and import exceeded that of 1613 by £300,000. An edict of Lewis XIII. in 1626, prohibiting the exportation of wine, grain, pulse, to England; and the importation thence to France of cloths, serges, wool, lead, tin, stuffs, and even silk stockings, shows how little reasonable were those complaints when the state of Britain was compared to that of our rivals. In 1641 the customs of England were said to amount to £500,000 sterling; but what seems almost incredible is that, notwithstanding the civil wars, which must have caused a great interruption to industry, the Lords and Commons actually raised £40,000,000 sterling to oppose the King between the years 1641 and 1647; or more than £6,500,000 yearly for six successive years. We are told that about this time France began to undermine the trade of England; and Richelieu had raised the revenues of the crown from 35,000,000 to 70,000,000 livres, not quite £3,000,000 sterling. But, when we consider that Richelieu was the greatest minister that France has ever possessed, and that his æra was contempo-

rary

rary with the most untoward circumstances of England; and when we compare the two amounts, together with the extent of territory and all other circumstances of both nations, we shall only be the more convinced of M. Dupin's error; since, at the conclusion of the most brilliant ministry of large luxurious France, this little England, then hardly one-fourth in size, could raise supplies so much beyond her proportion of territory and climate. Yet we venture to say that, if M. Dupin had been asked whether the administration of Richelieu had not raised his nation far above ours, he would not have hesitated to answer in the affirmative.

From the year 1601 to 1651 the interest of money had been, by law, lower in France than in England; having been there reduced to six and half a per cent. in 1601; and here from ten to eight in 1624, and to six in 1660. After the results just stated, it is impossible to suppose that the high rate of interest in England proceeded from an *absolute* dearth of money, but altogether from a *relative* scarcity. Money applied to commerce brought home larger returns than when squandered away in pleasure; and as long as active demands for capital exceeded the quantity, capital was worth a high price. This must occur in every rapid development of industry, and we have witnessed similar effects in our own times. But the tendency is to make capital ultimately plentiful, and consequently cheap. This effect most amply took place as trade brought home due profits to England; for from the time abovementioned interest has been pretty uniformly decreasing to its present rate; while in France it has really undergone no further diminution to this hour, and has often returned to its former high prices.

The year 1660 was remarkable, not only for the reduction of interest, but for the establishment of the Royal Society, to which, says Voltaire, 'the world owes the recent discoveries upon light, the principles of gravitation, the motion of the fixed stars, transcendant geometry, with many other discoveries which in this respect entitles this age to be called the age of the English as much as of Lewis XIV.'—We think much more so.

In 1664 our imports exceeded our exports, and this was the year in which the exertions of Colbert were the most strenuous. In 1667 the French had made great progress; but by pretending to a monopoly, and by excluding foreign goods, she compelled other nations to a retaliation. In 1669 the excess of our exports over our imports became £1,147,660: 10*s.* 9*d.*; and in 1703 it was £2,117,523: 3*s.* 10½*d.* About this time, however, we took more wares from France than we sent thither; because her wines we could not produce, and we did not yet manufacture her luxuries; and because such comforts as we then possessed she had not yet

learned to use: but our general commerce very much exceeded hers. In 1703, the year of the dreadful tempest, our exports were £6,644,203, one-third of which went to Holland alone. The French council of commerce were very active and prudent about this period, and did much to promote the interests of their country; but we challenge M. Dupin to prove that the average of French customs for the fifteen years ending 1714, amounted, as ours did, to £1,352,764. In 1717 and 1727 we began to feel the profits of our trade in the prosperity which permitted a reduction of interest to five and to four per cent.; while France was enhancing the nominal, and not the real value of her coins, and extricating herself by fraud and violence from the burden of debt, amounting to 1,977,000,000 of livres, bequeathed to her by the glories of Lewis XIV. In a French work by Monsieur Deslandes, in 1744, the expenditure of France is stated to exceed the revenue by £8,850,000; while the annual expense of England, £7,300,000, was constantly raised within the year. The consequence of this mode of proceeding was, that, five years afterwards, the interest upon the public debt was reduced to 3 per cent., notwithstanding the rebellion of 1745; and the nation was able to grant supplies in 1761 amounting to £18,816,019:19s. 9¼*d.* The national debt, it is true, stood at £110,613,836, bearing an interest of £3,792,594; but the ways and means amounted to £18,617,895, exceeding the expenditure by more than £300,000.

To complete this sketch, which we think fully sufficient to convince most persons of the egregiousness of the error into which M. Dupin's enthusiasm has led him, we here subjoin a table of British exports and imports from the year 1700 to 1770, closing it nearly at the epocha alluded to by that writer. We have given it at periods of five years, which are close enough for our purpose, and will not, we trust, be burdensome to the reader.

Years.	Imports.	Exports.
1700	£5,070,175	£7,302,716
1705	4,031,649	5,501,677
1710	4,011,341	6,690,828
1715	5,640,943	7,379,409
1720	6,090,083	7,936,728
1725	7,094,708	11,352,480
1730	7,780,019	11,974,135
1735	8,160,184	13,544,144
1740	6,703,778	8,869,939
1745	7,847,123	10,497,329
1750	7,772,039	15,132,004
1755	8,772,865	12,182,255
1760	9,832,802	15,579,073
1765	10,889,742	14,550,507
1770	12,216,937	14,266,653

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The fluctuations observable in these tables are owing to peace, war, and the various accidents of the times. But the total circulation of trade in 1700 was about £12,000,000 value. In 1770 it was £28,500,000; hence then it had more than doubled during that time; and the ways and means had increased in a still greater ratio. Now if M. Dupin has any hidden records of the prosperity of his country, any secret memoirs of her trade and manufactures, not yet done into history, we shall receive them with pleasure: but, should he not, he must allow us still to believe implicitly in what we do know, and to set his assertions down among the least founded ejaculations of vain patriotism.

We know not to what other subject we can now turn in order to give this writer a further chance of being in the right. Is it to agriculture? Let him prove that the territory of France nourished a population in the same proportion to its extent, and soil, and climate, as that of England; that that population was as well fed, as well clothed, and in as full enjoyment of all the blessings resulting from the enlightened theories and practices of tillage; that the peasantry was, in all respects, except levity, as happy as ours;—we think we can follow him step by step through every æra of our history, and prove the reverse. Let him choose what branch he pleases of national prosperity, we defy him to demonstrate that, that at any epocha during the last seven hundred years at least, the balance of intellect, in all its provinces, was not entirely on our side. We leave him here fourteen times as much ground as he chose for himself, and we do not think his task one bit easier than before.

It was in speaking of inland navigation that M. Dupin was led to the rapturous exclamations upon which we have been descanting. No doubt then his opinion is less far from being accurate on this head, than on any of the others on which he has touched. We will therefore try his last question, not so much in the intention of disputing the superiority of France therein, before the year 1770, as of begging him to inform us how great that superiority then was.

The system of canals is, at this moment, more extensive in England than in any country of Europe, where artificial cuts are not indispensable for the dryness of the soil, or where water is not so abundant as to be a nuisance. It is easy to understand how, in the Netherlands, the necessity of draining and embanking suggested the idea of canals, long before civilization, or the demands of industry in other respects, required their assistance. But, in countries like England or France, their origin was different, and there they arose principally out of the progress of public wants. In this country that certainly is true, as their uses and

advantages fully prove. How far the industry of France may have demanded such works, as the canal of Briare, in the reign of Henry IV., and how far all the subsequent undertakings of the same nature there were in proportion to the then existing traffic of the country, we will not decide. But upon the whole, we think that the quantity of carriage upon those canals, ever since their establishment, demonstrates that they never were so indispensable to the commerce of France, as the canals of England have been to the commerce of this island.

We do not dispute that our prodigious superiority in inland navigation commenced at a period very little prior to the time when M. Dupin asserts his country's empty claims. In 1755, we had no canals. Not that some attempts at inland navigation had not been made before that period, by rendering some of our rivers navigable; but nothing comparable to our present system had been executed. But is it because some canals which, even now, are far from bringing in the same returns of profit as ours, were cut in France before the year 1755, that M. Dupin can call our canals, or any thing that we have, a plagiary from his ancestors? We admit all that he can advance as to the greatness of the enterprize of joining the Loire and the Seine, the Somme and the Oise, the Ocean and the Mediterranean, and the stupendousness of the locks, sluices, tunnels, &c. as well as of the whole construction. But we would ask, how many leagues of French canals must a traveller even now navigate, before he can meet the same weight of merchandize that was carried, in a given time, upon a given length of any canal existing in England in 1770? And can he say, that it is to the precepts or the example of his country, that we owe our so much more useful and stupendous works? And whence did the French, did Henry IV. and François Riquet draw their notions of inland navigation? Can he seriously assert that they were original? Has he forgotten the ancients? The 'fossiones Philistinæ'? The artificial rivers of the Babylonians? The cut which joined both branches of the Euphrates? the Naarmalcha? many works of the Romans, among which one in Britain, now called Caeirdike, might alone have served as a model? Has he not heard of the Egyptians, the Chinese, the Dutch, and the Flemish, all prior to the French? and could his national complacency not allow that both French and English drew their notions from the same preceding nations? the one to construct a great, the other a great and a useful work? Possibly he may take a fancy to extend the charge to other matters; and we shall not be surprized to hear him say that the English owe to the French the application of atmospheric air to the processes of respiration. The spirit yet lives that made M.

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de Montlosier say, we had no remarkable political institution which we had not copied from his country.

But the reader would be deprived of the most ludicrous part of M. Dupin's proposition, if he did not recollect these words: 'Autant l'Angleterre est en avance aujourdhui, autant, il y a cinquante années, elle étoit en arrière de la France.' Now we do not think that, at any period of the world, there existed so great a disparity between nations, calling themselves civilized, and standing nearly in the same rank in society, as exists, at this moment, between England and the nations which surround her, and which may be called her rivals in social improvement. The Greeks had no contemporary competitors in industry or intellect. The Romans filled the entire world with their preponderance, and every other national name was effaced by theirs, as long as the earth was covered by barbarians. But what the ancients never could have suspected, what the moderns never saw, is the *degree* of superiority which England *has* attained over all who have started in the same career—to say nothing of the prospects which she has opened for herself in times to come, and of which she begins to taste already the future in the present.

When M. Dupin's work upon this country appeared in France, it gave a picture of things as they then were; neither do we deny that the author has shown considerable industry and skill in collecting observations upon our arts, our arsenals and our establishments in general. We have been told that, while actually visiting these places, he never took a note, or even committed to paper a numerical statement, a measurement, or a calculation, trusting entirely to a very tenacious and faithful memory upon these points. Now, we believe him fully capable of judging the length, breadth and thickness of any object submitted to his inspection; of remembering its dimensions; of catching, at a single glance, the calibre of a gun, the weight of a ball. We admit his eyes to be very scales and compasses; and, with the exception of some bombast and some ambitious paragraphs, we think he has told his tale well. But more than this we cannot grant. The moment that he steps out of the domain of physics, and treats his readers with moral observations, he becomes another man. We find in him all the littleness, all the misconceptions, all the errors respecting the character of the British nation, to which it is the curse of his countrymen to be chained; and which tend to prolong the stagnation of France, and to perpetuate the complacent dreams of perfection in which lethargic vanity has plunged her. Instead of recognizing with pleasure, the active and intelligent engineer, who spirits up his nation to new efforts, by recounting the deeds of a rival, we see a person, who, by touching upon subjects to which

he is incompetent, brings himself down to the level of the many French travellers and commentators who have been blundering upon us for the last ten years; to the level, for instance, if not of General Pillet, at least of Dr. Pichot. More than any of them he reminds us of the astronomer, to whose unremitting question the heavens loudly cry out divine intelligence and power, yet, who says in his heart, 'Tush, there is no God.' M. Dupin sees and feels all that is wonderful in our fleets and armies, all that is miraculous in our industry; yet, when he seeks the causes of the prosperity which astonishes him, he but half admits superior intellect to be one; and, as to virtue, he almost refuses it to the people whom he owns to be thus constantly occupied, and frequently insinuates that his own countrymen are franker, honester, more disinterested, more moral than they. But where do men learn their virtues? Is it in the lap of luxury, where neither thought nor action ever are awakened? The first sin of man was committed in Eden; and the world before the flood was a garden in perpetual spring. Is it from violence? then hordes of Tartars are meeker than Moravian brothers; and the soldiers of Brennus were nobler than the Roman senators whom they murdered. No: the parent of all virtue is moderate want; not the want which makes men mad and desperate, but that which makes them active and rational. Had M. Dupin known any thing of human nature, he would have known that the nation which has made the most of itself, whose prosperity is the greatest in proportion to its original means, which has made the most strenuous and the most constant efforts, whose power is not ephemeral, whose splendour is not tinsel, must also be the most moral. Had he understood mankind, he would have perceived the impossibility of being corrupt and bad, at the very moment of the noblest exertions; and he might have given two additional volumes much more valuable than the preceding ones; and added a '4me partie, sur la force *morale* de l'Angleterre.' This would have been a fair corollary of his former volumes, and would have been just as astonishing. But he must have studied us deeper than he did; he must have used more than his eyes to learn us thoroughly; for though we raise a mighty hue and cry about our faults, we make no display of our virtues—while others gild their vices as they do their clocks, and both are polished as their mirrors.

M. Dupin's account of England relates principally to the years 1816, 17, 18, 19; although the parts published since that time make communications of a later date. Yet such has been the development of British intellect since his travels were begun, that it has absolutely outrun the rapidity of the press; and the most recent work upon three of the great branches of English prosperity

prosperity is now, in many points, become antiquated. This is no fault of M. Dupin. Many persons have been surprized that the most exact and ample account of our present means should be the work of a foreigner, and not of an Englishman. But it is precisely from a foreigner that such an account is to be expected. All that struck him with amazement is too much in our daily habits to stimulate us to write. All that he came to study among us, for the benefit of his country, is too familiar to occupy our pens; and it is only a foreigner who will embody his thoughts in describing it. Among the crowds who practise the useful arts, how few there are who write upon them; and men rarely publish the travels they have made in their own countries.

Let us admit that France had some claim to be called superior to England half a century ago; it must be confessed that the merit of this island, in having made the progress which, in that case, she must have made in fifty years, is extreme, and amply repays the delay. England ought not to be superior to France; she ought to be—not perhaps a province of that rich kingdom, a dependant on the French crown—a feudatory—but at least her inferior in strength and in riches. Let us hear the account which M. Dupin himself gives of the comparative means of both countries; for it is, perhaps, the only accurate part of his whole statement.

'Notre territoire est plus vaste, notre climat plus beau, notre sol plus fertile. Une immense frontière et deux mers ouvrent leurs débouchés aux produits des entrailles et de la superficie de notre terre. Mais nous manquons encore, pour arriver à ces limites, de communications intérieures assez nombreuses, assez aisées, assez économiques.'

And just before,

'Ni l'ardeur et l'activité, ni la science et le génie ne manquent à notre heureux pays, &c.'

Now it is perfectly true, that the territory of these islands is not more than the half of the territory of France; and moreover—what M. Dupin has not mentioned—it has the incalculable disadvantage of not forming one whole, but of being divided into two unequal portions by a broad sea. It is true our climate, not merely when we compare the Highlands of Scotland with Provence and Languedoc, but when we take an average of the two countries, is much less propitious to vegetable productions. True it is also, that the average of our soil, even comprizing Ireland, is less fertile. How then can it be expected that we should vie with France; that, according to the common principles of national prosperity, we should be able to enter into competition with an empire so much more gifted by nature, so much more extensive; and struggle with superior soil and climate, which, in the due ratio of population,

pulation, ought to be improved by twice as much 'ardour, activity, science, and genius'?

The sources of national prosperity can be but two-fold; physical and moral. Now, supposing the former to be equal in two nations, one of which has risen much above the other, the latter must be proportionally greater in that which has become pre-eminent. But how much more excessive must it not be, when physical means are smaller! To raise these islands to the level of France, more than twice as much mind was indispensably necessary; and every degree of *superiority* which they have reached, was attained by a portion of intellect more than twice as great. How many these degrees, how many these portions may be, it may not be easy to determine. They must be measured by every national concern collectively; by liberty, by wealth, by poetry, by philosophy; by all that has been effected in war or in peace. Some of these topics we have at various times discussed; that which we have now considered leaves a prodigious balance in favour of England; at least four times as great as it ought to be in reason of the means. Now a nation which, in industry, in commercial activity, so easily reducible into the shape of a debtor and creditor account, can prove itself to be four times as great as she ought to be, at the very moment when she is charged with inferiority, may allow us to laugh when we hear her grumbling—as she is very apt to do—at every little scratch she receives, in the midst of the most plethoric health that ever visited human society.

The prospects which are now opening to England almost exceed the boundaries of thought; and can be measured by no standard found in history. It is not by conquest that her empire is to be extended, neither is the power towards which she is advancing to be steeped in blood. The destiny which the present æra foretels her is to be fulfilled by promoting happiness, and she will grow prosperous as mankind become civilized. It is by introducing comforts into uncultivated regions; by making savage man familiar with the blessings which the utmost reach of mind has discovered; by helping youthful nations into maturity, and by extending the pale of social intercourse, that the wisest, the most moral, and consequently the freest of nations is to fill up the career which is now before her. Instead of making distant shores resound with her great artillery, she will bless them with the produce of her still greater engines of peace; and her triumphs shall be illuminated, not by flaming cities, but by the nightly blaze which issues from her mighty fabrics of prosperity and happiness. These are the labours which suit the people that brought back peace to Europe; and it is a just recompense that the strongest

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in war should be the foremost in industry. When this ceases to be, civilization will have become retrograde.

Although it may not be very easy to give a just estimate of the means which England possesses, at this moment—means which are entirely of her own creation—to accomplish these ends; and to increase her own prosperity, as well as the happiness of mankind; yet the object is so vast, so much beyond what any former period of the world could have imagined, that we cannot resist the gratification of stating one or two particulars which, taken with the due restrictions, may yet give some notion of the stupendous power which is now at her disposal.

One of the first of these is furnished by M. Dupin, who, however little we incline to admire his speculations upon moral questions, may be admitted as evidence in estimating physical forces. All the world is more or less acquainted with those immense masses, the pyramids of Egypt, which were considered among the wonders of antiquity. The materials of which the largest of them is constructed, were dug out of the earth at a considerable depth; and at no small distance from their present situation. They cover more than eleven English acres; and are piled up to the height of about 700 feet. According to M. Dupin's calculation, their volume is equal to about 4,000,000 of cubic metres; their weight is 10,400,000 tons; which raised to the height of eleven metres from the bottom of the quarries to the surface of the earth, and of forty-nine more as their mean elevation above the basis; in all sixty metres above their original level—give 624,000,000 tons raised to the height of one metre. Now the steam-engines employed in England are equal to the force of 320,000 horses (1820), and can raise 862,800,000 tons to the height of one metre in twenty-four hours. But 624,000,000 tons being less than three-fourths of this quantity, it follows, that the steam-engines of England could have raised the materials of which the great pyramid is constructed out of the quarries, could have conveyed them to their present place, and heaped them up in their present form, in less than three-fourths of one day, that is to say, in less than eighteen hours. According to Diodorus Siculus, this building employed 360,000 workmen; according to Herodotus, 100,000 workmen during twenty years. Whichever of these estimates be nearest the truth, it is certain that one of the most powerful monarchies of remote antiquity applied its whole disposable resources in the construction. Therefore the mechanical power of British steam-engines was, in 1820—and it has much increased since that time—to that of the Egyptian monarch Cheops, inversely as the times necessary to each to perform the same task; that is to say, as twenty years to eighteen hours,

hours, or about 10,000 times as great. Neither would it be unfair to deduce from this single fact, that the general power of the two monarchies, including that which is the source of power, knowledge, was, if not exactly in this ratio, at least in a proportion which could not widely differ from it—let us, with great moderation, say one fourth as great; that is, it is more than probable that the power of England is, at this moment, 2500 times as great as was that of Egypt, at the period when this pyramid was constructed. When we consider the reach of intellect which is necessary to devise the steam-engine, in its present state; together with its general influence upon civilization, and the part it acts in national prosperity, it would be impossible for a nation which it has made many times as powerful as another by its direct effect, to be less than one fourth as great in every branch where its action is only indirect.

By the power of steam every machine to which it is applied receives, not an addition, but a multiplication of force. The power thus produced in 1820 was computed to be equal to 320,000 horses, or about 2,240,000 men. At this moment steam, on account of its many new applications, and the improvements made in the manner of employing it, may perform the work of near three millions of men, in the united kingdom.

Let us now see the effect of this power in the manufacture of cotton. We have already shown the rapidity with which the consumption of this vegetable wool increased, between the years 1767 and 1787. The various machinery now used in manufacturing it has enabled one man to perform the work of one hundred and fifty. Now the lowest computation supposes 280,000 men—some say 350,000 men—to be employed in it. Hence the work now performed in this single branch would —half a century ago—have required 42,000,000 of men—according to some 53,000,000; that is to say, at the lowest computation, more than twice as many men, women, or children, as now people the British islands. Now supposing the labour of each of these men to cost, at this hour, the very moderate sum of one shilling per day, or £18 per annum, the pay of 42,000,000 of labourers would be £756,000,000 per annum, or a little more than thirteen times the annual revenue of England. Deducting from this sum the pay of the labourers now really employed at the above annual rate, (280,000×£18=£5,040,000) and allowing the enormous sum of £50,000,000 sterling for the wear and tear of machinery, buildings, and incidental expenses; the result is, that the machinery employed in the cotton manufactories saves £700,000,000 sterling to the British nation; or, in other words, that, without machinery and steam, the prodigy of British industry

industry and civilization would still have been wanting to honour mankind.

But still further—The power employed in the cotton manufactures alone, of England, exceeds the manufacturing powers of all the rest of Europe collectively. The population of this continent does not amount to 200,000,000, or to five times forty. Now one-fifth of this population certainly is not employed in manufacturing; and all Europe, supposing it be as industrious as England, and wholly occupied by cotton, could not, unassisted by machinery, spin and weave as much of that material as England now does. But the most industrious country of Europe is not half so much engaged in manufacturing as England is, and many of them are ten times inferior; in so much that the average hardly stands as high as one-fourth in industry; hence, then, four Europes could not, at this moment, spin and weave as much cotton as England does. But the manufacturing industry of England may be fairly computed as four times greater than that of all the other continents taken collectively; and sixteen such continents as Europe, in the average state of industry of the whole world, and exclusively occupied by cotton, could not manufacture so much of it as England now does. Again, the cotton manufacture of England may be said to be one-fourth of her total industry; and her total industry could not be performed by sixty-two such continents as Europe in the average condition of the world. But this ratio must be multiplied by the entire population of the world, divided by that of England; and the superiority of our eighteen or twenty millions of subjects will thus be at least as one thousand to one, over the average power and condition of mankind at large.

Such are the means which a rude approximation gives as those that England now possesses, to pour out the blessings of civilization on the rest of the world. But, lest this estimate should be thought too high, we are ready to reduce it to one-fifth, and to say that the productive power of Britons is only 200 times as great as that of an equal number of men taken in the average population of the earth. We know not what portion of this 200 M. Dupin means to allow as the present superiority of England, and to claim as the past superiority of France, and we shall leave him to settle the account as he pleases.

From this vast career of industry, now opened to the world, the French have taken the alarm, and their thoughts begin to turn toward that rising continent which promises so wide a market for all that men can manufacture. We must expect to find them as active rivals there as they have been elsewhere; and employing the same means as ever to vie with us. Not that we see

see any real danger to be apprehended to our commerce from their exertions; unless indeed some miraculous progress has been made since the last public act by which a judgment might be formed upon the state of their manufactures; we mean the last exhibition of the products of French industry. In 1823 another of those childish shows took place, so inadequate to give a just idea of the real condition of a people, or to answer any purpose but that of non-consuming idleness and non-productive vanity. This exhibition was, if possible, more meagre than any which had preceded; for in what estimation must we hold the national labours of which periwigs and perfumes were so large a part? Yet they figured in the Palace of the Louvre amidst cases of artificial teeth, sweetmeats, confitures, and bonbons; reminding us, in the midst of what frivolity held most solemn, of the ingenuity of a Parisian new year's day, when sugar and flower are disguised, 'à s'y tromper,' in the shape of sucking pigs, hams, boots, and birch rods. British industry certainly is not of such stuff as this. It is not for parade and pageantry. Where is the palace that could contain a just specimen of what steam can perform on general civilization? or who could conceive the influence of an iron railway upon human happiness, from all that could be crammed into the longest gallery of Paris? The mind which projects such wonders as these is not coercible under roofs and colonnades; neither could any show-board utter what it is. If the French can thus be vain of useless gilding and luxurious dyes, what would not their boasting be if they possessed a Soho or a Birmingham? But no; where boasting is, Watt could not be.

Notwithstanding this, however, the French board of trade and of colonies has addressed the third of the works which stand at the head of this Article to the principal chambers of commerce in the kingdom—documents relating to the trade which it may be advisable for the merchants of France to carry on with the new states of America. They are official, and are curious in more points of view than as relating merely to trade.

This little volume is preceded by a letter signed Saint-Cricq, president of the French board of trade. The tenth page says, that the English owe their superiority entirely to their capitals; but that the predilection of the natives is decidedly in favour of the French. 'The English,' it is said, 'are only useful, but they are not loved.' In the fifteenth page we find, 'On le répète, les Anglais ne sont pas aimés au Mexique; ils n'y sont qu'utiles.' Now let us suppose the French to be the delightful people that they say they are, 'aimable, séduisant, gallant;' every thing they please; yet we think it a very general principle in human nature to be more attached to those who are useful to us, than to those who

who divert us. If this were not so there would be more harlequins and fewer artisans in the world than we find. Hitherto we can see no fairer conclusion to be drawn from this state of South American affections, from this predilection for the French, and from our humble utility than this; that while the Mexicans trade with us, they may perhaps dance with the French. The misfortune is severe. But on what is this love founded? Why are the fellow citizens of M. de St. Cricq so much adored throughout the empire of Montezuma? The same page informs us. Among the reasons why French trade is not flourishing there at this moment, the third is,*

'The discredit which the first cargoes threw upon our productions, some persons not having scrupled to run after undue profits by cheating upon the qualities of their goods.'

In page 67, in speaking of Peru, we read:

'The profits which French cargoes have hitherto produced may be valued at 28 per cent. Some, indeed, have produced 100 per cent., but these exorbitant returns may be pointed out as the principal obstacle to extending our connections there; as they have always been obtained at the expense of honesty.

'*On se plaint* that the French do not scruple to cheat the natives respecting the quality of their wares; and such a fraud is the more detestable when committed against the Peruvians, because, with them, the entire trade consists in smuggling; and the purchasers are obliged to trust to the good faith of the sellers, and to accept the packages without examining them. It has often been found that, in a case of wine, three-fourths of the bottles were empty; that provisions were more or less spoiled; and that stuffs were two or three degrees inferior to the patterns according to which the bargains were concluded.'

All this is no doubt very *aimable;* but it would require even more than all M. Saint-Cricq's eloquence to convince Englishmen that cheating is amiable. Not the least remarkable part of this quotation is, that it is unaccompanied by any expression of reprobation, by any mark of anger or disgust on the part of the worthy president.

We have examined this official document throughout, and we have not been able to find one single motive, except the above, for the predilection thus ministerially asserted to be given by the Mexicans, to the natives of France over those of Britain. We will not dispute the opinion of M. de Saint-Cricq; though, in our hearts, we cannot help still thinking and repeating that, even if the new republicans dance with the French, they will trade with us.

* La défaveur que les premiers envois ont jetée sur nos produits; quelques expéditeurs n'ayant pas craint de courir après des bénéfices exagérés, en trompant sur les qualités.

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The system by which our commercial relations are now directed is one of the most memorable events in the history of trade. It has a character peculiar to itself; it promises more largely for the general good than all the acts or treaties that ever were concluded. It is a happy æra for civilization, when no one among the cultivated nations can make a step without dragging along with it the rest of the world. It is true that the most advanced will always be the most benefited by every new addition to wealth or knowledge; as the largest capitals always bring in the fullest returns. But the chain which binds mankind in social progress, if that progress be but moral and intellectual, is strengthened not strained, whenever it is firmly and steadily drawn by those who know to manœuvre it. England certainly has much to gain by an open exchange of industry, but every nation must be a sharer in her profits, in proportion to its capacity, as soon as it enters into her system of reciprocal advantages.

One of the curses of France is, that she does not yet perceive the truth of this doctrine. She thinks, as some village pedlars still may do, that no bargain is good in which she is not the sole gainer. As to England, every motion we make is suspicious; we cannot hold up a finger without her attributing to us some sinister design;

——————— 'et verso pollice vulgi
Quemlibet occidunt populariter:'

and it is painful to see her hang reluctantly backwards, while so many smaller states, whom she certainly calls her inferiors in understanding, gladly rush forwards to help on the career.

By many, this memorable liberality is called premature; by many we are accused of having proclaimed it too tardily. If, indeed, we consider the condition of England alone, no doubt we have been tardy in opening the avenues of commerce. She, long since, was ripe for unlimited competition; and, though her superiority was not universal, yet the balance was tenfold on her side. If we consider the other empires of Europe, the step has certainly been premature; for neither Russia, Prussia, Austria, nor Spain, —nay, not France herself, accepts the pact. Still, however, we were fully authorized by our own, and by the general interests, to act as we have done; for sooner or later all nations must follow the example; or else remain so far behind us, that civilization will no more acknowledge them but as stragglers in the march.

In the most enlightened of societies, there ever are men who fear to advance; who think the world well enough as it is; who, forgetting that it was by a series of progresses that it has reached its present condition, would stop it in its course. These men would

would behold unmoved all the hopes of posterity wasting away in chronic tabes. To such men England must not listen. Neither must she be advised by counsellors who would excite in her the strength of fever and delirium. There are men who, seeing the beautiful front of a magnificent edifice nearly finished, clamour loudly for the roof; while the wiser architects, knowing that the front alone cannot support the covering, continue in silence to construct the walls and partitions, and to place the beams and rafters, on which likewise it must rest. Yet the clamourers are vain enough to think that, without them, the roof never could have been invented.

Hitherto the years which France was condemned to drudge or to bustle before she could obtain the good things which England had secured, were one hundred and fifty; and, moreover, when those things were attained, they were not of half the value in the hands of the French, as in ours. But the ratio of time will now alter. The rapidity of communication, the opportunities for imparting impulses, the spirit already diffused must cause inferior nations to tread more quickly in the steps of those that take the lead. Whatever we discover in politics, in morals, in science, or in industry, we must expect to see imitated abroad, long before a hundred and fifty years have revolved. But, on the other hand, the distance which will separate English prosperity from that of France will increase; and what we lose in time, we shall more than gain in space. Though the French were thirty lustres before they attempted a wretched paraphrase of our Magna Charta, or a sanguinary burlesque of our revolution, they were not many years before they imported steam-engines or spinning-jennies. We speak not now of the spirit which rules the two countries. Here it is that the chief difference lies, and upon this we found our assertion that, though the French may stand nearer to us in time, in space they will be still farther removed than ever. Human powers, we know, have limits; and all limits, as we draw near to them beyond a certain degree, can be approached but by a retarded velocity. But we do not think that such a degree has yet been reached. Mankind is still in a state where the movements of civilization are accelerated; and they who have gone the farthest and the quickest will, for a long time, continue to advance the most rapidly. Such, most pre-eminently, has England been; and we do not think ourselves too sanguine when we say, that much as she has done, much as M. Dupin sometimes places her above other nations, as much will she still rise above them, even when taught by her. Neither do we think that, in this mighty career, the country which will come the nearest to us is France. We must not look to the old world for men who

will gall our kibes by treading on our heels. Youthful nations will be quicker than Europe; and in our own vigorous children, in the United States of America, we already see the generations that, in reason and industry, are destined to stand beside Englishmen.

In past ages the only road to prosperity has been war; and nations seemed to think that without conquests they could not be great. Modern no less than ancient history gives proof of this; for every page of both is filled with battles and successes. The farther we look back, the more we find it true that violence led to splendour and renown. The early eastern empires have left great traces of magnificence; but far above the gardens of Babylon or the temples of Tadmor, rises the glory of conquerors. Of all that is recorded of Egyptian labour and Corinthian wealth, nothing equals in fame their contemporary warriors. The trade and merchants of Athens were not without profit to her; but to Marathon and Platea, to Salamis and Mycale she owes the admiration which present ages pay her; and Sparta flourished though condemned to idleness except in war and theft. The trade of Carthage fell before the sword of Rome, and not all the wares that heathen nations ever fabricated gave a twentieth part of the power which the soldiers of the republic won. When Christianity was established, milder motives swayed mankind, and industry became a source of power. Venice, Genoa, Pisa, the petty states of Italy stood, by their ingenuity, among the largest empires; and created resources by trade which war could not have given. The Hanseatic league, the Netherlands, grew strong by industry; and, by labour, the Dutch republic was enabled to contend with nations much her superiors. What is it now but the struggle of trade and manufactures against alternate violence and cunning, that has secured success in the rudest contest which civilization ever had to maintain against depravity of every kind? What was it but British industry pouring out the treasures of Indus on the banks of the Neva, of the Danube, and of the Tagus, and vivifying the palsied chiefs of Europe with her wealth, that has preserved the world from barbarism?

Great as have been the triumphs of England, it is not to them that she owes her present superiority. From her campaigns in the peninsula Spain and Portugal derived their safety; and the North a useful diversion of the French forces. At Waterloo all the nations were delivered, and the smallest among them was more benefited by that day than England was. It mattered not to her by whom the miseries and madness of the French revolution were subdued. All that she desired was to see them at an end; and in the very lap of victory she laid down the right to authority which

victory

victory had given. But from war she turned to industry; and there she found again her ascendancy. In the field barbarians may surpass the wise in numbers, and equal them in valour. But genius is not measured by any such arithmetic. The glory of a great minister in the last century was, that he made this country flourish still more by war than by peace. The glory of the present æra is, that things have returned to their natural course; and that peace is become, as it ever ought to be, a greater restorer of national force than war. The age which now discloses itself to our view promises to be the age of industry, to which no monarch shall affix his name—it shall be called the age of comfort to the poor,—if the phrase had not been so ill applied of late, we should say—the age of THE PEOPLE. By industry, alliances shall be dictated, and national friendships shall be formed. With one hand industry shall furl up the banners of war, and with the other scatter plenty through the world. Should future generations ask what causes so long delayed a practice so humane and wise, they will be told that FRANCE, with the blood of her revolution and the despotism of her glory, was the first of these. Should they then inquire who finally promoted so much good and made it prosper, the answer which history will proclaim is, ENGLAND.

ART. V.—*Mission to the East Coast of Sumatra in* 1823, *under the Direction of the Government of Prince of Wales's Island.* By John Anderson, Esq. &c. Edinburgh and London. 1826.

WE doubt very much, if there exist, on the face of the globe, two more fair and fertile islands (always however excepting our own) than Java and Sumatra; and they have given birth to two very excellent books every way worthy of them—the one on Java, by Sir Stamford Raffles; the other, on Sumatra, by Mr. Marsden. The latter we consider as a perfect model for topographic and descriptive composition; but as we had little or no intercourse with the eastern, or rather north-eastern coast of Sumatra at the time that Mr. Marsden wrote his History and Description, his account of that part of the island could only be very general and imperfect. What our jealous rivals the Dutch knew of it, they kept to themselves, from a dread of being disturbed in their grasping and monopolizing system. During the war which placed all their settlements in our possession, the north-east coast of this island had not been considered as an object worthy of any particular attention; but on the restoration of the Dutch settlements, and of Malacca among the rest, the authorities of Pinang deemed it expedient to send an agent to visit

all the country between Diamond point and Siack inclusive, 'for the purpose,' as Mr. Anderson expresses himself, 'of anticipating the Netherlands, and keeping the chiefs of that coast faithful to their relations with the island of Pinang,'—in fact, to open a communication with the several petty states on that coast and in the interior, and so to establish, if possible, a friendly and commercial intercourse with a country, 'rich in the choicest productions of nature, and abounding with a numerous and highly interesting population, with whose character, pursuits and habits, we had but little acquaintance.'

In the east, however, we have now nothing to apprehend from the exclusive and oppressive policy pursued by the Dutch; that has at length incited the natives to rebel against their authority, and to assert their rights. The consequence will probably be, that their oriental possessions will speedily be wrested from their grasp; whilst a more liberal system is rapidly drawing the whole trade of the ultra-Gangetic nations and the Archipelago to our few remaining ports in that quarter, more especially to Singapore.

A very general view of the result of Mr. Anderson's 'Mission' is what we now propose to take, not altogether from any great interest or importance we attach to the work, but because we would not wish at this time to omit noticing any authentic information, however scanty, that may be gathered from any of the numerous nooks and corners of the eastern world.

Mr. Anderson, among other necessaries, took care to be well-provided with interpreters; for we find in his train a motley group of twenty distinct kindreds and tongues, unknown, and, for the most part unintelligible to each other; Siamese, Burmahs, Aboynese, Malays, Buggese, Chooliahs, Chinese, Chittagong, Hindoo, Portugueze, Manilla, Caffree, Malabar, Javanese, Padang, Batta, West India Creole, Danes and Germans. The Company's brig Jessy conveyed him to the mouths of the several rivers and as far up them as they were safely navigable. To follow him up these rivers, and to the several residences of the petty sultans and rajahs, would be an endless and useless task. Their names and genealogies—their quarrels with each other—their traffic and manufactures, may all be very proper objects of study for the government of Pinang, but could hardly be considered as matters of much interest by the European reader; and on that account our description must be as brief and general as possible.

It appears that this eastern coast of Sumatra, which forms the western side of the strait of Malacca, and extends upwards of 600 geographical miles from Pedro point in latitude 5° 35′ N. to Lucepara point in latitude 3° 15′ S. is in general low, swampy, and

and fringed with a continuous line of mangrove trees, growing so close to the water's edge as to throw their roots into the sea. This almost level country stretches from 50 miles in some places to 140 in others into the interior, till it meets with the great range of primitive mountains, which runs down the middle of the island almost the whole of its length. From these mountains issue innumerable streams, which, after intersecting in all directions the flat country, are poured into the Strait of Malacca through various channels, some of which, as the Reccan and the Siack, are of very considerable magnitude. Immense quantities of sand and mud, the debris of the mountains, are brought down by these rivers and deposited along the coast, where they are constantly forming sandbanks and shoals, which in some places extend as far as ten miles into the strait, rendering the navigation of it extremely dangerous, even to vessels of a small size. It is stated indeed that the land, in certain places, has gained upon the sea from 15 to 30 miles, within the last two hundred years. If this be so, what with the immense quantity of alluvion carried down, and the incessant labours of the coral-making insects, the strait of Malacca stands a chance of becoming unnavigable in an assignable number of years.

It may easily be imagined, that a country situated immediately under the equinoctial line, and covered with a deep alluvial soil, must be luxuriously fertile; but the enormous size to which many of its productions arrive is almost incredible to us who inhabit a more temperate climate. Some of our ancient oaks and yews might, it is true, compete with the grandest trees of a Sumatran forest; but we should look in vain in extra-tropical climates for any single flower measuring three feet in diameter, like that of the parasitical Rafflesia; or for a tuberous edible root weighing four hundred pounds; or for melons, pumpkins, and other species or varieties of the cucurbitaceous family, equal to half that weight; or for a shell fish equal to the Dutchman's cockle (*chama gigas*), on one of which four-and-twenty men make a hearty supper; or for one of the sponge species (*Alcyonium?*) as large and regular, and nearly as elegant, in shape, as the Barbarini vase.

Man alone seems here to degenerate, while other animals obtain the largest size. The elephants are equal in magnitude to those of Ceylon; the tiger, the rhinoceros, the buffalo, are superior to those of the continent. These animals infest the plantations and commit great ravages, more especially the herds of elephants, who are particularly fond of bananas and sugar-canes. The natives seem not to know the method of taking them by pit-falls, nor do they venture to make a direct attack upon them with their

matchlocks, or spears; but occasionally they strike one in the neck from a high tree; and sometimes, Mr. Marsden says, the planter destroys the assailants by splitting a number of the sugar-canes and putting yellow arsenic into the clefts. The tiger is sometimes taken in strong traps, and more frequently destroyed by means of water impregnated with arsenic placed near the object of his prey, or by the side of an animal which he has killed, but not devoured. The bears are so fond of cocoa nuts, that they destroy the tree to get at them. 'The buffalos are fatter,' says Mr. Anderson, 'and in better keeping than any bullocks I ever saw in Smithfield market.' To descend in the scale of being, the common domestic fowl grows so large that, standing on the ground, it can pick crumbs from an eating table; and among the numerous species of ants, there is one as big as a bee.

It seems to be a disputed point, whether the huge hippopotamus exists in the rivers of Sumatra. Mr. Marsden seems to have no doubt that the river-horse is well known to the Malay inhabitants, but M. Cuvier supposes, that by this name is meant the *dugong*, a sort of sea-cow, though, as Mr. Marsden justly observes, a four-legged animal could scarcely be mistaken for a two-finned one. It is possible, however, that the Malay name, *kūda ayer*, i. e. river-horse, may be applied to some other animal, and that without impropriety: at all events the hippopotamus himself is just as like a whale as a horse, and more like an overgrown sow than either. Mr. Anderson does not include this amphibious animal among the inhabitants of the rivers: but alligators of an immense size are numerous, and particularly bold and ferocious. Nothing is more common than for these creatures to raise their heads a couple of feet above the water, and pull out people from their canoes. Mr. Anderson mentions an instance of a boat, with three horses and six goats, being regularly attacked by a whole swarm of them, which, surrounding it on all sides, so alarmed the horses, that the boat upset, when the whole of the animals were seized and devoured in an instant—the three or four Malays only escaping by jumping into another boat.—Yet this savage reptile, it would appear, is not incapable of being tamed.

'Near the mouth of the river, where there is a fishing-house, there is an alligator of a most prodigious size, his back, when a little out of the water, resembling a large rock. He remains constantly there, and is regularly fed upon the head and entrails of the large pari, or skate fish, which are caught there. I saw him, and the Malays called him to his meal. He appeared full twenty feet long. Being in rather a small boat at the time, I wished to make all haste away; but the Malays assured me he was quite harmless, so much so, that his feeders pat his head with their hands; a dangerous amusement certainly, but showing the wonderful

derful tameness and sagacity of the creature, naturally so ferocious. He will not allow any other alligator to approach the place; and on that account the Malays almost worship him.'—p. 126.

Nature, however, has amply compensated the inhabitants of Sumatra for the various destructive animals with which they are surrounded. The choicest trees, herbs, and fruits are every where found, many of them demanding no labour of cultivation whatever. Their villages are situated in the midst of the most luxurious groves and plantations of the cocoa nut, the betel nut, banana, jacks, dorians, mangosteens, guavas, mangoes, pomegranates, pine-apples, cashew-apples, tamarinds, the bread fruit, several varieties of the orange, the lemon, the lime, and the pisang, or plaintain—of which last Mr. Anderson enumerates not less than fourteen varieties.

With some or other of these fruit trees constantly in view, and in the midst of a profusion of the most delightful flowers, breathing the most exquisite fragrance, the Sumatran traveller finds himself so highly gratified, as to lose the sense of many inconveniences which beset him. 'The air,' says Mr. Anderson, 'is scented with the sweetest perfumes, from the innumerable flowers planted in the villages, and even growing spontaneously in the woods.' The traveller, however, through a country in which there are no turnpike roads, must lay his account in meeting with numerous impediments and disagreeable annoyances. Our author says,

'We passed through several small patches of paddy, growing most luxuriantly. I never saw any paddy equal to it, the stalks being six and eight feet in length, and the ears richly stored. We travelled through extensive groves of fruit trees, viz. cocoa nut, betel nut, dorian, champada, mangosteen, jambu, lanseh, rusip, machang, guava, plantains, and various other descriptions, interspersed in some places with the jungle. In travelling through the woods, we experienced great inconvenience from the immense number of small leeches or pachats which fall from the boughs of trees. They penetrate through the clothes imperceptibly; and our legs were absolutely covered with gore, from the bites of these little creatures. The woods were full also of a shrub called the jellatang, which grows abundantly along the pathways, and requires the greatest caution to avoid touching it. The leaf somewhat resembles the tobacco leaf; and if it touches the skin, produces a most painful itchy sensation, followed by an eruption, which continues upwards of a month, causing the greatest uneasiness and pain.'—pp. 17, 18.

We are told, moreover, that a large red ant, which bites most vehemently, drops from the leaves of trees upon the passing traveller, and that these insects, with the mosquitos and the small blood-suckers above mentioned, contribute to render a journey through the woods particularly painful and disagreeable, and not the less so by being under the influence of a vertical sun. Of

this last inconvenience, however, Mr. Anderson does not much complain. The mornings and evenings, he tells us, are generally cool and pleasant, the thermometer, at sunrise, not being higher than from 70° to 75°, and seldom reaching 87° at the hottest part of the day; the island has also the advantage of a regular land and sea-breeze. The natives generally enjoy good health, and were not subject to any particular epidemic before the recent wide-spreading cholera morbus reached them. The prevalent diseases are fevers and agues.

We said that the human species alone degenerates on this island:—that they are small in stature may be owing to the race from which they sprung; but their enervated bodies, their excessive indolence and total want of exertion, are evidently not owing to any debilitating effects of climate. Men, it is true, who can gain a subsistence, and supply every want with little trouble, in a country where the heat is great, if not oppressive, and where there is little or no stability to property, will almost necessarily devote the greater part of their time to sleep and idleness; and it is this natural instinct of man to avoid labour, where the necessaries of life can be supplied without it, and where heat of climate powerfully disposes to indolence, that makes all we hear uttered about the free labour of the negroes in our West Indian colonies so perfectly nonsensical and ridiculous.

The Malays of Sumatra, who are in possession of every article of necessity, and many of luxury, cannot therefore be expected to employ much labour in the accumulation of property; and, indeed, the small share of work, that must be done, falls upon the women, mostly slave girls, who are employed in beating paddy, spinning, weaving, and dying cloth, while the men may generally be found lounging in their verandas, or under the shade of trees, indulging in that most pernicious of all drugs, opium, which stupifies their senses, enervates their bodies, and enfeebles their minds. It would seem that one of the earliest fruits of the forbidden tree was the science of extracting from plants, that are innocent in their natural state, their pernicious juices. It is chiefly to the poison of the poppy, that Mr. Anderson attributes the scanty population of an island, in which, according to the theory of Mr. Malthus, it ought to be excessive. Perpetual wars—polygamy—debauchery—selling children into slavery—all these are in Sumatra powerful *positive checks;* but the most efficient by far is opium-smoking. 'I remarked,' says our traveller, 'that where the consumption of that inebriating and enervating substance was greatest, there were fewer children than at other places, where the inhabitants were more sober and abstemious in their habits;' and he adds, that at Sirdang, where the inhabitants are remarkable

remarkable for their sobriety, and make no use of opium, the villages were swarming with children.'

The natural consequence of indolent and debauched habits is the employment of slaves in the cultivation of the land, and other works of drudgery; and these they procure either by purchase or by stealth, or taking them in bondage as payment of a debt. The Malays are the greatest gamblers perhaps on earth, and when a man has lost more than he can pay, he sells himself to the winner. The greatest number of slaves are females and children of both sexes, who have been sold by their unnatural parents to procure the means of subsistence, or to enable them to indulge in gambling or in opium-smoking. Horrible as it may appear to the delicate sensibilities of Mr. Fowell Buxton, and other members of the Anti-Slavery Society, 'it cannot be denied, however,' says Mr. Anderson, 'that the existence of slavery (he means *the slave trade*) in this quarter, in former years, was of immense advantage in procuring a female population for Pinang;' and he assures us that from Assahan alone, 300 slaves, principally females, were exported to Malacca and Pinang, in the course of a year. Here they got comfortably settled as the wives of opulent Chinese merchants, who, from thus rearing families, became attached to the soil; and as the female population of Pinang is still far from being on a par with the male, our author thinks that the abolition of slavery, (he again means the trade,) in this quarter at least, 'has been a vast sacrifice to philanthropy and humanity.' In fact, this branch of the slave-trade had little but the name and the form; the condition of the human being sold was invariably amended; the women became respectable wives; the men, who were in the least industrious, purchased their emancipation, and many of them became wealthy. But in spite of laws and the vigilance of those who are to look to their execution, the ingenious Chinese still contrive to introduce slaves and make them happy, both at Malacca and Pinang and Singapore; and it is to be hoped, that no concession to the feelings of a false humanity, uttered at a distance of ten thousand miles, will be made to interfere with this, or prevent a further importation of females, so long as the great disproportion of the sexes in these flourishing settlements shall continue to exist.

Indolent as the Malays of the interior generally are, they are by no means averse from engaging in speculations of trade; and few countries are supplied with a greater abundance and variety of valuable products of foreign consumption than Sumatra.

'Scarcely any part of the habitable globe (says Mr. Anderson) surpasses the east coast of Sumatra in the variety and value of its natural productions. The following may be enumerated as the principal articles of

of export commerce: gold, camphor, ivory, wax, pepper, black and white; benjamin, cinnamon, gambir, rattans, sulphur, tobacco, lignum, aloes, dye-woods, ebony, a vast variety of ship-timber, the Iju rope for cables, fish-roes, sharks' skins, canes, mats, pulse of various sorts, rice, dragon's blood, silk cloths, and horses. Besides these, are many articles of minor value, principally for the consumption of the inhabitants.'—p. 204.

It was one great object of our author's mission, to create a desire among the people for British and Indian manufactures; and in this, to a certain extent, he seems to have succeeded, finding them desirous of exchanging their valuable productions for our chintzes, muslins, cambrics and Irish linen, scarlet broad-cloth, and a great variety of other manufactured goods. The grand staple of Sumatran produce, however, is pepper, of which very large quantities are received at Pinang and Malacca. Its quality is excellent, and has long been appreciated as it deserves in the markets of Europe and America.

As to the Malays themselves, Mr. Anderson was highly pleased with the kind reception and hospitality he every where met with from them; 'they revived,' he says, 'in my mind, the pleasing remembrance of that old Scotch hospitality to which I was accustomed in my boyish days, among my native hills. It more resembled those dreams of my youth, than any thing I have since met with in the world.' If they would not disfigure their mouths with chewing betel, and the women had not that odious custom of making large holes in their ears, and drawing them down to the shoulders, which however is by no means universal, our traveller thinks many of them might be called handsome. The people, in general, appeared to him a happy, contented, inoffensive race, every countenance smiling, and every house open to the reception of strangers.

The Malays are not an illiterate people; all their children are taught to read and recite from the Koran. In one place Mr. Anderson heard a person reciting with a loud voice to a circle of about 200 people, from a book containing the history of the exploits of Alexander the Great, to impress the sultan's warriors with heroic notions, and excite their courage and emulation. They have numerous works on history, biography, law, and religion: poetry and romances are much relished, and they are passionately fond of music.

Near each of the villages on the banks of rivers is a bathing-place, surrounded with strong stockades, as a protection against alligators: here the women and children are plunging and sporting in the water all the day long; and as they indulge themselves in throwing off every part of their dress, it was usual to send a person in advance, to give notice of our traveller's approach, to prevent

vent the women and children from being alarmed: where this was not done, the man at the helm of the boat, on approaching the bathing-houses, called out, with a Stentorian voice, 'boah,' which was a signal for the females to move off.

There is a race of people, however, in the interior, near the foot of the mountains, inhabiting towns and villages situated round a large lake, to whose character, very different certainly from that of the Malays, Mr. Anderson has not done justice. We allude to that singular race of people, the Battas, whose features, language, and customs, cannot be considered as of Tartar or Malay origin; but point evidently to a Hindu extraction. In the memoranda given to our author as principal heads of inquiry, is included 'The practice of cannibalism, if prevalent in any district, and to what extent, and where?' and it must be confessed he lost no occasion of inquiring into this revolting practice. Seeing among the soldiers of the sultan of Delli a man of a particularly ferocious appearance, he took occasion to converse with him, and was informed by him, he says, of his own accord, that he had eaten human flesh seven times, as also what parts of the body had the most delicate flavour. Two or three other Battas, in the same service, told him they had done the same, and that the hope of feasting on human carcasses was their chief inducement for engaging with the sultan, of whose force, consisting of about 400 men, one third, at least, were Battas—quite sufficient, we should suppose, to eat up the other two thirds in the course of a month or two. At another place the Sultan Ahmet had about 200 of these Battas in constant employ, in his pepper gardens, where hundreds of naked children were running about. At Soonghal the principal inhabitants were Battas, employed in the cultivation of the pepper vine; and the bones, skulls of buffaloes and some large monkeys, found in their houses, had so great a resemblance to human bones, as to raise a *suspicion* in our traveller's mind that he had got into the country of the cannibals. At Batabara he fell in with another 'stout ferocious-looking fellow,' whom he ventured, however, to question concerning cannibalism. 'He said that young men were soft, and their flesh watery. The most agreeable and delicate eating was that of a man whose hair had begun to turn grey.' This may account for the paucity of old men and women that were met with, and also for the safety of the swarms of naked children which ran about among the multitudes of Battas employed by the Malays. Some, it seems, can relish no other food but human flesh.

'The rajah of Tunah Jawa, one of the most powerful and independent Batta chiefs, if he does not eat human flesh every day, is afflicted with a pain in his stomach, and will eat nothing else. He orders one of his slaves (when no enemies can be procured, nor criminals, for execution) to

to go out to a distance, and kill a man now and then, which serves him for some time, the meat being cut into slices, put into joints of bamboo, and deposited in the earth for several days, which softens it. The parts usually preferred, however, by epicures, are the feet, hands, ears, navel, lips, tongue, and eyes. This monster, in the shape of a man, is not content with even this fare, but takes other and more brutal methods for gratifying his depraved appetite. A Batta, when he goes to war, is always provided with salt and lime-juice, which he carries in a small mat bag on his left side. He who is the first to lay his hands upon an enemy, at a general assault of a fort, obtains particular distinction by seizing a certain part of the body with his teeth. The head is immediately cut off. If the victim is warm, the blood is greedily drank by these savages, holding the head by the hair above their mouths.'—p. 224.

We cannot help thinking that the Malays, who are a shrewd people, and the Batta chiefs, who are by no means wanting in intelligence, on discovering Mr. Anderson's anxiety about men-eaters, indulged him with the above, and many other similar stories contained in his narrative, by way of quizzing and laughing at his credulity. They seemed quite surprized, he says, that he should entertain a doubt of this laudable practice. They even offered to give him a practical proof of it:

'I might,' says he, 'have seen the disgusting ceremony of eating human flesh, had I chosen to accompany the Rajah to the fort which he was about to attack; but thinking it not improbable that some poor wretch might be sacrificed to show me the ceremony, I declined witnessing it.'

The gentleman did wisely no doubt in declining the offer in question, as his entertainers might, peradventure, have taken a fancy to himself. They brought him the head, however, of a victim which *they said* they had just devoured, and this is his main proof. A Batta, who had seen the human heads which no long time ago were stuck upon Temple Bar, would have just as good proof for saying that the people of London were cannibals. After all, then, it is quite clear that he knows nothing about the matter except from hearsay. Every account which he gives of their villages, of the decent conduct of the men, the modesty and bashfulness of the women, the cleanliness of their houses, makes us revolt from the belief that such a practice exists. He observed a freedom in the manners of these people different from what he had met with elsewhere in the East. 'The young men and women were playing, and pinching each other, and showing other symptoms of the softer passion, like the country lads and lasses at a wake at home.' He farther states that this district of the Battas abounds in the finest ponies he ever saw, as fat as possible; cows in noble herds; and pigs, goats, dogs, and poultry innumerable: surrounded, as the Battas are, by well cultivated fields, and all these 'unequivocal marks of plenty,' he may well exclaim,

exclaim, 'strange, that a people having such abundance of cattle and vegetable productions should be tempted to devour each other!'*

Now, what is the real state of the case with regard to these singular people—a people not only industrious at home, but accustomed to carry their industry into districts inhabited by a different race of men, who are, compared with the Malays, in a state of affluence, who have a written language, and a regular code of laws? Why the fact is, that they *do* eat human flesh; but they eat it legally—are cannibals by law. Mr. Marsden has been sufficiently explicit on this subject, his account has since been confirmed by Sir Stamford Raffles, and it is this:—That they do not eat human flesh as the means of satisfying the cravings of nature, nor do they seek after it as a gluttonous delicacy; that they eat it as a species of ceremony; as a mode of showing their detestation of certain crimes, by an ignominious punishment; and occasionally, but very rarely, as a savage display of revenge and insult to their unfortunate enemies; that the objects of this barbarous repast are prisoners taken in war, mostly those wounded, and offenders condemned for certain capital crimes, especially for adultery. In these last cases the unhappy victim, after a trial in the public market-place, is delivered into the hands of the injured party, by whom he is tied to a stake; lances are thrown at him by the offended husband, his relations and friends; and when mortally wounded, they run up to him, cut pieces from the body with their knives, dip them in salt, lemonjuice and red pepper, (which are sent by the Rajah, who must confirm the sentence,) slightly broil them over a fire prepared for the purpose, and swallow the morsels with a degree of savage enthusiasm.

'All that can be said,' observes Mr. Marsden, 'in extenuation of the horror of this diabolical ceremony, is, that no view appears to be entertained of torturing the sufferers, of increasing or lengthening out the pangs of death; the whole fury is directed against the corpse, warm indeed with the remains of life, but past the sensation of pain.'

In truth, had we not the recent instance so near home, of the

* We have frequently had occasion to combat the absurd nonsense of travellers, talking about cannibals, and their delighting in human flesh; but the following *fact*, so stated by a Mr. Somebody, at one of those ghostly meetings where such things are got up for the edification of the lady-subscribers, outdoes every thing that Mr. Anderson has set down, even that grizzled beards do not sprout from gristly flesh. 'A party of missionaries, with their attendants, were attacked by a whole army of cannibals, who, after putting the *whole* of them to death, made a feast of their bodies, every one of which they devoured, except one, and in this one the well-known cannibal chief, Chingoo, cut a large circular hole in the centre, through which he put his own head, and thus carrying the dead body on his shoulders, marched triumphantly at the head of his devouring army.' This happened in New Zealand; but as they were *all* killed—and eaten, except him who was converted into an anthropophagistic necklace—we must ask who brought the story to London?

savage

savage and brutal conduct of the Poissardes of Paris, devouring the flesh, and the raw flesh too, of the unhappy victims of revolutionary frenzy, we should almost be inclined to doubt the existence of the practice among the Battas, even to the limited extent described by Mr. Marsden.

ART. VI.—*Memoirs of Antonio Canova, with a critical Analysis of his Works, and an Historical View of Modern Sculpture.* By S. Memes, A. M., Member of the Astronomical Society of London, &c. 1825.

THIS is a book of some merit, and more pretension; it contains much useful information concerning art, many just remarks on sculpture, is written with an anxious regard for truth, and displays abundance of enthusiasm about the person and productions of its hero. But the learning and the good taste in sculpture which the author possesses, ought to have been united with a style less ornate and laborious. To communicate useful information in a simple and concise way is not the excellence of Mr. Memes. The polished graces of Canova's marbles have seduced his pen into a cumbrous and glossy style of composition; and it requires some caution in perusal, to follow out the story of the artist's busy career among his biographer's crowded images and grand circumlocutions. All indeed that is worth knowing of the life of the distinguished sculptor can soon be told—it was a period of solitary thought and secluded labour, and his existence was only marked by the works of genius which the world received so willingly from his hand.

Antonio Canova, the only child of Pietro Canova a stonecutter, was born in a mud walled cottage in the little village of Possagno, among the Venetian hills, on the first day of November in the year 1757. His father died when he was three years old; his mother married again in a few months, and left her son to the charity of his paternal grandfather Pasino Canova. Antonio was weak in person, and feeble in constitution: this but endeared him the more to his grandmother Catterina Cecatto, who nursed him with the tenderest care, and sung him ballads of his native hills, infusing a love of poetry into his heart, of which he ever afterwards acknowledged the value. In his tenth year he began to cut stone, and it was his grandfather's wish that he should succeed him as hereditary mason of the village. The weakness of his body and his extreme youth were ill suited for a laborious trade. Old Pasino, who was a man above the common mark, indulged him in modelling of flowers, and in drawing of animals, and such was his

his success that, in his twelfth year, he obtained the notice of the noble family of the Falieri who had a palace in the neighbourhood. As the notice of the great can rarely be purchased but by something like a miracle—something like a miracle is told to account for the good fortune and fame of Canova. A great feast was given by the Falieri, the dinner was set forth and the guests assembled, when the domestics discovered that a crowning ornament was wanting to complete the beauty of the dessert, and old Pasino tried in vain to invent something suitable. Young Antonio called for butter, and instantly modelled a lion with such skill and effect as excited the astonishment of the guests—the artist was called in, and he came blushing to receive the caresses of the company and the first applauses of that kind and opulent family. Its head had the sense to see Canova's genius, and the generosity to encourage him. He carried Antonio to Venice in his fifteenth year, introduced him to the Academy of Arts, and opened his own palace doors to him, both as a residence and a study. The youth's diligence was unwearied—he studied early and late—he drew, he painted, he modelled and he carved. His ambition expanded with his years, his skill kept pace with his ambition, and he was distinguished among the artists of Venice, by a laborious diligence of hand, a restless activity of fancy, and an enthusiastic longing for fame. When he imagined that he could conceive with truth, and execute with facility, he modelled the group of Orpheus and Eurydice as large as life, and carved it in soft Venetian stone. It obtained such applause that the artist exclaimed, 'this praise has made me a sculptor.' A statue of Esculapius was his next work; he carved it in marble, and it is still to be seen in a villa near Venice. It is chiefly remarkable for the circumstance of having received a visit from the artist, a few months before his death—when the just conception of the figure, and the skill with which it was executed, seemed to fill him with surprize and sorrow. He looked at it for some time, and said, 'for these forty years my progress has not corresponded with the indications of excellence in this work of my youth.' He studied diligently amongst the remains of ancient art. He also sought for beauty in the safe school of nature, and stored his mind and his sketchbook with images of loveliness, to be used when fortune smiled and the riper judgment of age had sobered down the vehemence of youth.

The people of Venice felt the beauty of Canova's works, and stimulated his genius and rewarded his merit with a small pension. 'Soon after his twenty-third birthday,' says the member of the Astronomical Society of London, 'our artist for the first time beheld the shores of the Adriatic disappear as he directed his course to the more classic banks of the Tiber.' Which means that

that he left Venice and went to Rome. Here he found a kind and active friend in Gavin Hamilton the painter, and as the sculptors of the capital had conceived no dread of his talents, they welcomed him warmly. He was soon admitted to the society of the learned and the noble, for Zuliana, the Venetian ambassador, introduced his young countryman to the judges and patrons of art—and, what was wiser and better, gave him an order for a group of Theseus and the Minotaur in marble. This enabled him to display his talents, and work without fear of wanting bread. The commission—we use the language of the profession—was kept a secret; the sculptor laboured incessantly, and in the summer of 1782 at a banquet given on purpose by Zuliana, the marble group was shown by torch-light to the first men in Rome. They stood for some time looking at the hero as he rested himself on the body of the monster which he had slain, and then with one voice pronounced it to be 'one of the most perfect works which Rome had beheld for ages.' From this fortunate hour to the end of his life, he produced a rapid succession of statues and groups, which carried his fame far and wide over the world—noblemen from all countries and more particularly from Britain, purchased his works at any price; and the Pope, whilst he conferred a coronet and a pension on his friend, refused to allow some of his favourite works to go beyond the walls of Rome. His most zealous and also his most judicious patrons were Napoleon and the present king of England. Nor should the late amiable and excellent Lord Cawdor be forgotten, who discovered the merit of the sculptor long before his wide spread fame inspired the 'great vulgar,' with the desire to be numbered among his patrons. The story of Canova is told: he died in the fullness of fame at Venice, in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

Canova imagined that he had realized the boast of Lysippus, by commencing art where art itself began—in the study of nature. But nature was not used so wisely by the Venetian as by the Greek. He looked on it with an eye less simple and poetic, and brooded over it with a mind less vigorous and manly. An opera-stage taint infects all his earlier works; his most careful studies are full of extravagance; his figures are forced into painful action, and his dancing ladies labour hard to press all their beauties upon the curiosity of mankind. He gradually learned to feel the superiority of simplicity over affectation; and advanced from violent motion towards tranquil grace, from the sentiment of action towards that of repose. But he never wholly freed his conceptions from the opera malady; the rudiments of his youthful productions are still visible in the soberest efforts of his ripest years; that unhappy spirit would not be conjured away when solemn

solemn thought was most wanted. Even in the statue of the Kneeling Magdalen there is enough of affectation to poison the charms of the most exquisite workmanship and the loveliest shape.

In the progress of Canova's taste, however, the student in sculpture may read a salutary lesson. He will see that nature must be looked upon with modest eyes; that her charms, as she sometimes chuses to display them, are not always suitable for his art; and that genius alone may hope to seize the grace of that composure which gives vigour to sentiment in proportion as it chastens action. He will see too how an artist may gradually emancipate himself from affectation and return to sobriety of conception, simplicity, and strength. But whilst he observes all this and lays up the lesson in his heart, he will likewise feel that there is hardly any entire escape to be made from early and long cherished impurity of style; that it still follows thought where thought should be most severe, and glides uninvited into the brightest dreams of the imagination. So was it with Canova. No man ever missed the true feeling of sculpture so far, and returned towards it with such signal success. It is indeed no easy thing to sober down the darling style of our youth, to dismiss notions of excellence endeared by time, to give up some neat conceit, some sparkling absurdity long cherished and hallowed. The revolution which Canova accomplished was the labour of many years. In his youth, violence was vigour, affectation was grace, and the spirit of the startling and the staring was the novelty which he desired to infuse into sculpture. To work in this way was only to record in marble the fruitless throes of Nature, her artificial gestures and actions without soul. Look at his early Dancers, his Market of Love, his designs for Homer: no damsels of the ballet ever leaped so high, or exposed their charms so lavishly, or cut such painful capers as the first; no melo-dramatic heroines ever ran so madly after the little god, showed such ridiculous affection, and such absurd sorrow as the second; and for the third, take up Homer himself, or Flaxman, and then say how poor were Canova's notions compared to the poet's verse and the Englishman's sketches. From such productions turn at once to his latter works, his Pauline, his Mother of Buonaparte, his Endymion, his Magdalen—we mean his Recumbent, not his Kneeling Magdalen—and there can be no need to say another word concerning the affectation of his early, and the comparative simplicity of his concluding works.

Canova's genius, when he had gone so far in weaning it from its unnatural singularities, gave a new impulse to Italian sculpture. Italy had long contented herself with vulgar transcripts of nature, and with a sordid adherence to the mere shapes of the antique.

The human form, clothed in grace and breathing many soft attractions, was something new. With an original power of conception immeasurably below the illustrious artists of Greece, he fairly rivalled them in the vivid grace and exquisite skill of his execution, and his success infused fresh life into the expiring arts of Rome. But if he looked impartially, as he imagined he did, to living nature and to finished art, for aid and inspiration, his true *ambition* was nevertheless to work in the antique spirit; he was far more anxious to re-create works which time had destroyed than to awake any new emotions by fresh images of life and loveliness. More than fifty of his groups and statues are from heathen history, fabulous or real, and most of them indeed bear the very names of works of Greece which the world has lost. The vanity of his nature made him aspire to restore the perished wonders of antiquity to their pedestals. The names of most of his productions will show the bent and aim of his mind;—Apollo crowning himself; Theseus and the Minotaur; Statue of Cupid; Venus crowning Adonis, with Cupid bringing Flowers; a Statue of Psyche; Briseis delivered to the Heralds; Socrates drinking the Poison; Return of Telemachus; Death of Priam; Procession of Trojan Matrons; Dance of the Daughters of Alcinous; Socrates pleading before the Judges; Crito closing the eyes of Socrates; Cupid and Psyche recumbent; Adonis and Venus; Hebe pouring out Nectar; a winged Cupid; Venus dancing with the Graces; Death of Adonis; Birth of Bacchus; Socrates saving Alcibiades in battle; Cupid and Psyche standing; Perseus with Medusa's Head; Creugas and Damoxenus, boxers; Hercules destroying his children; Hercules and Lychas; Venus victorious; Venus coming out of the bath; Theseus combating the Centaur; a Dancing Nymph; Statue of Paris; Statue of Hector; Statue of the Muse Terpsichore; the Cymbal Nymph; the Garland Nymph; Statue of Ajax; the Muse Polyhymnia; group of the Graces; Recumbent Nymph listening to the Lyre of Cupid; Venus and Mars; Statue of Venus; Statue of Endymion; and many more of the same ancient families of heroes and gods.

Upon such materials historical accuracy compelled him to work, as much as his natural genius permitted him, in the antique spirit and character; and that he imagined he was working in that manner we have his own boast and the reproaches of his brother artists to assure us. When he was thinking of what Lysippus or Phidias had done, he was not consulting the emotions of his own bosom; when he was seeking to revive anew the demigods of Greece, he was casting away sense for the sake of shape: Could he feel as a Greek felt? What was Hecuba to him? The intense nationality of feeling, the genuine ardour with which of old

poets

poets wrote, orators spoke, and artists modelled was all past and gone; it could neither be inherited nor revived, and the Grecian renovations of Canova are the weakest of all his productions.

Complete success was indeed impossible, and for the little he gained he paid a heavy penalty. He disobeyed the internal craving of the heart to stamp upon the natural offspring of imagination the forms and characters which live around us. He was obliged to forget his native country and all the emotions which home and kindred excite—in short, to think for a remote age and a strange people. He was compelled to surrender himself as far as he could to Greece, feel with other men's hearts, see through Athenian eyes, make judgment an alien, and wean his affections from all that he naturally loved. All this required some fortitude, a a little bad taste, and—after all—it perhaps could only be accomplished by a second rate spirit. Genius of a high and commanding order would always, in the language of Schiller, 'guide the future rather than follow the past;' it finds matter fit for its use in the world it lives in, evokes, from among the materials of living life, forms of beauty and dignity, and impresses upon them a distinct image of its own time and nation. In this way Homer sung and Phidias carved, and indeed all the master minds of the world have never failed to embody in their works the form and pressure of their own days, purified and exalted according to their peculiar taste and genius. Against this historical precept Canova, in common with most modern sculptors, was a frequent rebel. Let no one say that he was driven into antiquity, by the rigour of modern dress—that he fled to Greece to enjoy the luxury of unattired nature. The free manners of Italy, the generous hardihood of her maidens and matrons, the splendid images strewn over the pages of Dante, Tasso and Ariosto, the heroes of his country, the saints whom he worshipped, and the miracles in which he believed, all cry out against Canova.

It will however be observed by those who examine carefully the works of Canova that he has attempted something of an union between Italian nature, his own feelings and the Grecian antique. He did strive to engraft a tree of a sweeter fruit on the old heathen stock; and for such an undertaking he had certainly many qualifications. From his childhood he had lived all day among works of ancient inspiration and the sculptures of Michael Angelo, and at night he had lain down to dream on the very dust of classic works. The living beauties of Italy crowded round him, eager to afford his chissel the unreserved advantage of all their charms, and, with a liberality which would bring blushes to the cheek of the most magnanimous lady in our island, princesses and peeresses, for the encouragement of art and the glory of their country, sat and stood

as Eve did of old and were not ashamed. No man therefore could come with more knowledge to this elected task—how he has acquitted himself the world knows. With the antique in his eye, and the lost works of the ancients in his mind, it is remarkable how little of these high influences are visible in his works. He has lessened the serene majesty of the antique; he has given sweetness and smiles for meekness and gravity, softness for beauty, languor for strength, and the subordinate prettinesses of art for the true manliness of sentiment. There are few of his figures with ancient names which are free from affectation: the very Venus of the Greeks was of a staid character; with them all passion was subdued, and even pain was spiritualized; but Canova did not feel, or disobeyed this visible lesson; he seemed to put his strength in the polished beauty of his workmanship, and in the vitality of his flesh, rather than in the idea which the work was to express. The nature which he did infuse often mingles ungracefully with the materials supplied by old art; his Dancers and his Nymphs are only modest modifications of the girls of the opera, his Graces a renovation of a Grecian group, or an amplification of an antique gem, or a copy from a painting by Rubens, but made his own by an affectation which overpowers the varied elegance of their forms and their exquisite grouping.

In some few instances, nevertheless, in his Perseus with the Medusa's Head, his Mars and Venus, his Hebe, his Endymion, he more than approaches the majesty of ancient sculpture.

His historical works of a civil and religious kind are not his happiest. The eminent painters and sculptors of Italy, with Raphael and Michael Angelo at their head, had filled the churches and palaces as well as the hearts of the people with divine subjects—saints, legends, miracles. Something new was wanted, and as nothing that Canova could create was likely to divide with Raphael the admiration of mankind, his religious works are generally cold, obscure abstractions, which excite curiosity without informing the mind or touching the heart. The grace and airiness of his style was out of place in a statue of Religion, and he has sought by colossal magnitude to excite awe and express the grandeur of our faith. Such austere subjects were far too heavy for his handling. Whatever action can tell he accomplished, and he gave buoyancy and motion to his nymphs and his youths such as no sculptor has ever surpassed; but he had little mind to give, and less loftiness of thought. There was something of truth, though more of malignity, in the accusation of his fellow artists that he wrought without taste or fire. The vanity of the artist brought him ready relief. He flew to the Vatican, gazed on the antique, and returned satisfied with himself and with his works.

A man

A man must be on very good terms with himself who can come from before those great works without feeling their godlike serenity and their unattainable excellence. But at that time the barren mannerism of the Roman school had supplanted nature, and the antique was held up as the only model of excellence; the Gothic notions of beauty were tried by the standard of Greece; and to copy, plunder is the right word, with a servile hand, and transfer ancient limb and lineament to the sculptor's model, was held worthier of ambition than the awakening of a new and natural feeling. Canova was, therefore, perhaps prudent in sheltering himself behind his antique shield from the venomous missiles of the Roman critics. It was clever to inlist on his side those venerable prejudices; but a man who works from the fullness of nature will look neither to the right nor to the left, but fulfil in silence his own desires, and create according to his own spirit, regardless of the counsel of friends or the censure of critics.

Yet here again we must admit that the rule has its exceptions. Some of the devotional labours of the artist are of very peculiar beauty; the Recumbent Magdalen, in the possession of Lord Liverpool, has a pathos which goes to the heart. The John the Baptist is simple and innocent—though the young prophet wants that divine wildness with which the early painters of Italy invested him.*

But beautiful as these exceptions are, the true and lasting fame of Canova must flow from another source. One class of his works faintly reflects the antique, another personifies religious feeling; but the third and best class embodies Italian life and Italian beauty, and rises into originality of thought and form worthy of the fame of the sculptor. It was from this living source that the artists of Greece themselves drew their images of classic loveliness, and no one has been more successful in finding beauty at his own door, when he condescended to seek it there, than Canova. His statues of the Buonapartes are a proof of this. His Napoleon, his Pauline and his Madame Buonaparte all show with what skill he could idealize on the human form—avoid a gross and literal copy—extract from it the proportion and beauty which the poetry of sculpture requires, yet still keep nature for his guide, and never for a moment, from his love of the visionary, lose sight of the family character of form and face—that distinguishing stamp of intellect which nature gave so liberally, and which some of its possessors so grievously abused. The majesty of Napoleon, the matron-like gravity of his mother, and the voluptuous beauty of his favourite sister are only three natural personations: and while we admire the skill and grace of the sculptor's work we

* The model, with all its brass points of admeasurement, is in the gallery of Chantrey.

feel assured that we stand in the presence of forms which have lived and breathed. Had he always wrought in this way, his fame would have been far higher than it is likely to be. He suffered the idle cry which was raised about the antique, the levity of his countrymen and the affectation of stage heroines, to influence him too much; and it was not until life had begun to decline that he turned himself sincerely and boldly to the simple modesty of nature.

We cannot say farewell to Canova, without pausing to say something of the Sculpture of our native island, and we shall endeavour to do so with perfect honesty and freedom; we shall try its merits by the standard of nature, by the truth of history; we shall spare no censure where it speaks in an unnatural or unintelligible tongue, neither shall we be avaricious of our praise when it appears in a shape worthy of the genius of our country. A glance at what other nations have done before us, will establish the great vital principles—nature and nationality—and serve to explain the strange and absurd mixture of heathen gods, abstract personification and pure nature, which is so lamentably predominant in our public and private monuments. It will show that every nation wrought after its own heart; that every great people had an original spirit of their own; and that the wise and unfettered use of the native genius of the land is the only way to eminence in anything that the world accounts noble and great. The student will also learn that the works by which he may safely hope for fame must originate not in the antique, but in his own heart and imagination; and that, where nature has denied her highest gift, the most incessant study and the most consummate skill can only carry sculpture to where genius begins, and there leave it in despair.

The earliest sculpture was in its nature like poetry, historical and religious. Man's reverence of super-human power and admiration of his own actions have moved him in every age. The ancient gods of Egypt were like the present gods of the East, an insult to the human form. The sculpture of the Egyptian fell below the mark of manhood; that of Greece rose above it; and the works of the Romans were but a feeble or servile revival of the productions of Athens. Still the character of the works of those three powerful nations was expressly the same—heaven and history. The barbarians who ravaged the falling empire of Rome, if they brought not from their native woods the same principles of sculpture, at least carried them away, and the early churches of France and England are covered round and round with miracles wrought by the saints—the sufferings of the martyrs—legends of the church—devout processions and religious ceremonies. National

tional pride added to religious vanity its kings, counsellors, and warriors, while domestic affection brought long after a sculpture of its own, which forms one of the chief glories of our English art.

How much of the old Egyptian spirit found its way into the works of Greece it is of no use to inquire; the manner in which those nations felt and wrought on similar objects is as different as inborn vulgarity is from natural grace. The men of Egypt were truly a wonderful race. They had notions of durability in their works which no other nation has succeeded in imitating:—they seemed to work as if they laughed at time, war, barbarism. They hewed temples with all their columns and colossal gods out of hills of solid rock. They laboured on a scale almost as grand as nature herself. In sculpture they had just conceptions, but their execution was rude, hideous, and startling. They were a clumsy-handed race; quantity was every thing with them, or almost so, quality but little; they wished to please themselves and astonish posterity, and they succeeded. The colossal remains of their sculpture show us how far they carried the art and how they felt and acted. The first gigantic gropings of the genius of sculpture are there.

The Greeks took up this art as they did oratory, poetry and painting, and carried it to the highest excellence it has ever reached. They took it from the Egyptians and the Assyrians, rude in form, coarse in execution, poor in sentiment, and from the absence of genius, directed to no wise and salutary aim. Into this grim and shapeless creation of old art they poured their own sense and soul—they inspired it with heroism, majesty, beauty. They found all this in their own thoughts and within the limits of Greece. No country could truly call itself the foster-parent of their sculpture—the twin beauty of Castor and Pollux came from no Egyptian egg—the cubs of old Nile could never have been licked and moulded into the forms of Greece. To them sculpture was a passion, an existence, like poetry and eloquence; wherever they found the first notions of art, the sense which animated it was their own. They covered their hills with statues of nymphs and heroes, and filled their temples and groves with gods. Their cities were emblazoned with their history fabulous and real, and on every hand were fixed the statues of their warriors and legislators. On their homes and their household things they set the seal of their own imagination; their sculpture, like their poetry, was founded in belief, in history, and in good sense. They made nothing with the hope that posterity would find out a meaning for it. The very ornaments of their temples spoke, and their sculpture had a tongue as eloquent and clear as their oratory. Climate is a great patron of sculpture; and the vivid

beauty of the workmanship remained long uninjured in the open air of that mild and sunny region.

On the Syrian palaces and in the temples of the deserts, travellers yet observe the marks of Grecian genius. A mythology, recommended by the song of Homer, and the almost equally divine labours of sculptors, was widely spread; and nations who refused to bow to the arms of Greece, admitted her religion, bowed to her deities and consulted her oracles. Even when their proper altars were overthrown, the gods of the Greeks descended to the Christians. They took them to the font and baptized them. Minerva was Wisdom; Mercury, Eloquence; Venus, Beauty; Hercules, Strength; Apollo, Poetry; Neptune, Father Eridanus, or Father Tiber, or Father Nile. In this heathen train came the dark legion of Abstract Ideas, of whom Nero was a patron in his verse; his 'longribbed Appenine' has been the fruitful mother of many a personified hill, and 'maternal Rome' has begotten many a city-lady with turrets on her brows to sit and do nothing on our monuments. That progeny of the brain infested our literature, and deformed our painting, and it still lingers in the national sculpture which for a long time it overwhelmed.

The Romans made the conquest of the world so much the passion of their hearts, that they had little enthusiasm to spare for art. They admired the works of Greece and filled Rome with statues, but though they inherited the empire they succeeded not to the genius of that little knot of republics. In their hands sculpture soon degenerated; it became more vulgar and more absurd in every succeeding reign. As they worshipped the gods of Greece, they were content to find them ready made to their hands, and their chief works were statues of their great men, and triumphal columns and arches. Their best and most characteristic sculpture was history. The Column of Trajan represents in one continued winding relief, from the base to the summit, the actions of the emperor, and his statue stands at the top to show him as the consummation of all glory. It is a kind of martial gazette in stone.

These universal conquerors succeeded in fixing slavery and sculpture upon our barbarian ancestors, and the temples and courts of justice were adorned, or, more probably, encumbered with statues of the divinities of the country. The remains of Roman and British art in England are well imagined, but executed with such deficiency of skill as countenances the conjecture, that the gods and altars, as well as the roads of the time, were made by the soldiers. The warlike invaders left something like the love of art behind them when Ætius withdrew his last legion. A brazen statue

statue of King Lud was erected on Ludgate Hill. But the colossal dimensions, and the fierce countenance which Bede celebrates, are bad symptoms. Amplitude had been taken for sublimity, and gigantic ferocity for heroic grandeur.

The Saxons succeeded the Romans, and whatever they did had a dash of the wildness of that blunt people. Their attempts to imitate the human form are savage and hideous. But riches and repose began to aid them in softening down the barbarous rudeness of imitation; and in their sacred architecture they had begun to display some taste, when *their* progress was arrested by the Normans, a people as fierce as themselves. To this band of conquering adventurers we owe, among other benefits, the introduction of a better kind of sculpture. The tombs of the days of William the Norman and his sons were good examples of the Gothic taste; and the forms sculptured upon them were stiff but natural, and intelligible though coarse. As we come along the stream of our history, the beauty of church architecture increases; and the devout meaning and skilful execution of its accompanying sculptures become more and more remarkable. The return of the Crusaders brought a taste for the Grecian art, which was then visible wherever they had marched. The church waxed strong, rich, ambitious, and desirous of splendour. Magnificent abbeys were built, and the whole skill and genius of the land were employed in embellishing them with traditions of the saints and legends of the church. In the days of the third Henry, the desire to excel seemed universal, and many works of true genius adorned our cathedrals. The Creation, the Deluge, the Nativity, the Crucifixion and the Resurrection were designed with a feeling at once scriptural and imaginative; and statues of apostles and saints, sufferings of martyrs, miracles, abbesses, processions of priests and pilgrims, and rites and ceremonies of the church covered the walls, filled the niches and recesses, and even mingled with the foliages of the cornices and bands. On one place the glory of heaven was represented, with saints, souls of just men made perfect, and ministering angels: on another, the horrors of hell—the pangs of damnation, and the writhing of evil spirits. The Day of Judgment was likewise sculptured, and the genius of latter times has added little to the severe and impressive power of the delineation. The Saviour descends with looks of meekness and mercy among his adoring apostles, and beneath him are seen the nations of the earth arising to judgment. Some start up unwillingly and with gestures of horror, while others emerge from the grave with looks of awe and hope. Over the works of those days were scattered much good sense, right feeling, and simple grace, which redeemed the imperfect workmanship.

workmanship. And, what is still more remarkable, arts and literature had not then revived in Italy. Down to the time of the final contest of the people with the church of Rome a love of sculpture prevailed; domestic monuments crowded our cathedrals; and, in the chapel of Henry the Seventh alone, several thousands of figures were carved by native artists with good taste and more than common skill.

The works which we have so hastily described in the mass were of the right kind, since they reflected the religion of the people and the history of the land. They were the offspring of the Christian belief, and, though darkened by superstition, and dedicated to propagate improbable legends and absurd miracles, still they were easy to be understood, and, indeed, were intended for the instruction of the people. The reformed religion disdained the aid of sculpture; it had no saints, no miracles, no legends, and, though it had many martyrs, it refused to have them done in stone; it took up the pen and told their sufferings in history. It had the Angels, and it had the Trinity, and it had the twelve Apostles; but the latter had already been monopolized by the Church of Rome: the Three Persons were held too holy for the chissel; so there was nothing left but the angels. On the angels, accordingly, the sculptors fell, and our monuments have ever since had a copious garniture of figures with wings, both male and female, and a goodly generation of cherubs.

During a century and more our demands for sculpture were mostly supplied by foreign hands, and often from a foreign market. The heathen gods, under the protection of modern names, gained a footing in the island; and a crowd of allegorical creatures came after them—Hopes, Charities, Sensibilities, Fears, Fames, Victories, Valours, Temperances, Modestys, Geniuses, Rapines, Anarchies, Faiths, Religions, Muses, Cities, Kingdoms, Countries—nay, Asia and Africa, America and Europe followed, and London and Thames, and Bristol and Britannia went down to the shore to welcome them. Neither Hume nor any other historian mentions this invasion, which has done more lasting mischief than the Spanish Armada. Look into our cathedrals—there this marble offspring of Affectation and idle Learning are seated; and who shall remove them? It is painful to see our churches crowded with riddles too hard to be read—to hear Sculpture speaking over English dust with an alien tongue. The artists of those days did, however, undertake sometimes to represent nature; but they gave only the lifeless image—they missed the serenity of slumber, and carved the horror of death. We gladly turn away from such misconceptions.

All this evil, or almost all of it, happened to the sculpture of

of Italy herself, as well as to that of England. No influence can prevail against want of genius, and an artist who wants it will, with the best examples before him, only do something silly or absurd. The genius of Michael, in particular, has misled many more than it has wisely inspired. His thoughts were colossal. The forms and the subjects on which he loved to meditate are above the mark of common minds, and it is only a great and a daring master who can wield such elements of art. Even with Angelo the original vivid conception sometimes waxed cold and indistinct during the progress of execution—the first heat of fancy was lost ere the figure started from the block.* His followers had his extravagance without his loftiness—and proved, had any proof been wanting, that tranquil dignity and subdued action are most congenial to sculpture.

The sculpture of the last hundred years has partaken more largely of English feeling and intellect; and, though often deformed by allegory and affectation, debased sometimes by vulgarity, and in general unelevated and monotonous, it contains works of a high and pure order. Of some of her domestic monuments in particular England may be justly proud; here the soundness of the heart has happily prompted many daring acts of rebellion against the false tendency of professional taste.

Cibber was among the first of our artists who returned to sense and nature, and his statues of Raving and Melancholy Madness are the earliest of our works after the Reformation which show an original grasp of mind. The cold insult of Pope is forgotten as we look on those 'Brainless Brothers,' who yet stand foremost in conception and second in execution among all the productions of English sculpture. Those who see them for the first time are fixed to the spot with sorrow and awe; an impression is made on the heart never to be removed—nor is the impression of a vulgar kind. The poetry of those terrible infirmities is presented;—from the degradation of the actual madhouse we turn overpowered and disgusted, but from these statues of Cibber we retire with mingled awe and admiration. The bas-reliefs on the sides of the Fire Monument, and some statues at Chatsworth, revivals of antique gods, are from his chissel. His other labours may be allowed to descend quietly into oblivion.

Rysbrach succeeded Cibber, and Sheemaker came and divided with him the public patronage. Though feeble, literal, and languid, they maintained something of the elevation of style which

* An unfinished marble in the collection of Sir George Beaumont shows at once the genius and impatience of the artist. The group is rough-hewn only—a virgin and child are imaged fairly out, and the character fully expressed; yet there it stands, coarse from the gradina or toothed-chissel, to tell, along with most of his labours, that he wanted the patience and deliberation of well-regulated genius.

Cibber

Cibber introduced; they produced several recumbent figures which seem nature transcribed rather than nature exalted by art, —yet they are nature still, and welcome from *that* novelty. They saw little but what others had seen far better before them. They were heavy and ungraceful—they had not the skill to use Allegory so as to make it understood, or nature so as to render it attractive. Many of their designs indeed were produced by architects: it was the fashion of the day for one man to think and another to carve; and these men had not firmness or genius enough to cast off the great architectural dry-nurse who seemed in a fair way to overlay them both.

Roubiliac's name still stands deservedly high; though it is at this moment suffering under something like an eclipse. His ideas are frequently just and natural, and his execution is always careful and delicate. He spared no labour; he was not afraid of strong relief, of deep and difficult folds and sinkings, and of attitudes which ate up marble and consumed time. But he sacrificed nature and simplicity for the sake of effect; his works are all too lively and too active. He followed the precept of Punch; he still kept moving. He has little sedate beauty, little tranquil thought. Violent passion can be carved by a commoner hand than men imagine. A broad mark is easily hit: but quiet agony of mind and deep thought are less palpable things that demand the hand of a master. Roubiliac dealt largely in abstract ideas, nor did he use them wisely. We may take his monument of Mrs. Nightingale as an example; it is his most famous work, and a work of beauty and pathos—a dying wife and an agonized husband. So far all is natural and consistent. But he could not be satisfied with nature and with simple emotion. He opens an iron door, and sends forth a skeleton—a Death, projecting his allegorical dart against the woman, while the man seeks to stay it with a hand of flesh and blood. Can any thing be more absurd than this strange mixture of shadow and substance? See with what discretion Milton has escaped from the difficulty of describing Death, and yet we feel satisfied with the indistinct image which he gives:—

> 'What seemed his head
> The likeness of a kingly crown had on.'

We have no grinning jaws nor marrowless bones here. When blood was first shed on earth, the same great poet makes death rejoice as a bird of prey smelling coming carnage:—

> 'So scented the grim Feature, and upturned
> His nostrils huge into the dusky air.'

The poet saw the difficulty; ordinary minds see none; and hence the

the sculptor has given us an image which startles and disgusts. It was a saying of Lord Chesterfield's, that Roubiliac was a sculptor, and all his rivals stonecutters; and there is some appearance of truth in this, when we consider only the few of his works wherein conceit and allegory failed to share his affections between them. But he loved, in his heart, Roman togas and antiquebreastplates, and trophies and symbols, and doted on winged boys. His favourite notion was to express lofty thought and heroic feeling, by a crowd of figures and much stir and action: but those high qualities reside neither in multitudes nor in startling attitudes. The statue of Sir Isaac Newton is a splendid exception to this censure. Lord Orford indeed says, that the air is too pert for so grave a man;—but was his lordship ever pleased with any thing but himself? Serene thought inspires the whole figure; the character of the philosopher probably sobered down the French fancy of the sculptor; at all events, whether it be the fortunate offspring of a lucky hour, or the deliberate creation of settled thought, it is one of the noblest statues in the island. The library of Trinity College, Cambridge, contains, moreover, six busts from his chissel, which Chantrey has admired, studied, and scarcely surpassed.

Wilton has all the distempered fancy of Roubiliac, without any of the Frenchman's poetry. He never deviates into nature; never disturbs the heart of the spectator with any kind of emotion. His groups are mobs; his figures seem reeling and intoxicated: there is no gravity, no repose; all is on the stretch till action becomes painful. In those strange confusions of his, called public monuments, the eye seeks in vain for a resting-place; the whole mass seems moving like a wave of the sea, and the sentiment which all this stir aspires to embody is generally very silly or conceited. His monuments are of the form of pyramids, down the slopes of which the figures seem tumbled at random. There is some mechanical skill in his workmanship, and some figures might be singled out worthy both of praise and imitation; but his general fault is weakness. He was the first who freed the sculptors from the ridiculous guardianship of architects; his love of independence and the spirit with which he asserted it were greater than his genius. He shook off the fetters only that he might have the pleasure of committing absurdities for himself.

Bacon infused more English sense into sculpture than any of his predecessors. He added a little dignity and a little manliness to the allegorical school of design. Amidst his personifications of cities and countries, and virtues and qualities, and his crowds of chubby boys, large about the middle and long in the wing, there frequently appeared something of a better nature; his

his happier judgment seemed often on the point of vanquishing allegory, but the dark abstraction always prevailed. Forms which came without the pain of study or the labour of meditation, were made too welcome; he was ambitious of finding a new labour for Hercules, and a Christian employment for Minerva. Nor was he content with the common circulating medium of allegory; he added new figures, without succeeding in making us understand them. His ingenuity in letting us into the secret of his meaning was something in the way of a badge or label; a pot with a sensitive plant indicated the statue of Sensibility. Bacon's skill in workmanship was great, and he never spared it. His draperies are too fluttering and voluminous. His monuments are crowded with figures, and overloaded with auxiliary symbols. British lions, horns of plenty, and idle boys abound.

But let us conclude with praise: Bacon's statue of Samuel Johnson is an excellent work—stern, severe, full of surly thought and conscious power: and his Howard has the look of the philanthropist. The limbs, arms and necks of both are naked; but the sentiment overcomes historical inaccuracy. These statues stand at the entrance to the choir of St. Paul's; and Johnson with his scroll, and Howard with his key, have been mistaken for St. Paul and St. Peter.

Bankes with some poetry in his nature failed in impressing it strongly on his productions. He dismissed all the idle pageantry with which Wilton and Bacon had overlaid their monuments, and sought to make a few figures express an intelligible story. His allegories—for artists were long in learning to tell in a simple way that a man died for his country—his allegories are obvious, or at least not easy to be mistaken. Victory crowns Captain Westcott with laurel—and Victory gives Captain Burgess her sword. There are two monuments and but four figures, yet no artist has contrived with such small means to give so much offence. Only think of Victory, a modest well dressed lady, presenting a sword to a naked gentleman!—historical truth and national delicacy are alike wounded. He thought that dress concealed sentiment, and that his hero had only to be naked to be heroic. He was ever aspiring after simplicity and loftiness—had a profound contempt for all that was modern, and thought that the charm of the antique arose from its nudity. The present costume of our country is much more comfortable than poetic, nor is it to be compared for a moment with the flowing robes of the Asiatic Greeks. Yet in a monument which pretends to record history, there should be some little attempt at historical accuracy. No British warriors carry antique shields—wear sandals—or go naked into battle. Bankes, however, did sometimes condescend to court British nature—

ture—his figure of the daughter of Sir Brooke Boothby is the first of that kind of domestic sculpture, or rather it is a revival in a better taste of the old natural monuments in our churches. Were such a figure produced now it would be forgotten in a day—but a work which was the forerunner of such excellence as Flaxman and Chantrey have exhibited, merits a different fate. Of his statue of Achilles mourning the loss of Briseïs he was justly vain: it merits to be in marble. But the English people should not be reproached for want of taste in not admiring it. Achilles cannot force himself on our affections; and our sculptors have themselves to blame for not having discovered the fact long ago.

The bust sculpture of Nollekens is deservedly esteemed. This popular branch of the art, when confined to legislators, warriors, orators, and poets, becomes the handmaid of history; but the calls of vanity bring a thousand heads to the sculptor's chissel, which have no other claim to distinction than what money purchases, while a man of genius contents himself with the fame of his productions, and is either too poor or too careless to confer a marble image of his person on posterity. Nollekens, like Bankes, had the ambition to introduce a purer and more tasteful style of art, but the works on which he expended his invention and employed his skill, promise to make but an ungrateful return. His busts, which he considered as the mere small change that enabled him to buy his marble and pay his men, will alone preserve his name. In his well known Venus he strove hard with the antique—in his statue of Pitt he aspired to give an historical image of English mind, and in his monument to the three Captains, Manners, Bayne and Blair, he sought to outdo the works of Roubiliac and Bacon. He has not succeeded in any of these attempts. His Venus wants the great charm of original thought and natural propriety of action. A handsome limb and a fine body will not carry a sculptor through without higher qualities. The goddess is dropping incense on her hair from a bottle, and looking aside. Had he made her comb her locks like the ladies in the old ballads, she might have done with her eyes what she pleased; but in pouring out liquid the eye must aid the hand. We see that the action requires such attention, and the absence of it has spoiled the statue. Pitt is too theatrical—he is standing and looking with all his might—the action passes the bounds of self-possession and clear-headed thought. By the judicious use of the university gown—the statue belongs to Cambridge—the more incurable parts of modern dress are concealed, and Nollekens has fairly earned the rare praise of having used modern costume like a man of taste. His monument to the Three Captains has all that art in the absence of genius can give. Britannia does all that Britannia

tannia can do to show her sorrow for her sons; and Neptune fishes their bodies out of the sea that Fame may fly over them with her laurel. The workmanship only wants a good subject. When Nollekens ceased to make busts he ceased to interest us—he is feeble and unimaginative—but place the head of a man of sense before him, and all that nature had given, and no more, he could transfer to his marble. He studied at Rome, but a man who takes moderate genius thither cannot expect to bring much excellence away. Young artists are all eager to have an impulse given to their minds at the ancient school of sculpture; and perhaps they are right—for our noblemen and gentlemen often give commissions to talent when they find it in Rome, which they would allow to starve at home.

In Flaxman's mind the wish to work in the classic style of Greece and the love to work in the original spirit of England have held a long and an equal war, sometimes forming natural and beautiful unions, and often keeping purely and elegantly asunder. To the aid of his art he brought a loftier and more poetical mind than any of our preceding sculptors—and learning unites with good sense and natural genius in all the works which come from his hand. He has penetrated with a far deeper sense of the majesty of Homer, into the Iliad and Odyssey, than Canova, who dedicated his whole life to the renovation of the antique, nor has he failed to catch the peculiar inspiration of whatever poet his fancy selected for illustration. We do not mean to say that he has entered into all the minute graces—the more evanescent and elusive qualities, those happinesses of thought and elegant negligences of nature which are subordinate to the ruling sentiment whether of heroism or of pathos. But we feel that he has never failed to reflect a true general image of the great original—we see the same grave majesty and the same simplicity, and we own the group at once as the offspring of the spirit of Homer, Æschylus, or Dante. These works have spread the fame of Flaxman far and wide—for they fly where marble cannot be carried; they have given the world a high idea of the present genius of England. On the bulk of his works in marble he has impressed the same serene and simple spirit—he always thinks justly, his conceptions are all inspired by strong sense and by the severer part of poetic feeling. But his workmanship is often slovenly and his draperies heavy. His statues trust entirely to the sentiment they visibly express, they can have little fame from the subordinate graces of careful execution. The sculptor's conception triumphs over the negligences of his hand, and possessed, as he is, of the loftier part, he seems unsolicitous about the lesser. But in all the works of great minds he will see, and we are sure he has seen,

seen, that though they have often dashed off at a lucky hit, at one heat of the fancy, many of their finest designs, yet they have never neglected the charms of finished workmanship. Michael Angelo and Flaxman are the only two sculptors who, with genius for the minute as well as the grand, have dared sometimes to be remiss, and leave sentiment to make its way without the accompanying graces of skilful labour. Like other artists of his time our countryman deals in Britannias and Muses, and Historys and Minervas, but his learning and his poetry enable him to confine allegory to its own proper employment. His abstract ideas at least labour in character—Valour buries not the slain, Victory digs no graves, and Ocean never comes far inland. He makes such figures the quiet, the thoughtful occupants of a monument, looking sentiment rather than acting it. But these are labours too cold for genius like his:—to express one thing by means of another is a way of getting rid of a difficulty which invention such as Flaxman's ought to despise. The sculptor, who speaks by means of ideas done in marble, works with very limited materials. What can Valour do but win a battle?—Victory can only hover over a general or perch on a standard—Wisdom can at the best sit still and look wise. The fancy of Flaxman is prolific, his works are scattered largely abroad, and, though far advanced in life, he still works with all the eagerness and enthusiasm of youth.

Westmacott has shared largely in public and in private favour, and some of the most expensive of our monuments have been confided to his talents. He has in so far profited by the wise example of West and the good sense of Flaxman, obeyed the admonition of our cold climate, and respected the blushes of our ladies—and clothed some of his works in the costume of the country. He has tried the allegorical, the natural, and the poetical, and to which of them he is most devoted it is impossible to guess. His nature is rather heavy, his allegories somewhat startling, and his poetry deficient in elegance and simplicity. We like his nature the best. In his Hindoo Girl there is a certain wildness of eye; the stamp of a remote land is upon her: and in his Widowed Mother and Child he has attained the pathos of truth. A little more, not of workmanship alone, but of genius, and those works would have been excellent. We would advise him to go to Westminster Abbey, and instantly remove the stick and bundle of rags from the feet of his Widowed Mother: they mingle vulgarity with her look of sorrow, and spoil the sweetest group he ever executed. His allegory we cannot endure—no man can be much gratified with what he cannot well understand, and even when we have pondered out Mr. Westmacott's meaning, our toil has no reward in pleasure. We stood and looked on his Colling-

wood stretched cold on the deck of that ship which had so often borne him to victory, and watched, as we imagined, by the guardian angel of his country; and said in our hearts—'This is poetical.' But we were mistaken. It is a Fame and not an Angel that guards the admiral's body, while a large figure, a Neptune or a Father Thames, lies dry and comfortable on the sea-side gazing on the melancholy spectacle. This poverty of invention is not redeemed by any particular beauty of workmanship.

His poetical work from Horace was made rather in ignorance of the limit of his art. The vision of the poet was bold and graphic, and the images which made it glow in verse were objects beautiful for their varied colours rather than their form. But it is by form and sentiment alone that sculpture lives: the winding motion of a snake with its vivid hues, its glittering eye and poisonous tongue are all matters for poetry and not for marble; the snake of the sculptor is no longer the snake of the poet, when stript of its gorgeous emblazonry. But human character is the same in both, and men can recognize in marble the female beauty which they have felt in verse. The severity of sculpture rejects all that owes its importance to colour. A lady arrayed in gems and jewels, and all the pride of elaborate dress, shines on the painter's canvass: but transfer her to marble, and all those accessories become deformities. Her rings, rubies, diamonds, her Vandyke capes, her clasps, tags, tassels—we make sad work, we are afraid, among these toys, but we shall be understood—all these are converted into lumps of dull stone which sparkle no longer, but only pull the fair form of the lady down. She is no longer a breathing figure of flesh and blood—her diamonds catch no lustre from her skin, nor communicate any to it: the rubies in her ears no longer glitter as she goes, and the pearls and gold glance no more amidst her ringlets:—woman, woman alone, with all her pomp laid aside, is the study for the sculptor.

The statues of this artist merit some attention; they are numerous, and they are all historically correct with regard to portraiture; but their costume is of a mixed nature, sometimes of a Roman, sometimes of an English character, yet neither the one nor the other in perfection. The antique part wants graceful simplicity, the modern is inclined to be coarse; he is unable to vanquish the obstinate flaps, lappels and kneebands of English dress. The statue of Addison is not ill imagined: yet it wants somehow the general air of a gentleman, and the feet are, we fear, too heavy to be moved by the legs without pain. Of his Pitt we cannot judge; it stands so high in Westminster Abbey and in so dark a place as to be secure from criticism. The statue of Fox is a dull and clumsy performance. That of the late Lord Erskine has a manly

manly air; but the drapery is frittered into too many folds, and the feet are shapeless. Sculptors are unskilful in the management of a human foot in a shoe. They make what they call historical feet, very broad and very flat, and think them good enough for standing upon.

The renovation of the statue of Achilles in honour of Wellington and Waterloo surpasses all imaginable absurdity. By what perversity of fancy the cast of an antique figure was thought a fit visible record of English glory it is impossible to say. The statue of Achilles (if Achilles it be) had already told its story to the world, and it was a strange piece of tyranny to press it into the British service; but in our service it cannot abide; remove the inscription and the Greek is a Greek again. We hardly blame Westmacott for this: it is honourable enough to make money in an honest way, and we are obliged to the hand which extends our acquaintance among works of genius. But who would dedicate a translation of the Iliad as a national trophy to the honour of the heroes of Waterloo? We wish the cast so well as to wish it exchanged for a statue of our own great captain: and Mr. Westmacott himself has shown, in his Sir Ralph Abercrombie, that no antique mould is necessary when a British hero is to be celebrated by a British artist.

England may justly be proud of Chantrey; his works reflect back her image as a mirror; he has formed his taste on no style but that of nature, and no works of any age or country but his own can claim back any inspiration which they have lent him. He calls up no shapes from antiquity: he gives us no established visions of the past; the moment he breathes in, is his; the beauty and the manliness which live and move around him are his materials, and he embodies them for the gratification of posterity. He seems to work as if he were unconscious of any other rival but nature—the antique is before him, but he prefers flesh and blood, and it would certainly cost him far more labour to imitate the work of another school, than to create an image from the impulse of his own feeling. Robert Burns said, that the muse of his country found him as Elijah did Elisha, at the plough, and threw her inspiring mantle over him—and the same may be said of Chantrey: it was in a secluded place, a nameless spot, into which art had never penetrated, that the inspiration of sculpture fell upon him: the desire of the art came over him before he knew to what toil he was tasking his spirit. Nature had taken possession of his heart and filled it with forms of English loveliness before he knew that the works of Greece existed;—and to this we attribute his success and his fame. An air of freedom and ease—

of vigour which comes not from the muscle but from the mind—of sentiment making action her auxiliary, and a look of life and reality are stamped on all his statues, busts and groups. He courts repose—he seems not averse to gentle action, but has never yet sought in violent motion for elements either of sadness or solemnity. We call this not only the true but the classic sculpture of our country. The Greeks charmed the whole earth by working exactly in this spirit. But the liberties which the Greeks took with their Olympus gave them an advantage over modern sculptors. A Christian artist allows not his fancy to invade the sanctities of heaven—he presumes not to embody its shapes—he dares not define the presence of God. Our best sculpture is therefore of a grosser nature—less ætherial in form, and less god-like in sentiment.

The works of Chantrey are all of a domestic or historical kind; he has kept the preserve of pure poetry for the time when his hand may have uninterrupted leisure, and the cares of providing for existence shall no longer have any right to interfere with fancy. His statues are numerous, and we like his sitting ones the best. Meditation and thought are at their freedom when the body is at rest; and though some of our poets have conceived and composed in the act of walking, we hold that a man who thinks seated will always look more like a man in grave thought than one who stands, let him think ever so stoutly. James Watt is still living as far as sculpture can prolong life; his perfect image meditating on the extraordinary power which man wields so easily and profitably is preserved to the world. The statue of Chief Baron Dundas is graceful and unaffected; that of Dr. Anderson is the literal and perfect image of the happy and benevolent old man; and that of Dr. Cyril Jackson must please all who knew the Dean, or love flowing draperies and the memory of Christ Church Walk. Of his erect figures Washington is our favourite; the hero of American independence seems the very personification of one wrapt up in thought—a man of few words, of prompt deeds, with a mind and fortitude for all emergencies. Grattan is a being of another class—earnest, voluble, in motion more than any other of the artist's works, and yet with something both of dignity and of serenity beyond what the orator possessed. Horner is anxious, apprehensive, and mildly grave; you look, expecting him to speak. General Gillespie is a fine manly martial figure.

In all these works we admire a subordinate beauty—a decorous and prudent use of modern dress. All its characteristic vulgarities are softened down or concealed. There is no aggravation of tassels,

sels, no projection of buttons. Though we are conscious that there is an art used in hiding these deformities, the skill of the sculptor has contrived to conceal it in nature.

Mr. Chantrey's groups, though the most admired, are not perhaps the happiest of his works. The Two Children, the Two Females on Wildman's monument, and the Mother and Children on that of David P. Watts are our favourites. The pathos of his Two Children goes to the heart of every mother; the exquisite sweetness of workmanship is subdued by the sentiment. His Lady Louisa Russell is one of those fair and happy images of youth, which even old age might go a long journey to worship.

Chantrey is a very prolific genius; his marble progeny are numerous. His busts first brought him into notice, and laid the foundation of his fame; and they are besides the most admirable productions of that kind in the world. Of his statues and groups there are scores, but of his busts hundreds. We must name some few of our chief favourites:—Horne Tooke, Rennie, Watt, Wordsworth, Scott, John Hookham Frere, Raphael Smith, Professor Playfair, the Bishop of London, The King—but we must have done. Of all these, perhaps that of Sir Walter Scott is the best. The poet has a face as changeable and various as the characters he draws in his works, and an expression which nothing but genius something akin to his own can hope to seize. In this remarkable bust the brow is full of thought, the eyes look through one, and there is a grave humour about the mouth which seems ready to escape in speech. The whole face is finished with the most fascinating skill. The poet sat whilst the sculptor chiselled; and there was many a merry word between them.

Bailey studied under Flaxman. His conceptions are in general just, and his workmanship almost always good. His Eve is lovely; and Poetry inspiring Painting, a group of considerable promise. Painting is breathing of enthusiasm, but Poetry seems rather a severe instructress—the grouping is skilful and natural. We would advise him to seek fame in works of softness, and grace, and find the subjects at home. With his knowledge of nature, and his skill in using it—and with his feeling for the antique as an inspirer, and no more—he cannot fail of success.

The excellence of our present school of sculpture, and the general regard which its works command, have had an influence on the youth of our island; and among many aspirants, F. Smith, Behnes, Joseph, and Scoular, seem to be the most hopeful.

The genius of England has never yet flowed out so freely in sculpture as it has done in poetry. There is, indeed, less room for its ardour, less fame when perfection is attained, and less

chance, when all is done that art can do, of its enduring amidst the accidents of time and the changes of nations. The 'winged words' of poetry fly over the face of the earth; but the sculptor's work is of a heavy and fragile kind: it suffers by removal, loses sadly in copying, is stript of all its external grace if exposed for a few years to our damp chill climate, and when the original model is broken or injured, the memory of its beauty is all, or almost all, that it can live by. Our domestic sculpture and our public monuments have found refuge in our churches, but there they are locked and bolted up from the curiosity of mankind and from the eyes of our children, who have not always money in their pockets to pay for a sight of the heroes and sages of their country. The public monuments scattered thinly about our squares, are of bronze; and these metal kings, warriors and statesmen, grim with dust and smutched with smoke, look at a little distance like so many black shapeless masses, without form or character. Our poetic sculpture stands in the galleries of the noble and the rich, and is inaccessible to 'the general.' The thoughtless barbarity of individuals in times past has thrown great obstacles in the way; and we are far indeed from blaming those whose duty it is to preserve, from adopting the only effectual means of preservation. But it is impossible not to see and regret that Sculpture cannot become a national passion till the people feel what it is; and that before they can feel it, they must see it freely.

Another reason for our indifferent success is to be sought for in the cold petrifactions of allegory, which speak a language the mass of the people will never learn; and a third in the slavish regard for the antique, which, following its external shape rather than feeling the impulse of its spirit, has driven almost all that is of English growth from its studies. To this school of frozen form the heart of Britain will never respond. To give new varieties of Venus and Mars, to impress the external character of ancient Greece upon what is addressed to the popular taste of this island, is a vain labour. The Apollo and the Venus, the Laocoon and the Dying Gladiator, are works which the sculptor should feel it is presumptuous to imitate; and not only presumptuous, but vain. The works, of which these wonderful creations form a part, have carried away all the admiration that the world has to spare to antiquity; they have their own excellence and the fame of thousands of years upon them, and rivalry is hopeless. But artists are an audacious race. Your youth from the counter or the plough must needs aspire to make his Venus, his Apollo, his Hercules. He attempts forms when he begins, which he never can equal when he leaves off; but to measure his undisciplined

plined strength with the demigods of antiquity he accounts a noble daring,—and his vanity is gratified with a medal. This kind of slavery may fill our artists' studies with fine shapes and heads conformable to act of parliament; but the soul which animates with thought, or endows with pathos, is not there; and the skill to bestow it cannot be found among all the oracles of all the ancients. The artist who follows nature, who embodies the forms which fancy creates from life, and who desires to give an original image of his day and people, what can he take from the antique? —let us emulate but not imitate.

So long as *shape* is the chief object in sculpture, there is little hope of excellence. To express a sentiment is something, to have a visible meaning is much; but to have a fine form without them is nothing. The remains of ancient genius which have descended to us, are all nature of some kind. But in our national sculpture what will posterity see?—dark and undefinable allegories usurping the pedestals where the spirit and sense which were abroad in old Greece would have placed statues of our princes, our poets, our warriors by sea and land, our priests, our counsellors, and all those who have established the fame of Britain. Let us look into St. Paul's and see what art has done for the heroes of our last great war. There are, we believe, thirty-nine government or public monuments. Some seven of these are statues—of their excellence we say nothing. Six more are strictly historical in their nature—of them also we are silent. This leaves twenty-six; and let us examine these in the mass, for they will not singly, with the exception of one or two, bear any thing like particular handling.

In those twenty-six monuments, there are nine Britannias, six Fames, five Valours, thirteen Victorys, one Minerva, and seventeen Neptunes, Rivers, Histories, Sensibilities, Geniuses, Muses, British Lions, and the like, all full grown—besides a countless multitude of lesser allegories strewn over the pedestals. Now to what far distant land is invention fled? Is there any merit in repeating the same figures for ever—in stereotyping Britannias and Victorys? Poetry long ago purified its page of this lumber. Painting has nearly succeeded in expelling the demon of abstract personification from her canvass, but sculpture continues her worship in spite of the laughter of mankind. Simple statues, without any of these accompaniments, would make the best monuments, and illustrate history in a way worthy of the country. Plutarch—for classic authority is great in matters of Gothic mouths and noses—Plutarch looked for portraiture in the statues of Athens, and since the Greeks condescended to have their heroes in marble, looking as they looked in life, we may safely do the

same;—nature and history, and the antique, luckily unite in demanding it.

It gives us great pleasure to observe, that the works which the Committee for the Government Monuments have *lately* sanctioned are of this kind, and that those artists at least who aspire to such patronage, will be no longer allowed to substitute their worn out fictions for the fresh images of life.

ART. VII.—1. *Faust, a Drama, by Goethe, with Translations from the German.* By Lord Francis Leveson Gower. 2d Edition. London. 1825. 2 vols.

2. *Posthumous Poems.* By Percy Bysshe Shelley. 8vo. London. 1824.

THIRTY years have elapsed since Sir Walter Scott commenced his literary career by a translation of Goethe's earliest drama, Götz von Berlichingen of the Iron Hand. That spirited essay appears to have attracted little notice at the moment, and has never been reprinted; while, in the intervening years, bald and feeble versions of Werther, Herman and Dorothea, and some minor dramas, have been doing much injury to the author's fame in this country. His Memoirs of Himself, maimed and burlesqued by some drudge who must be ignorant of the first elements of the German language, have afforded much matter of merriment even to our professional critics; and, upon the whole, the reader who has trusted to English and French translations can have had little chance to form any thing like an adequate notion of Goethe. The great poet who has contributed more perhaps than any other person to the continental fame of Shakspeare, and latterly to that of Byron, has been ill requited amongst us; although the admiration of many eminent individuals may have sufficiently consoled him for vulgar neglect, and even for the petulancies of our small wits.

Within the last two or three years he and we have been more fortunate. The romance of Wilhelm Meister has been faithfully, and not inelegantly, rendered by Mr. Carlyle, of Edinburgh; Mr. Anster, of Dublin, has given us several of the minor poems —in particular the Bride of Corinth—with much felicity; the late Mr. Shelley has bequeathed us some fragments of the Faust; and there now lies on our table a second edition of a translation of that extraordinary drama, by Lord Francis Gower.

The German critics distinguish three *periods* in the history of Goethe's genius, and attribute the conception and the chief part of the execution of the Faust to the first of these, although it was not, it seems, published until long afterwards. We are by no means

means prepared to follow these gentlemen into their ingenious disquisitions touching the *period of sentiment and power*, the *period of the ideal*, and the *period of the elegant*; but are quite satisfied with the evidence which the work itself affords, that it presents us with the favourite creations of the poet's youthful imagination, elaborated in the maturity of his manhood and his art. Götz, Werther, Meister, and Faust, are all shadowings forth of the feelings of Goethe's own *youth*; and we confess that we can see no distinction between the mind and manner exhibited in the earlier of these and in the later, except what may be easily accounted for by their dates. We miss, in short, in the performances that were published early, the knowledge which implies leisurely observation of our species, the wisdom which follows from the meditation of years, and the elegance which the happiest genius must be content to purchase by patient reiteration of efforts. 'Give me,' says the poet, in his prologue to his Faust—

'Give me the active spring of gladness,
Of pleasure stretch'd almost to pain;
My hate, my love, in all their madness—
Give me my youth again!'

And is answered,

'The wish for youthful force were wise
To win a battle or a race;
Or e'en to gain a softer prize,
In yielding woman's close embrace.
The step of youth to wheel the dance—
The nerves of youth the bowl to drain;
Where music swells, or goblets glance,
We all may wish, and wish in vain.
The cunning hand of art to fling,
With spirit o'er the accustom'd string,
To seem to wander, yet to bend
Each motion to the harmonious end—
Such is the task our ripen'd age imposes,
Which makes our day more glorious ere it closes.'

The work of art which its author has ventured to introduce in this manner, has enjoyed undivided popularity at home, and indeed there is scarcely any German critic who, if called upon to point out the production of the vernacular muse which he considers as most distinguished, whether by originality of conception or by power of execution, would hesitate to name the Faust of Goethe. Of the moral tendency of the performance, on the contrary, very different opinions have been formed, even in Germany: and in this country an unfavourable one appears to have generally prevailed. We confess that we are at a loss to comprehend

hend the grounds on which such an opinion has been maintained by any person acquainted with the drama as a whole; and have little doubt that the English critics who have condemned it as an immoral work, have permitted themselves to judge from mutilated translations. Lord Francis Gower himself has omitted in his version many passages which,—whatever their appearance if singly presented to the reader's eye might be,—could never be considered as ill meant, if regarded in connection with the general strain of the poem,—and, in the total absence of which, justice certainly cannot be done to the true scope and design of the poet. We shall specify one example: he has very well translated the first part of Goethe's 'Prologue in Heaven,' but omits entirely the sequel, in which, instead of the sublime chorus of angels and archangels celebrating the majesty of the spheres, we have the fiend Mephistopheles asking and receiving from the Almighty permission to make trial of the virtue and constancy of 'his servant Faust.' There are some expressions in this dialogue which it might have been well to soften, but its entire omission is all but fatal to the understanding of the drama which ensues: *Faust*, never concluded by Goethe, and thus deprived of its commencement by his translator, can no more be expected to produce its just effect on the mind of the reader, than the Book of Job without its first and its last chapters. It is no great wonder that persons who have considered only an analysis such as Madame de Staël's, or a version thus incomplete, should, in spite of occasional passages, mistake the general purpose of the poet—and accuse him of ridiculing curiosity, knowledge, and virtue, while, in fact, he had himself taken especial precautions (whatever may be thought of the *taste* with which he had selected some of these) to make it clear to every capacity, that the only objects of his attack were the extravagance, restlessness, and misery of curiosity when directed to subjects beyond the legitimate range of human intellect, the uselessness of mere knowledge divorced from wisdom by the intervention of vanity, and the feebleness of that virtue which presumes to rely solely on itself. Faust, a good man at heart, a man of lofty and tender feelings by nature, is to be humbled in his intellectual pride; and for this purpose the devil is permitted to have full power over him, but this, as it is expressly said, only *for a season*.

> '——————————Draw thou
> His spirit from its springs: As thou find'st power
> Seize him, and lead him on thy downward path,
> And stand ashamed when failure teaches thee
> That a good man, even in his darkest longings,
> Is well aware of the right way.'

Accordingly Faust, led by the cunning fiend through every walk

walk of seduction, sinning grievously, and giving occasion not only to sin and sorrow, but to all the horrors of blood and remorse, remains, throughout his career, within the reach of our human sympathies. Nor can any one, who weighs well the last scene of the poem, doubt that, if the author had ever completed it, the repentance of the seducer would have come forth and been rewarded as fully as that of *his* victim, Margaret.

The omission we have noticed is, moreover, attended with a disadvantageous effect of quite a different kind. The *Faust*, though it be called a tragedy on its title-page, is in fact, and was designed to be, *a Mystery;* and the reader loses a great deal in not being compelled to recognize, from the very outset, this—the peculiar character of the piece. The audacious dialogue in the prologue does not stand alone; there are numberless passages scattered over the performance, the effect of which must be miserably impaired, if not distorted, if we do not recollect that the poet has in his hands the Gothic license of that essentially Gothic form of composition. In one page we have Raphael and Gabriel uttering strains of Miltonic harmony and grandeur, in the hearing of all the host of Heaven. In another, the jabber of fiends and sorcerers in their witch-sabbath presents an unearthly mixture, in which it is impossible to draw any definite line between the grotesque and the ghastly, the sadness of immortal degradation, and the buffoonery of diabolical despair. In the midst of all this, human passions—love, hatred, revenge, repentance, remorse—clothe themselves alternately in the severest simplicity of idiomatic dialogue, and the softest or noblest strains of lyric poetry. Even mere satire—the satire of literature, of manners, of politics, above all, of philosophy, finds its place. The effect of so strange a medley of elements must have been abundantly considered by so learned an artist as Goethe; and no translator can have any right to interfere with him by diminishing their number or variety.

By far the greater number of Lord F. Gower's faults are of this kind—sins of omission; and they occur most frequently in the most fanciful and airy parts of the poem. Thus the scene in which the philosopher Faust conjures up the elemental spirits, and endures the mortification of being rejected by them as unworthy of any participation in their society, is reduced, most unhappily, to not more than two thirds of its proper dimensions; and of the little snatches of songs in which various subordinate demons mysteriously, and as it were in whispers, communicate with Mephistopheles, while he is playing on his victim's perplexities ere the final surrender is ratified, scarcely a trace can be perceived in the translation.

translation. The wild vagaries of the Mayday-night's scene are also sadly curtailed; and the interlude of Oberon and Titania's bridal is entirely left out.

This last omission is particularly injudicious, because the crowd and tumult of contradictory images, of which so large a portion is thus struck from the page, must have been expressly designed and congregated by the poet, in order to deceive the reader's fancy, and bewilder so thoroughly all sense of the lapse of time as to render tolerable the otherwise abrupt transition from the commencement of poor Margaret's errors to the consummation of all her earthly woes. Even in the plainest and most perspicuous parts of the main action and dialogue, however, we could point out many instances where his lordship has retrenched, in the total absence, according to our notion, of any sufficient reason for retrenchment. For example: why should we lose the savage sarcasm of the fiend, when, deriding *all* intellectual pursuits, and extolling the substantial, as he chooses to represent them, pleasures of the senses, he exclaims to the sorely puzzled Doctor—?

'Yes—in my mind your man of speculation
Is wise—and wise too is yon elfstruck beast,
Who in his briery circle champs vexation,
While all around him, north, south, west, and east,
These fair green meadows mock the sage's feast!'

or why should the scene which represents the citizens rejoicing in the fields on Easter Sunday be deprived of its best song?

'The shepherd deck'd him for the green,
And gaily deck'd was he;
A merrier meeting ne'er was seen
Beneath our linden tree,' &c.

In our opinion a careful revision is all that is wanted to make Lord F.'s version as satisfactory as a whole, as the specimens we are about to quote will prove it to be happy in parts; and we trust that, in the favour with which his work, in its present state, has been received, the author will permit himself to find not only the reward of the talent he has already exerted, but a stimulus for his industry.

As all the world is acquainted with Madame de Staël's Germany, and Schlegel's Lectures on the Literature of the Drama, we may, we presume, take it for granted, that anything in the shape of a regular analysis of the 'Faust' would be superfluous in this place. Our readers cannot have forgotten the fine art with which Goethe interrupts his hero, when 'the vexed man of speculation' is about to seek refuge from all his troubles in a voluntary death.

'Thou lonely flask, with reverential awe,
Forth from thy shelf thy brittle frame I draw,
In thee I venerate the art of man.

Essence

Essence of painless rest, untortured death,*
Extract of powers that check the human breath; *
Now show your healing influence, for ye can;
I view ye, and the sight relieves my pain;
I hold ye, and my phrenzy cools again.
Here where it mixes with unbounded seas,
The stream of life runs calmer by degrees;
Smooth at my feet blue ocean sleeps in light,
And the broad sun's last rays to distant shores invite.'

Faust then takes down a goblet—and is checked for a moment by the train of recollections which the sight of that 'old domestic ornament' calls up.

'I have not thought on thee this many a year.
Oft at my father's feast, the rosy wine
In thy transparent brightness learnt to shine,
And add a lustre to the good man's cheer.
Well I remember the accustomed rite
When the blithe comrades pledged thee through the night,' &c.

But he recovers his resolution—and pouring the poison out of the cup exclaims—

'In thee the troubles of my soul I cast,
Hail the blest drops and drain them to the last.'†

At this moment the effective interruption occurs: Faust sets the cup to his lips, and at that instant the church bells begin to ring. It is Easter morning, and the anthem is heard in the distance.—The sequel is skilfully rendered:

'What thrilling sounds, what music's choral swell
Arrests the hand which death but now defied?
Dost thou proclaim, thou ever pealing bell,
The solemn hour of Easter's holy tide?
Say, you do wake for Him who came to save
The strain which angels pour'd around his grave,
When the new covenant was ratified?'.....

'I hear your tidings, would that I believed!
I could be happy, though deceived.
I dare not lift my thoughts towards the spheres,
From whence that heavenly sound salutes mine ears;
And yet that anthem's long-remember'd strain
Revives the scenes of sinless youth again,

---

* Lord F. Gower would improve his version by transposing these two lines. The original runs literally, 'Thou essence of all that is soft in slumber, thou extract of all that is *delicately deadly*.'

† The translator does not observe that this takes place just as the first rays of the dawn touch the window—whence the propriety of the original, 'Be this my last draught with my whole soul dedicated as a high festival-offering to *the morning*.'

When,

When, on the stillness of the sabbath-day,
Heaven in that peal seem'd pouring from above,
And I look'd upward for its kiss of love,
Whilst saints might wish with joy like mine to pray.
An undefined aspiration
Impell'd me from the haunts of man;
I form'd myself a new creation,
While tears of christian fervour ran.
This very song proclaim'd to childhood's ear
The solemn tide for joys for ever past,
And memory, waking while the song I hear,
Arrests my strides, and checks me at the last.
Sound on, blest strain, your task almost is done;
Tears force their way, and earth regains her son.'

vol. i. p. 43.

Faust, having escaped this temptation, wanders forth into the fields with his pupil Wagner, and contemplates the universal festival. This also is spiritedly given;

'Turn round, and, from this hillock's height,
Back to the town direct thy sight.
See, from the jaws of yonder gate,
How thick the insects congregate;
They celebrate, in guise so gay,
Our Saviour's resurrection day.
From lowly roof, and stifling cell,
Where labour's murky children dwell—
From chamber close, and garret high,
From many an alley's dismal sty,
And from the venerable night,
Shed by the church's shadowy height,
They wander forth, and court the light.—
See how the myriads buzz and throng
The garden and the field along;
See, on the stream, how thick they float,
The steadier barge and heeling boat.
How yonder skiff, o'erladen, laves
Its gunwale in the rippling waves.
Yon distant mountain-path no less
Is gleaming with the tints of dress.

I hail, in yonder rout and coil,
The short-lived heaven of those who toil;
I almost shout, like them, for glee,
And am the man I seem to be.'—vol. i. p. 54.

We cannot afford room for the scenes in which Mephistopheles, in the shape of a hound, gains admission to Faust's chamber; at length assumes a human form; and, after a variety of conversation, induces the unhappy victim to seal the compact with his blood—

blood—the compact which renders him, in so far as his own act can do so, the slave of the juggling fiend. We pass over also the debauchery of the drinking cellar, and come to the scene with which the main interest of the drama opens.

Faust, now reinvested by magic art with all the graces of youth, sees, and is enamoured of *Margaret*—the most charming of all the creations of the poet's genius. He speaks to her—she repels him like a modest maiden, and passes on. At that instant Mephistopheles enters.

'FAUST. Hear:—you must win her; no delay!
MEPH. Win whom?
FAUST. But now she past this way.
MEPH. Oh! her. The priest to whom she came to pray
Absolved her free from sin and guile;
I listen'd by his chair the while.
The monk could scarcely send her thence
More perfect in her innocence.
Such are beyond my mischief's sphere.
FAUST. Yet she has reach'd her fifteenth year.
MEPH. You speak in Mr. Wilfull's tone;
Who, as he walk'd the garden, thought
The flowers were made for him alone.
And so much mischief there he wrought—
But check the speed with which you run.
FAUST. Pray, Mr. Check-my-speed, have done,
Quoting your saws and maxims clever;
And more to tell you I make bold,
Unless, ere midnight's bell has toll'd,
That beauty in my arms I hold,
We part at twelve—and part for ever.
MEPH. Think of the nature of the case:
I ask, at least, a fortnight's space,
The slightest opening to secure.
FAUST. Had I seven hours to seek the maid,
I should not want the devil's aid,
Her simple virtue to allure.
MEPH. You talk this like a Frenchman born!—
Let not my hints awake your scorn.
Why seek to gain what you affect
By paths so simple and direct?
The joy is not so great by far
As when, in spite of bolt and bar,
Above, around her, and below,
By practice you have learnt to go:
Have sometimes stoop'd, and sometimes mounted,
As in Italian tales recounted.
FAUST. Without all this I crave and would obtain.
MEPH. My warning must be clear and plain.

This

This fort, 'tis not the devil's fault,
May not be taken by assault:
We cannot beat the bulwarks down,
And so must parley with the town.

FAUST. Then bear me to her place of rest,
Bring me the kerchief from her breast—
A keepsake bring, whate'er it be—
A lace—the garter from her knee.

MEPH. That you may see how I submit
To watch and tend you in your fit,
This very night you shall be led
Within her chamber——to her bed.

FAUST. And see her—clasp her?

MEPH. Not at all.
Upon a friend she means to call;
In the meanwhile you take your station,
And feed yourself—on expectation.

FAUST. May we go now?

MEPH. It is too soon: not yet.

FAUST. Seek me some gift, some jewel richly set. [FAUST *departs.*

MEPH. Presents so soon!—he'll not be long in wooing.' &c.
—vol. i. pp. 150—154.

The next scene presents us with '*A small and neat Apartment.*' MARGARET is discovered '*plaiting and binding up her hair:*' and her soliloquy is:

'I would give something to discover
Who 'twas that spoke so like a lover.
'Tis sure he had a mien and face
Which spoke him of a noble race.
That from his very look I told—
Besides, he would not else have been so bold. [*She goes in.*

MEPH. (*to* FAUST) Come in, but softly ply your feet.

FAUST. Leave me alone, I do entreat.

MEPH. Few maidens' chambers are so neat.

FAUST. Sweet dimness of the sacred room,
I hail thy chaste and sober gloom!
I feel the breeze of mental health,
Where calm content and order dwell:
The fulness of the poor man's wealth,
The freedom of his prison-cell!
[*Throws himself into a large arm-chair.*
Receive, thou friend in joy and sorrow known,
A guest unwonted in thy calm embrace.
How oft around this patriarchal throne
Have clung the hopes of many a parent's race!
How oft at Christmas, tide of childish bliss,
Perchance for gifts that spoke the closing year,
Her own loved lips have printed many a kiss
On the old hand of him who rested here!

Fair

Fair one! I hail the spirit of the place,
Of decent neatness, and of order's grace!
At whose command the spotless cloth is spread,
The clean sand crackles underneath thy tread.
With such a tenant misery flies the door,
And watchful angels bless thy humble store.

And thou?—it shakes my soul with fear
To ask thee, wretch, what dost thou here?
Why earnest thou, Faust? what makes thy heart so sore?
Wretched and lost! I know thee now no more.
Ah! should she enter, lovely, now,
How should I then repent my crime:
How would the devil vail his brow
Before that form, in innocence sublime!

Enter MEPHISTOPHELES.

Quick! quick! I see her at the door.

FAUST. Begone yourself! for I go hence no more.

MEPH. Here is a casket for the dame:
Heavy. No matter whence it came.
There, put it—quick—in yonder chest.
I vow you look like one possest.
Within, a little venture lies,
To win for you a greater prize.

FAUST. I know not—shall I?

MEPH. Do you ask?
Oh! if you mean to keep the treasure,
You might have done me so much pleasure
At least to spare me half my task.
I did not think you prone to avarice.

[FAUST *places the casket in a press.*

Now off! away!
To win the beauty in a trice!—
And there you stand, enwrapt in gloom,
As if preparing for a lecture room
And Physic's form were standing there,
With Metaphysic's—lovely pair!
Away! [*They depart.*

Enter MARGARET, *with a Lamp.*

MARG. What makes it close and sultry here?
Without, the air is fresh and clear. [*Opens the window.*
I wish my mother's walk and task was o'er;
Somehow I feel as ne'er I felt before:
Through my whole frame there runs a shuddering.
I am a silly, foolish, trembling thing.

[*She begins to sing while she undresses herself.*

We must give one more specimen. It shall be taken from that scene in which, after the seduction of this innocent child has led to the slaughter of her brother, and her mother's death, she is intro-

duced as kneeling in the midst of the people in the cathedral. Conscience is awake, and the poet dares to clothe 'the still small voice' in a visible shape. The *Evil Spirit* creeps close behind her and disturbs her prayers.

'EVILSPIRIT. Margaret, how different thy lot
When kneeling at the altar's foot
In thy young innocence;
When, from the mass-book, snatched in haste,
Thy prayer was utter'd;
Prayer which but half displaced
The thought of childish pastime in thy mind.
Margaret!
How is it with thy brain?
Is it not in thy heart—
The blackening spot?
Are thy prayers utter'd for thy mother's soul,
Who slept, through thee, through thee, to wake no more?
Is not thy door-stone red?
Whose is the blood?
Dost thou not feel it shoot
Under thy breast, e'en now,
The pang thou darest not own,
That tells of shame to come?

MARGARET. Woe, woe! could I dispel the thoughts
Which cross me and surround
Against my will.

CHORUS. Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvet sæclum in favillâ.

EVIL SPIRIT. Despair is on thee—
The last trumpet sounds—
The graves are yawning.
Thy sinful heart,
From its cold rest,
For wrath eternal,
And for penal flames,
Is raised again!

MARGARET. Were I but hence!
I feel as if the organ's swell
Stifled my breath—
As if the anthem's note
Shot through my soul!

CHORUS. Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet adparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

MARGARET. I pant for room!
The pillars of the aisle
Are closing on me!
The vaulted roof
Weighs down my head!

EVIL

EVIL ONE. Hide thyself!
Sin and shame
May not be hidden.
Light and air for thee?
Despair! despair!
CHORUS. Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus?
Cum vix justus sit securus.
EVIL ONE. The glorified are turning
Their foreheads from thee;
The holy shun
To join their hands in thine.
Despair!
CHORUS. Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?

. . . . . .

MARGARET. Help me, I faint!'—vol. ii. pp. 29—33.

The last exclamation is, in the original, 'Nachbarin euer fläschen.' The translator probably thought the contrast of the awful Latin chorus, the whispers of a demon, and the poor Margaret asking the girl that kneels next to her for her *phial*, too violent—too *German*. But the poet knew what he was doing;—the effect of his three bare common words is terrible. It is among the highest triumphs of genius to blend, without producing the effect of incongruity, the dream and the reality; and this simple girl's agonies, whether of love, sorrow, or despair, would have been comparatively powerless, had she not been taught to utter them in the vivid poetry of such prose as this.

The terrible prison scene with which the poem closes is rendered with fidelity, elegance and strength; and the performance, as a whole, has received the warm praise of one who must be admitted to be a most competent judge,—Professor Schlegel, not only *doctissimus utriusque linguæ*, but himself, perhaps, the first of all poetical translators, ancient or modern,—as 'displaying distinguished talent in a most difficult undertaking.'*

The translator brought to his task a thorough knowledge of the language of his original; he has had the courage to cope with all the perplexities of rhyme; and the warmth of his poetical feeling is as apparent in the passages we have quoted, as the study which he has bestowed on English language and versification. In general, we think he has succeeded better in the tragic than in the lyric parts of the Mystery; but we must acknowledge one exception to this remark, in his treatment of the song, —a wonderful accumulation, or rather weaving together of luxu-

* Introduction to Bohte's Catalogue. London. 1825.

rious images,—by which the spirits lull Faust to sleep at the close of his first colloquy with Mephistopheles—

Schwindet ihr dunkeln
Wolbungen droben, &c.

where difficulties, which we should have imagined almost insuperable, have unquestionably been overcome in a manner that does his lordship much honour. We are sorry to observe, that the writer of such verses can condescend occasionally to such rhymes as *dawning* and *morning*. This is offensive enough in Mr. Wiffen, but altogether unpardonable in Lord Francis Gower.

We have already alluded to some specimens of a translation of this extraordinary poem, which appear in the posthumous works of Mr. P. B. Shelley. As this volume was not prepared for the press by the author, and has had the disadvantage of being published under the inspection of persons ignorant, almost equally as it would seem, of foreign languages and of their own, it would be altogether unfair to make any part of its contents the subject of rigid criticism; and the versions from *Faust*, in particular, have, in many places, every appearance of being little more than first, however happy, sketches. In several passages the meaning of the original is quite missed; as, for example, in the whole strain of the pedlar witch's speech, in the larger fragment; and, upon the whole, we are inclined to suspect, that Mr. Shelley's knowledge of the German language had been imperfect. But it is impossble for such blemishes to conceal the extraordinary merit of these specimens. Mr. Shelley had a fine ear for harmony, and a great command of poetical language, although he was often seduced by bad example into licenses both of expression and versification at once mean and extravagant. He had, moreover, a fine liveliness both of feeling and of imagination, and in short, wanted little to be a distinguished original poet, but distinctness of conception, and regulation of taste. Accordingly, when he had a model of style before him, and the ideas were supplied; when he translated, whether from the Homeric hymns, from Euripides, from Calderon, or from Goethe, he had every requisite for the attainment of excellence. The vague and idle allegories in which he delighted, to say nothing of *dulcia vitia* of a worse kind, were banished for the moment from his fancy; and his verse, at once chastened and inspired by the continued contemplation of consummate art, was capable not only of reaching a classical gracefulness, but of reflecting vividly the strength of genius and the projection of its language. Our literature can show few translations from the Greek poets more elegant than his of the Hymn to Mercury and *Cyclops* of Euripides; nor, in spite of a few inaccuracies, could Goethe himself desire to see the effect of

of the famous *Mayday-night* scene of his Faust transferred into any foreign language with more truth and vigour than Mr. Shelley's version exhibits.

The reader is aware that Mephistopheles carries Faust to the great wizard festival shortly after the consummation of Margaret's ruin. The opening of their adventures in this region of enchantment is thus admirably given.

'MEPH. Would you not like a broomstick? As for me
I wish I had a good stout ram to ride;
For we are still far from th' appointed place.
FAUST. This knotted staff is help enough for me,
Whilst I feel fresh upon my legs. What good
Is there in making short a pleasant way?
To creep along the labyrinths of the vales,
And climb those rocks where ever-babbling springs
Precipitate themselves in waterfalls,
Is the true sport that seasons such a path.
Already Spring kindles the birchen spray,
And the hoar pines already feel her breath:
Shall she not work also within our limbs?
MEPH. Nothing of such an influence do I feel.
My body is all wintry, and I wish
The flowers upon our path were frost and snow.
But see how melancholy rises now,
Dimly uplifting her belated beam,
The blank unwelcomed round of the red moon,
And gives so bad a light that every step
One stumbles against some crag. With your permission,
I'll call an ignis-fatuus to our aid:
I see one yonder burning jollily.
Halloo, my friend! may I request that you
Would favour us with your bright company?
Why should you blaze away there to no purpose?
Pray be so good as light us up this way.'

The Ignis-Fatuus, after some little parley obeys, and we then have:

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, *and* IGNIS-FATUUS *in alternate chorus.*

'The limits of the sphere of dream,
The bounds of true and false, are past.
Lead us on, thou wandering gleam,
Lead us onward, far and fast,
To the wide, the desert waste.
But see, how swift advance and shift,
Trees behind trees, row by row,—
How, clift by clift, rocks bend and lift
Their frowning foreheads as we go.
The giant-snouted crags, ho! ho!
How they snort, and how they blow!

Through the mossy sods and stones,
Stream and streamlet hurry down,
A rushing throng! A sound of song
Beneath the vault of Heaven is blown!
Sweet notes of love, the speaking tones
Of this bright day, sent down to say
That Paradise on Earth is known,
Resound, around, beneath, above.
All we hope and all we love
Finds a voice in this blithe strain,
Which wakens hill and wood and rill,
And vibrates far o'er field and vale,
And which echo, like the tale
Of old times, repeats again.
To whoo! to whoo! near, nearer now
The sound of song, the rushing throng!
Are the screech, the lapwing, and the jay,
All awake, as if 'twere day?
See, with long legs and belly wide,
A salamander in the brake!
Every root is like a snake,
And along the loose hill side,
With strange contortions through the night,
Curls, to seize or to affright;
And, animated, strong, and many,
They dart forth polypus-antennae,
To blister with their poison spume
The wanderer. Through the dazzling gloom
The many-coloured mice, that thread
The dewy turf beneath our tread,
In troops each other's motions cross,
Through the heath and through the moss;
And, in legions intertangled,
The fire-flies flit, and swarm, and throng
Till all the mountain depths are spangled.
Tell me shall we go or stay?
Shall we onward? Come along!
Every thing around is swept
Forward, onward, far away!'

Nor is the following, in another style, less exquisite.

'MEPH. Why did you let that fair girl pass from you,
Who sung so sweetly to you in the dance?
FAUST. A red mouse in the middle of her singing
Sprung from her mouth.
MEPH. That was all right, my friend,
Be it enough that the mouse was not grey;
Do not disturb your hour of happiness
With close consideration of such trifles.
FAUST. Then saw I—

MEPH.

MEPH. What?
FAUST. Seest thou not a pale
Fair girl, standing alone, far, far away?
She drags herself forward now with slow steps,
And seems as if she moved with shackled feet:
I cannot overcome the thought that she
Is like poor Margaret.
MEPH. Let it be—pass on—
No good can come of it—it is not well
To meet it—it is an enchanted phantom,
A lifeless idol—with its numbing look
It freezes up the blood of man; and they
Who meet its ghastly stare are turned to stone,
Like those who saw Medusa.
FAUST. Oh, too true!
Her eyes are like the eyes of a fresh corpse
Which no beloved hand has closed—Alas!
That is the heart which Margaret yielded to me—
Those are the lovely limbs which I enjoyed!
MEPH. It is all magic, poor deluded fool;
She looks to every one like his first love.
FAUST. Oh, what delight! what woe! I cannot turn
My looks from her sweet piteous countenance.
How strangely does a single blood-red line,
Not broader than the sharp edge of a knife,
Adorn her lovely neck!
MEPH. Aye, she can carry
Her head under her arm upon occasion;
Perseus has cut it off for her.————'

To show how well the man who could serve the Gothic muse in this way, could feel and transfer the polished graces of an Attic master, we shall transcribe part of the first chorus in Mr. Shelley's version of the Cyclops (Πᾶ δή μοι γενναίων μὲν πατέρων, &c.)

STROPHE.

Where has he of race divine
Wandered in the winding rocks?
Here the air is calm and fine
For the father of the flocks;—
Here the grass is soft and sweet
And the river eddies meet
In the trough beside the cave,
Bright as in their fountain-wave.—
Neither here nor on the dew
Of the lawny uplands feeding?
Oh, you come!—a stone at you
Will I throw, to mend your breeding;—
Get along, you horned thing,
Wild, seditious, rambling!

. . . . . .

EPODE.

An Iacchic melody
To the golden Aphrodite
Will I lift, as erst did I
Seeking her and her delight
With the Macnads, whose swift feet
To the music glance and fleet.
Bacchus, O beloved, where,
Shaking wide thy yellow hair,
Wanderest thou alone, afar?
To the one eyed Cyclops, we,
Who by right thy servants are,
Minister in misery.
In these wretched goatskins clad,
Far from thy delights and thee.'

The dialogue of the piece is rendered with equal spirit: as, for example, in the more Euripidean than Cyclopean speech of Polyphemus in reply to Ulysses' petition for mercy in the name of the Gods and hospitality, ('Ο Πλοῦτος, ἀνθρωπίσκε, τοῖς σοφοῖς θεὸς, &c.)

'Wealth, my good fellow, is the wise man's god,
All other things are a pretence and boast.
What are my father's ocean promontories,
The sacred rocks whereon he dwells, to me?
Stranger, I laugh to scorn Jove's thunderbolt—
I know not that his strength is more than mine.
As to the rest I care not. When he pours
Rain from above, I have a close pavilion
Under this rock, in which I lie supine,
Feasting on a roast calf, or some wild beast,
And drinking pans of milk, and gloriously
Emulating the thunder of high heaven.
And when the Thracian wind pours down the snow,
I wrap my body in the skins of beasts,
Kindle a fire, and bid the snow whirl on.
The earth, by force, whether it will or no,
Bringing forth grass, fattens my flocks and herds,
Which, to what other god but to myself,
And this great belly, first of deities,
Should I be bound to sacrifice? I well know
The wise man's only Jupiter is this,
To eat and drink during his little day,
And give himself no care. And as for those
Who complicate with laws the life of man,
I freely give them tears for their reward.
-- I will not cheat my soul of its delight,
Or hesitate in dining upon you:—
And, that I may be quit of all demands,
These are my hospitable gifts;—fierce fire,
And you ancestral cauldron, which o'erbubbling
Shall finely cook your miserable flesh.
—Creep in!—'

The

The Homeric hymn to Mercury is translated in stanzas of eight lines—which difficult measure Mr. Shelley has managed with considerable skill. His version preserves very much the archaic and pastoral tone of the original, both as to manners and language; but a short specimen would be insufficient, and for a long one we have not room.

One department of our literature has, without doubt, sustained a heavy loss in the early death of this unfortunate and misguided gentleman.

ART. VIII.—1. *Transactions of the Cambridge Philosophical Society.* vol. i.
2. *Memoirs of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester.* 2d Series. vol. iv. London. 1824.
3. *Transactions of the Royal Geological Society of Cornwall, instituted February* 11. vol. i. and ii. Penzance.
4. *Report of the Liverpool Royal Institution.* 1822.
5. *Bristol Institution. Proceedings of the Second Annual Meeting, held February* 10, 1825, *&c.*
6. *Annual Report of the Council of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society for* 1824.

A GROWING taste for the cultivation of Physical Science characterizes the present state of the public mind in England, and deserves attentive consideration, since facilities, whether for acquiring elementary instruction in the various departments of Natural Philosophy, or for promoting their farther advancement, have not hitherto been provided by us with such liberality as has distinguished our exertions in behalf of other branches of useful knowledge. To insist on the high relative importance of scientific studies, whether as enlarging the sphere of our intellectual enjoyments, or as contributing to the rank and power of the nation, would in the present age be altogether superfluous; and every reflecting mind must be prepared to expect that our rapid improvement in wealth, intelligence, and civilization, should not merely render indispensable successive modifications and re-modellings of our political institutions, but also call, from time to time, for some corresponding changes in our public provisions for extending the advantages of a liberal education. The introduction and discovery of various arts and sciences before unknown or disregarded, and still more the rise and swift growth of new cities, and the sudden affluence to which commercial or manufacturing industry has raised districts hitherto insignificant and thinly peopled, must necessarily have created new wants; in the attempt to supply these the energies of our countrymen have of

of late been signally displayed; and the measures which have been carried into effect throughout the country with great harmony of design, although chiefly by the unassisted exertions of private individuals, are characteristic of the genius of the British people, and without parallel in the history of contemporary nations. We allude to the recent establishment of numerous literary and philosophical institutions in our metropolis and many of our provinces.

These are as yet indeed in the infancy of their career, but even now, if regarded collectively, they are entitled to a prominent place amongst our national establishments. Many people, it is true, have scarcely heard of their very existence—for no other reason than that their expediency has never assumed the character of a party question, and has never therefore become an animating topic of popular discussion. When we reflect, indeed, how often the proposal of new measures bearing less directly than these on the general interests of society has served to kindle in this country the spirit of political controversy,—when we remember that, at no distant period, rival theories of a purely philosophical nature, and as unconnected with the affairs of human life as the elements which strove for mastery in Milton's chaos, 'around the flag, of each his faction,' derived, nevertheless, exclusively from the ranks of opponent political parties, their zealous champions, we are at a loss to conceive by what happy accident the Institutions in question have so long escaped this prevailing contagion; and the addition of a few similar instances would persuade us that 'Chance' here also, as in the poet's allegory, 'is high arbiter, and governs all.' But as the interests involved in the present subject are of sufficient magnitude to arrest attention without the factitious aid of party excitement, we shall proceed to lay before our readers a brief sketch of the progress of these institutions considered in the order of their date—confining ourselves, lest we should transgress the limits of a single article, to such as are designed to promote the advancement of physical science, a class of studies never in former times fostered by a due share of public encouragement.

To enable our readers to form a correct idea of the present state of these establishments, a consideration of those of a more ancient foundation is indispensable; we shall, however, merely mention here the Royal Society, as the services rendered to science by that body throughout the greater part of two centuries, and the information contained in their Transactions, (now amounting to 114 volumes,) so varied in its nature and so profound, are justly and universally appreciated. For the same reason we shall merely advert to the Observatory of Greenwich, founded a few years

years later, and of which the Royal Society is the official visitor. If the labours of this establishment had been limited to the computing and publishing its Nautical Ephemeris, it would still have rendered a powerful aid to the commercial and maritime superiority of Great Britain, and we might confidently appeal to this work as to one of the most beneficial of all the practical results of astronomy.

It was nearly a century after the institution of the Royal Society before a national museum of Natural History was founded in our metropolis. The British Museum was opened in 1759, and the magnificent collection of Sir Hans Sloane, and one formed by the Royal Society, were at that time deposited there. Deficiency of space has, from the commencement of this Museum, impeded the increase and arrangement of the specimens, and we therefore congratulate the public on the noble additions to the building now in progress. The collections in various branches of Natural History at present assembled there are undeniably of the first importance, nor have their scientific classification and arrangement been neglected, in so far as means were provided by the country for this purpose; but, regarded as a national museum, and still more as the first in the British empire, it is wholly unworthy of the present age. As England is not only the most affluent of modern nations, but the grand centre of commercial activity and communication between the most distant portions of the globe; as her colonial possessions are more diversified in climate and local character than those of any other European empire, we may naturally ask why her museums do not display a proportional extent and magnificence, and set all foreign rivalry at defiance? Why, on the contrary, are they so decidedly inferior not only to those of France, but of several petty states of Italy and Germany? The reply to this question is not difficult. The inferiority complained of could not long have existed in a country where the opinion of the enlightened and educated classes exercises a predominant sway and disposes of the whole resources of the state, had there been a general taste for promoting physical science, or had our countrymen discovered the intimate relation between its progress and large accumulations of objects of natural history. They have *at length* made this discovery, and having perceived the inadequacy of private funds and individual efforts to accumulate these treasures on a scale of liberality consistent with the present state of science, they have organized associations and obtained liberal grants from parliament for establishments both in England and Scotland, and are taking steps to secure the enlargement and future permanency of scientific institutions.

But we are still passing the threshold only of this new æra in public

public opinion; and the measures adopted now, however small their apparent pretensions, will widely affect the success of future undertakings. At a moment so critical in the history of the progress of science and natural history in this country, we learn with great satisfaction that the National Gallery of Pictures is not to find a place, as was first designed, in the buildings now erecting at the British Museum. The propriety of separating subjects so entirely distinct as are the fine arts and natural history, cannot be doubted on a moment's reflection. By neglecting to assign an independent government to either establishment, we infallibly diminish the zeal, activity, and emulation that spring from the exaggerated importance attached by all men to their own pursuits and avocations; by associating in a common direction persons of different if not uncongenial tastes, we are perpetually in danger of partiality in the distribution of their patronage, and the sacrifice of the less popular to the more favoured object; at best a want of harmony and unity of action will result, even if the force of rival prepossessions be adjusted and fairly balanced. The possibility of such inconveniencies is happily precluded at Paris, where the administration of the Galleries of the Louvre and the Luxembourg has been always separated from the Museum of Natural History, and the latter placed under the sole direction of a body of professors of various branches of science and natural history. Its decided superiority over any in our own country or in the rest of Europe may well excite a generous feeling of national emulation; more especially as this superiority is in a great degree the fruit of modern industry, and the recent progress of scientific research. To retain a gallery of the fine arts and cabinets of natural history even as distinct departments in the same building is objectionable, as there is the highest probability of the mutual interference of such unconnected repositories of national treasures in the event of future enlargements of the original design. The most splendid collections of either description have been almost invariably the result of slow and gradual additions, and for this reason their growth may be effectually retarded by inconveniencies apparently too inconsiderable to be apprehended as obstacles to a great national undertaking. To continue, therefore, to associate in our museum the antiquities and Grecian marbles with cabinets of natural history is, at least, a measure of questionable expediency. The Royal Library at Paris, containing a collection of books of greater value than any in Great Britain, is also separated from their national museum, and our arguments may seem applicable to the impropriety of connecting these departments in our own metropolis. But although we are far from denying the weight of this objection, yet not only does the central position of

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the British museum recommend it as the site of a great public library, but the convenience also of a large class of students is consulted by the facilities afforded of referring at the same time to the collections and to publications on natural history and science. The models, forming as they do a most valuable part of the treasures assembled here, are considered as so intimately connected with the library as naturally to belong to the same place.

The library at this Museum claims only, in point of extent, a fifth or sixth rank in Europe, and is not even the principal library in Great Britain. It contains at present only 165,000 printed volumes and 20,000 volumes of MSS. In the King's library, which will be added to the Museum, there are 65,000 volumes; and in that of Sir J. Banks, which will also eventually become the property of the Museum by bequest, 16,000 volumes, making a total of 246,000 volumes, exclusive of the MSS. It is computed that the Bodleian library at Oxford contains above 200,000 volumes; and besides the occasional additions of new libraries by purchase, a much larger sum is annually expended there on new works than at the British Museum, which it also surpasses in the value of its MSS. particularly those relating to classical literature and those in the Hebrew and Arabic languages, of which an admirable *catalogue raisonnée* has been nearly completed by the present learned professor, Dr. Nicol. The library of the Vatican is the most considerable in the world. The King's Library at Paris, so accessible to the public, and where the attendance of librarians is excellent, contains 350,000 printed volumes, besides an equal number of pamphlets, and 50,000 MSS. In addition to this splendid collection, the number of printed volumes in the libraries of the Arsenal, of St. Genevieve, and of the Mazarine palace, make together a total scarcely, if at all, inferior to that of the 'Bibliothèque du Roi.' The estimated number of volumes in the library at Munich is nearly 400,000, at Vienna 300,000, at Gottingen 200,000; besides these, Stutgard, Milan, Florence, Madrid, and other cities, possess large collections. The comparative value of libraries, it is true, depends not on the number of volumes which they contain; and the libraries of London (as having been more recently formed) are furnished chiefly with useful works, whilst many of the older collections are crowded with ponderous tomes on subjects now obsolete, the canon law, the ancient medicine, astrology, alchemy, and so forth. But the object of large public libraries is not merely to provide such works as are most useful, but publications which, from their costliness or their scarcity, are placed beyond the reach of ordinary students. The activity and perseverance requisite for deep research are not least to be expected from those whose

whose circumstances render it difficult for them, either by favour or by purchase, to obtain access to rare and expensive publications. For these reasons, extensive libraries ought not to be regarded as objects of splendour alone, but as capable of affecting the literary and scientific character of a whole people. To accomplish this end great facility of access is indispensable. We rejoice, therefore, that a more accommodating spirit has of late years been shown in affording admission to the reading-room of the British Museum, and that the public have not failed to avail themselves of this liberality,—the number of admission tickets ordinarily in circulation having increased since 1816 from 300 to 2000. A new reading-room, on a larger scale, is now in progress. The number of visitors to the collections of natural history amounted in the year 1810 to 15,000. The year following, upon the mode of admission being changed, the number was doubled; and it has since that time constantly increased, amounting in 1818 to above 50,000, and in 1824 considerably exceeding 100,000.

Soon after the foundation of the British Museum, and at different periods of the last century, considerable collections of natural history were formed in this country with a view to public exhibitions. These contributed much to diffuse a taste for such studies, and would have been permanently useful to science had they been purchased for the museums of scientific societies, but having been formed merely with a view to pecuniary profit, they of course were broken up whenever the proprietors ceased to derive from them sufficient remuneration. Private collections were also formed with purely scientific views, such as the Herbarium of Sir Joseph Banks, remarkable not only for its extent but its utility, as containing the original collections of many celebrated botanists, and consequently affording the means of identifying many doubtful specimens, by comparing them with those described by authors. This herbarium and the splendid library of natural history and science before mentioned, were open both to foreigners and Sir Joseph's own countrymen during the long period intervening between his return from his voyage with Captain Cooke, to the hour of his death. We may take this opportunity of briefly mentioning some other private collections of a similar kind. The herbarium of Mr. Lambert, to which every English and foreign botanist has been allowed access in the most liberal manner, is second only to the Bankesian in value. It contains the collection of Pallas and other celebrated foreign botanists, and is rich in undescribed plants. The collection of Linnæus forms the foundation of the museum of Sir J. E. Smith at Norwich, and deservedly places it in the highest rank. The herbarium of Dr. Hooker, the present professor of botany at Glasgow, is very extensive, and, as it is constantly

constantly receiving additions from the liberality of the enterprizing and intelligent merchants of that city, promises soon to rival any in Great Britain. We have enumerated these the more willingly, because the English have shown greater zeal in providing materials for the advancement of botanical knowledge than of any other branches of natural history. We shall have occasion again to allude to this topic, and shall only observe that the total number of species preserved in the herbariums of British collectors is estimated at not less than 40,000.

From the institution of the Royal Society in 1663, to the year 1788, when the Linnean Society was founded, no subdivision of scientific labour was attempted in our metropolis. The Royal Society continued, without assistance, to embrace within its aim the cultivation of every department of natural philosophy; but a farther subdivision of labour, as inseparable a consequence of the progress of the sciences as of the arts, was at length effected with the concurrence and co-operation of the Royal Society itself; and the prosecution of the studies of zoology and botany in all their details was the chief object of the institution of the Linnean Society, which received a royal charter in 1802, and has now published fourteen volumes of Transactions, containing a variety of most valuable memoirs. It possesses also a library of natural history, and a museum, in which are found a large proportion of the quadrupeds of New Holland, and a collection of the birds of that remarkable country, more complete than any other in Europe. Those who are acquainted with the history and progress of this society will not attribute the slow advancement of zoological knowledge in Great Britain to any want of zeal and energy in its leading members, but to the general deficiency of funds indispensable for the formation of collections, and for the publication of illustrative plates.

The Royal Institution, the next in order of date, was founded in 1799. This establishment has conduced to the progress of science by the lectures delivered there on various subjects, particularly on chemistry, by its excellent laboratory, and by a library containing nearly 30,000 volumes. So much sound instruction has been afforded to the public by the lectures given in this establishment, that we should be sorry if any diminution of patronage were to circumscribe its utility.

The College of Surgeons was founded in 1800, and in the same year the museum of the celebrated John Hunter was purchased by parliament and given to the Institution, upon condition that twenty-four lectures should be delivered annually to members of the profession of surgery, and that the museum should be open to the public, under certain regulations. The collections of John Hunter

Hunter remain a lasting and memorable example of what may be achieved by the talents and perseverance of one man; and while they would in every case be of value from their extent and variety, they are rendered far beyond all price as being explanatory of the original and comprehensive views of nature which that great philosopher entertained. Besides the numerous specimens now exhibited, he left behind him nearly one thousand drawings, with a view either of illustrating the preparations now in the collection, or of supplying deficiencies. In these the external forms of many animals, as well as their anatomical structure, are delineated, and particularly those delicate and evanescent peculiarities in the organization of some plants and animals which are discernible only in living subjects. These most curious and valuable materials have long been suffered to remain in obscurity; the knowledge of their existence even has been till lately concealed from the public; but we rejoice, no less for the honour of the College of Surgeons than for the interests of science, that the publication of a selection from the drawings is now in contemplation as soon as a descriptive catalogue of the collection can be completed. Such a catalogue has long been wanted, and the Board of Curators could not have chosen a person more eminently qualified for the task than Mr. Clift. But notwithstanding his profound anatomical knowledge and industry, we foresee with regret the inevitable delay that must attend such an undertaking, imposed as it is on an individual. The present state of the collection is such that the public may, we fear, regard the accomplishment of the desirable objects above mentioned as almost indefinitely postponed.

For illustrating the internal organization both of animals and plants, and the manner in which, under different circumstances, the same functions are carried on in different genera and species, we may pronounce this superb collection to be unrivalled. But in its osteological department it is far excelled by the Gallery of Comparative Anatomy in Paris; that of the College of Surgeons being deficient in some of the genera, while the museum at Paris contains nearly all the species of at least the higher order of animals. Publications of the highest merit in comparative anatomy have lately appeared in France, for which the very materials might have been long wanting, had not their national museum been enriched under the active superintendance of M. Cuvier with such noble accessions. It is humiliating to acknowledge, that no Englishman could even now be the author of similar works, without access to museums such as exist not in his own country. As there is not sufficient space in the College of Surgeons for the display and arrangement of a great portion of such osteological treasures as are at present deposited there, and as these are consequently referred to with

with great inconvenience, it is a subject well deserving serious consideration, whether an osteological collection should not find a place in some of the new apartments to be erected in the British Museum. That such a collection should be wanting, in a country enjoying in so pre-eminent a degree every facility for obtaining materials, reflects discredit on the nation. Even the private collection of Mr. Brookes, a spirited and meritorious individual in our metropolis, surpasses that of the College of Surgeons in this noble department of anatomy. An acquaintance with the structure of the inferior animals enlarges our knowledge of the human frame;—a complete gallery of comparative anatomy is therefore peculiarly desirable in England, where our students procure human subjects with so much difficulty and expense. Osteology has also recently acquired an additional source of interest from its intimate connexion with geology—a connexion supplying a new and striking illustration of the mutual dependance of the sciences on each other.

In 1801 a library was commenced by the court of directors at the India House, which contains a large collection of Oriental MSS., maps, and books on general literature and science. A museum has since been added, in which are assembled both Oriental antiquities and objects of natural history: the most remarkable among the latter are many quadrupeds, birds, insects, &c. from the islands of the Eastern Archipelago, and an herbarium of Indian and Javanese plants. We feel a stronger interest in this museum than its present magnitude may seem to warrant, for we cannot but think of the facility with which the East India directors might call forth, from the vast territories over which their influence extends, such treasures as would soon raise it to a pre-eminent rank in Europe, and display the prodigious power of commerce, when animated with a liberal and enlightened spirit, in affording patronage to science.*

* Not only have our countrymen in general been remiss in cultivating natural history in our eastern possessions, but so many instances have occurred in which they have even permitted their own discoveries to be first given to the world in the works of foreigners, that we cannot refrain from citing some of the most remarkable. 1. The Binturong of Sumatra, (Ictides ater) though mentioned in the Transactions of the Linnean Society,[a] was first defined as a genus by M. Valenciennes, and a figure was afterwards given by M. F. Cuvier:[b] it was discovered by Sir Stamford Raffles, of whom it is but justice to say, that his conduct ever formed a splendid exception to the want of zeal displayed in our colonies in the encouragement of investigations in natural history, and who, in addition to the able discharge of most important political duties, rendered invaluable assistance to zoology.

2. Bos Silhetanus, (the Jungle Cow of Bengal,) after having been long disregarded by the British in their own territory, was first described and engraved by M. F. Cuvier[c] from a communication of M. Duvaucel.

3. Ursus

[a] Vol. xiii.
[b] Histoire des Mammifères. Livraison 44.
[c] Histoire des Mammifères. Livraison 42.

The Horticultural Society established in 1804, although designed rather to promote luxury than science, must not be omitted here, since memoirs are found in their Transactions which throw light on the physiology of the vegetable kingdom, and a portion of their ample funds is employed in procuring foreign plants, of which a rich assemblage already exists in their extensive garden at Chiswick.

The London Institution, 'for the Advancement of Literature and the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge,' was founded in 1805, and chartered in 1807. The original sum raised for its support was £80,000, and further subscriptions have since been added. £35,000 were expended on the building. The library, once under the direction of Porson, contains already above 25,000 volumes, and £500 is every year laid out in the purchase of new books. The laboratory and philosophical instruments are excellent, and lectures are delivered annually in the theatre on various branches of natural philosophy and literature, to audiences commonly exceeding 500 in number.

The Geological Society of London, established in 1807, and chartered in 1825, has been eminently successful in giving a new impulse to the study of geology in Great Britain. In no department of science was the co-operation of numerous individuals more required, as a great variety of attainments is necessary for the prosecution of this study, and the facts and observations which bear upon it must be collected from a great extent of country. Of the Transactions edited by this institution, six volumes are now before the public; they contain a vast body of new and interesting matter; many memoirs, illustrated by maps and well executed plates, in which information is found concerning the mineral structure of some of the most distant quarters of the globe; but, of the strata of England, in particular, they supply us with details more ample than have as yet appeared respecting any tract of the same extent in the world. Their library, collection of maps, and museum, have the rare merit of being very accessible. The latter contains a very full suite of the rocks of Great Britain and of the organic remains which they inclose, arranged according to the order of the super-

3. Ursus Tibetanus (the Bear of Thibet) was obtained by the French in the British dominions, and first described and figured by M. F. Cuvier, from a drawing of M. Duvancel.—Hist. des Mam. Livr. 41.

4. But every English naturalist must particularly regret that the large Tapir of Sumatra (Tapirus Malayanus), a fine specimen of which is now preserved in the museum at the India House, should have been first figured and described by a foreigner, although the animal was not only discovered by the British, but a living subject, sent from Bencoolen, had been long kept in the menagerie at Barackpore.[a]

[a] Lin. Soc. Trans. vol. xiii. 270. F. Cuvier, Hist. des Mam. Livraison 4.

position

position of the strata. The labours of this society, which has ever cultivated geology as an inductive science founded on observation, have tended much to remove the discredit cast upon the study by the wild speculations of earlier authors, and by the vehemence and passion displayed by the Edinburgh school during the controversy respecting the Wernerian and Huttonian hypotheses for explaining the original formation of the strata on the earth's surface.

The institution of the Astronomical Society of London in 1821, was actively promoted by many of the most distinguished fellows of the Royal Society. Besides an excellent volume of Transactions already published, we have pleasure in being able to state other important benefits which have resulted from their efforts. A valuable set of tables for reducing the observed to the true places of stars is preparing at the expense of the society, including above 3,000 stars, and comprehending all known to those of the fifth magnitude inclusive, and all the most useful of the sixth and seventh. An incident which occurred during some of the proceedings of this society has given origin to one of the most extraordinary of modern inventions. To ensure accuracy in the calculation of certain tables, separate computors had been employed, and two members of the society having been chosen to compare the results, detected so many errors, as to induce one of them to express his regret that the work could not be executed by a machine. To this the other member, Mr. Babbage, at once replied, 'that this was possible;' and persevering in the inquiry, which had thus suggested itself, he produced at last a working model of a machine for calculating tables with surprizing accuracy. The government, with equal judgment and liberality, have encouraged this admirable invention, and induced Mr. Babbage to undertake the construction of an engine applicable to more extensive calculations, which is now proceeding as rapidly as its very difficult and complex nature will admit.*

After this brief enumeration of the chief scientific institutions of the metropolis, which the reader cannot peruse without being struck with their recent increase, we hasten to consider the rise and progress of similar institutions in the provinces. The progress of these forms, indeed, a still more novel and characteristic feature of the times; and as they are capable of being extended almost indefinitely, they may exert hereafter a more important influence on the character and intellectual attainments of the nation

* For a more full account of this extraordinary machine, see Mr. Babbage's Letter to Sir H. Davy, 'On the Application of Machinery to the Calculation of Mathematical Tables,' published by Boothe, Brook-street, Portland-place.

than even the societies of London. We shall first consider separately the establishments for promoting astronomical science. The Observatory of Oxford came next after the royal foundation at Greenwich already mentioned. It was begun in 1772, from funds bequeathed by Dr. Radcliffe, and observations have been regularly registered there ever since its completion. The superior accuracy obtained by the comparison of independent corresponding observations, and the necessity of multiplying the positions of observers in a country where changes in the state of the atmosphere are so frequent, constitute sufficient grounds for desiring the foundation of observatories at all our universities. But they may also be appropriated to the instruction of academical students, as they afford opportunities for the delivery of lectures illustrating the practical application of mathematics to astronomy, and may add a powerful stimulus and zest to the prosecution of mathematical studies in general. We cannot mention the excellence of the Radcliffe Observatory, and the costliness and beauty of the instruments, without remembering with regret the scanty attendance of students on the astronomical lectures at Oxford. We have already declared our opinion of the superior advantages of tuition by private lectures, the system at present adopted in our universities;* but consistently with this plan, and without wishing that the cultivation of physical science should constitute a leading branch of the regular education of our academical youth, we feel satisfied that public lectures may be introduced with propriety, as accessary to other studies, wherever the exhibition of philosophical instruments and experiments, or specimens of natural history, is required.

The Observatory of Dublin was begun in 1783, but many years elapsed before it was completed. The instruments are now considered as equal to those of Greenwich. Scarcely a year for the last fifteen has elapsed in which the Transactions of the Royal Society, and of the Royal Irish Academy, have not been enriched with valuable memoirs from the eminent astronomer at the head of this institution. The lectures on astronomy delivered by Dr. Brinkley have also been of eminent utility.

An observatory was erected at Armagh, and endowed, in 1793, by the late primate of Ireland, Lord Rokeby, who munificently provided funds out of his private property for the maintenance of an astronomer and one assistant. We may refer our readers to the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, and to the Philosophical Transactions of 1806, for proofs of the utility of this institution. The valuable instruments now constructing at the expense of the present primate, and his recent judicious choice of

* Quarterly Review, No. LXV. p. 265.

an astronomer, will soon enable this observatory to rank amongst the first in Europe. To the above we are happy to add the Observatory lately erected at Cambridge, inferior to none in the beauty and appositeness of the building, the expenses of which, as well as of the instruments, have been defrayed partly by the funds of the University, and partly by a subscription among the members. The favourite studies of the University are admirably calculated to ensure the success of the establishment.

Private observatories have multiplied so remarkably in England since the commencement of the last reign that we cannot attempt an enumeration of them. They afford evidence of the diffusion of scientific taste amongst the wealthier classes in the country, and many of them have produced lasting monuments of their successful labours. The observations made, for example, on double stars, at Mr. South's private observatory, by himself and Mr. Hershell, published in the Philosophical Transactions,* obtained immediately Lalande's medal from the French Institute—a circumstance equally honourable to the French and to this country.

It is evident from such facts, and from the liberal grants voted of late years by parliament to the Observatory of Greenwich, that exertion on the part of the people, and of the government, in promoting astronomical inquiries, has, during the last half-century, been accelerated by a progressive impulse. The expeditions fitted out at the expense of government during the last reign, for the express purpose of observing the transit of Venus at the remotest parts of the globe, were worthy of the country wherein that beautiful and important phenomenon was first predicted and observed by Horrox. These have been munificently followed up by the establishment of a Royal Observatory at the Cape of Good Hope, which, together with the East India Company's Observatory at Madras, will supply the most useful corresponding operations, from whence an extensive classification of the stars of the southern hemisphere will undoubtedly result.

It is remarkable that no public observatory, where observations are regularly registered, exists at present in Scotland. That of the Calton Hill, at Edinburgh, is unprovided with instruments, the whole funds having been exhausted on architectural embellishments. The building is certainly entitled to admiration; but this is not the only instance in the recent history of the philosophical institutions of Great Britain in which the whole, or too large a proportion, of the resources raised expressly for scientific purposes have been consumed in the construction of ornamental edifices.

* Part III. 1824.

There is also a professorship of practical astronomy in the University of Edinburgh, but we are not aware that any lectures are delivered there on that science. Some private gentlemen of Glasgow had the spirit a few years since to expend £6000 in erecting a building, and in purchasing instruments for astronomical purposes; but these have since been sold by public auction, and there are now no lectures delivered on astronomy in the College! We mention the extraordinary failure of so laudable a project, in the hope of awakening the public spirit of a city at once the seat of an ancient and flourishing university, and in the enjoyment of commercial prosperity unexampled in Scotland.

We shall next proceed to the chief provincial institutions devoted to other branches of philosophical inquiry. The first cabinet of natural curiosities formed in England was that of Sir John Tredescant, in the reign of Charles I., which contained many rare and valuable objects, and was farther enriched by his successor; and having become afterwards the property of Mr. Elias Ashmole, was by him bequeathed to the University of Oxford. There it has remained for more than a century and a half, and the scythe of Time has, during that period, unfortunately been more active than the liberality of succeeding donors. The ravages committed by insect plunderers, the Ptinus fur and his predatory associates, on the specimens preserved in some of the zoological departments, were long regarded by the learned sons of Alma Mater with a degree of resignation which every collector in natural history will often have occasion to envy. The University has been indebted, for the arrangement and enlargement of this museum, to the present keeper, Mr. Duncan; and we trust that his liberal exertions will not be unseconded, and that amidst the, now numerous, provincial establishments of this class, the Ashmolean Museum will not much longer be permitted to hold the first rank in antiquity, and the lowest in importance. The improved disposition of the age to cultivate physical science has been sensibly felt in the University of Oxford, and the lectures on Geology and Mineralogy, on Comparative Anatomy, Natural Philosophy and Chemistry, have been more fully attended than formerly. The funds of the Radcliffe Library have been exclusively expended in the purchase of valuable and expensive works on natural history and physical science; and the extensive collections formed by Dr. Buckland, the present professor of mineralogy and geology, deserve commendation, as being rich in many branches of geology—and as to the fossil organic remains of the alluvial strata, unrivalled by any in Europe. Until the removal of the Botanic Garden from its present unfavourable situation, where it is subject to occasional floods from the

the river, we can scarcely hope that it will ever rival the gardens of Kew, Edinburgh, Liverpool, or Glasgow. It enjoyed great celebrity in the days of one of its ancient professors, Dillenius; and surely no effort should be spared to revive its former reputation.

The Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, instituted in 1781, was the first example, in one of our provinces, of a large association of private individuals for the purpose of contributing funds for the publication of literary and scientific memoirs. We have prefixed to this article the title of the last volume of their Transactions, nine volumes of which are now completed, because they are of higher merit than those of any other provincial institution, and are surpassed by few of our metropolitan societies. Those who are aware of the limited sale of scientific works, even of profound research, and who know the consequent reluctance of publishers to undertake the publication of them at their own risk, even when proceeding from authors of acknowledged talents, will be able to appreciate the claims of Manchester to our gratitude in providing funds for so meritorious an object, and will regret with us, that forty years elapsed before any other town or county had the spirit to follow the example. Dr. Percival, who promoted actively the incorporation of the Manchester Society, and contributed so many valuable communications on various subjects to its Transactions, was conscious of the facility with which ample funds can always be raised for any great national object in this country, and the result of the experiment justified his most sanguine hopes. The volumes composing the first and second series of these memoirs are almost equally divided between literary and scientific articles. Many of the former are written with great originality and elegance; but we shall not dwell on their merits, because literature stands much less in need of this description of patronage than the experimental sciences; and these essays would probably have appeared before the public, and perhaps in works of more general circulation, had no provincial institutions ever existed in the country. But the philosophical and chemical papers, by Mr. Dalton, Mr. Henry, and others, in the Manchester Memoirs, which have given rise to a series of interesting experiments both here and on the continent, and have led the way to important discoveries, might perhaps have remained to this day unpublished—had not the Manchester Society lent their liberal assistance, and honoured and encouraged the authors with distinguished marks of their esteem. We wish not to be understood to express an opinion that communications relating to the mathematical and physical sciences should exclusively enjoy the patronage of the provincial

institutions; all subjects, such as statistics for instance, which are important, but cannot be popular, deserve their particular attention. We learn with satisfaction (January, 1826) that a considerable sum has been lately subscribed in Manchester for forming a Museum of the Fine Arts and Natural History, and that progress has already been made in this desirable undertaking.

The Royal Geological Society of Cornwall, instituted in 1814, have edited two volumes of Transactions of considerable merit. We have placed the titles of these also at the head of the present Article, but our limits forbid our entering into a particular examination of their contents. They relate to a district inexhaustibly rich in all the varied treasures of the mineral kingdom, and singularly adapted, both from natural structure and artificial excavations, for the study of subterranean phenomena. The attention of the scientific world may be particularly directed to the essay of Mr. Carne, in the last volume of these Transactions, 'on the relative Age of the Veins of Cornwall.' The first volume contains also some valuable notices on the same subject. The history and phenomena of these veins are of the highest interest, whether considered in an economical point of view, or with relation to geological speculation, and the revolutions of the earth's surface. Mr. Carne has combined in his investigation, the practical knowledge of the miner with enlarged scientific views. The construction of a geological map of Cornwall is in the contemplation of this society; and their museum at Penzance is already richly stored with specimens of the rocks and minerals of that county.

The Liverpool Royal Institution was also founded in 1814, and has received a charter of incorporation. It is instituted to promote literature, science and the fine arts; and the sum of £26,000 has been raised for its support. It possesses casts of many of the Elgin marbles, presented by his Majesty, as also those of Ægina, and the Phigalean frieze. Triennial exhibitions of the works of native artists have been opened there. Lectures have been delivered on a great variety of subjects, and a literary and philosophical society is connected with the institution. A museum was begun in 1819, but we regret that here, as very generally in England, zoology has not received a due share of attention. The foreign commerce of this town has increased so as to rival, within the last few years, that of London itself, and so active is the intercourse with various and distant regions, and particularly with North and South America, that the institution might soon form, without incurring great expense, a collection of preserved specimens from the animal kingdom, and a gallery of comparative anatomy of the highest utility and interest. The proprietors of the botanic garden of this town have set an example well worthy of imitation

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in this respect, as they have fully availed themselves of the advantages of their position. This garden is supported by voluntary contributions, and it cannot therefore be regarded (like those of Kew and Edinburgh) as a permanent national institution. Yet we believe it contains, at present, a greater number of living plants than either, and is perhaps without a rival in regard to variety and rarity of species, unless we ought to except the garden of Glasgow.

We may take this opportunity of remarking, that the botanic gardens of Great Britain are supposed to contain between 14 and 15,000 living species of plants, and are the richest in the world. The principal foreign establishments are supplied with their rarest plants from this country. The gardens of Lee and Kennedy at Hammersmith, and of Loddiges at Hackney, are on so extensive a scale, that they may be considered as national monuments of the taste of the English people; and they deserve mention, also, as having been rendered exceedingly useful to science through the liberal spirit of the proprietors. On entering the principal apartment at Mr. Loddiges, the visitor finds himself suddenly transported into a grove of palms, flourishing in all their native luxuriance, many of them of full size, and clothed with foliage unbroken by exposure to the winds and the thunder-shower—in many cases, in fact, more splendid than they are often to be met with in their native climate. So large an assemblage of tropical plants and trees of full growth was never before seen at such a distance from the equinoctial regions.

The institution of the Philosophical Society of Cambridge in 1819, affords a decisive proof of the more enlightened views now entertained by that university respecting scientific pursuits. About twelve years since, we remember a work then just published, entitled 'Memoirs of the Analytical Society,' evidently the production of young men, whose enthusiastic attachment to abstract mathematics promised, under skilful guidance, still more valuable fruits. But consisting only of the junior members of the university, the society was neglected, or discouraged, and soon appeared to be forgotten. From this germ, however, sprang the present institution, some of the most active members of the Analytical Society having afterwards acquired sufficient influence to form, on a more enlarged plan, an association which the university itself was at length prevailed upon to support. The first volume of their Transactions, printed at the expense of the University, contains a collection of papers highly creditable to the contributors, and to their Alma Mater.

'The Bristol Institution for the Advancement of Science, Literature, and the Arts,' has prospered greatly in its first efforts. A building was erected in 1820, at the expense of £11,000, and contains

contains a spacious theatre, in which lectures on science and literature are delivered. It is also provided with a laboratory; an apparatus-room in which a considerable number of philosophical instruments are already assembled; reading rooms; and a museum, which, as appears by the last report of February, 1825, has been enriched by many important donations chiefly relating to geology, and can also boast an excellent mineralogical collection purchased by means of a spirited subscription. Antiquities and the fine arts have not been neglected, and Mr. Cockerell, the architect of the building, has presented a complete series of casts of the statues which once ornamented the pediments of the temple of Jupiter Panhellenius at Ægina, of which no duplicates exist at present in London. They are of peculiar interest in the history of sculpture, as illustrating a state of the art intermediate between that of Egypt and the more perfect productions of Greece.

One measure, adopted by this institution, deserves particular notice, and will, we hope, be extensively imitated. They have devoted their principal room to the exhibition alternately of the productions of artists resident at Bristol, and of paintings by the old masters. The latter are liberally supplied for the time by the proprietors of rich collections in the neighbourhood, and their first exhibitions, in 1824 and 1825, would have done honour to the metropolis: we understand that similar exhibitions have been recently made at Edinburgh and Carlisle with equal success. Although it is somewhat irrelevant to the immediate object of the present Article, we cannot refrain from remarking how much advantage the taste of our native artists, and of the public, would derive from frequent access to such exhibitions, where the treasures of remote mansions, often uninhabited by the proprietors for the greater part of the year, would be brought to light and admired. The innumerable works of art of the highest merit scattered over Great Britain, in the seats of our nobility and gentry, so far exceed those of every other country, except Italy, that foreigners, aware of our wealth in this respect, are accustomed to wonder by what possible means these treasures are so successfully concealed from view. The possessors of works of art would not be found reluctant to afford this gratification to the public. Those who feel and appreciate their real excellence, are, in the immense majority of cases, men of liberal views; while such as prize them merely as objects of ostentation, would eagerly embrace such opportunities whether of gratifying their vanity, or of acquiring influence and popularity.

The Yorkshire Philosophical Society were embodied in 1822. They employ public lecturers in geology, chemistry and natural philosophy; have formed a collection of objects in natural history, and are about to erect a museum. They propose to enrich their cabinets

cabinets with a complete series of minerals, rocks, and organic remains of the strata in their own extensive county; and such exact local information on these subjects as may be expected from a district so diversified in its mineral products and structure will furnish important aid to science. The funds already obtained in support of this institution afford a satisfactory proof of what the spirit and power of a British county can effect, when it has once interested itself in the cause of science; and in looking over the list of members and officers, we rejoice to see the auspices under which they commence their labours.

There are many other institutions in our provinces, such as those of Newcastle, Bath, Leeds, and Exeter, where lectures are delivered, and museums have been constructed; but we feel that we have already gone beyond our limits, and having adverted to some of the principal establishments, wholly or in part devoted to philosophical research, we shall proceed, without referring *at present* to many distinguished institutions of a similar kind in Scotland and Ireland, to consider generally the advantages derivable from these numerous associations. Our sentiments on several branches of this question have necessarily been in some degree anticipated in the course of our separate examination of the different societies; and we shall endeavour to avoid trespassing on the patience of our readers by repetition.

With respect to *students* of all ages, the increased facilities of obtaining instruction in every branch of science and natural philosophy, enjoyed in consequence of these establishments, are too obvious to require more than a brief notice. Not only has a new class of lecturers been called forth by the encouragement thus afforded, but libraries and collections of philosophical instruments, and objects of natural history, thrown open to their inspection and study, have enabled them at the same time to give instruction to others and to enlarge and perfect their own knowledge. Adam Smith has observed, that 'the employment of a teacher of science is the education most likely to render him a man of solid learning;' and that, 'if we except the poets, a few orators and a few historians, the far greater part of the other eminent men of letters, both of Greece and Rome, appear to have been either public or private teachers, either of philosophy or rhetoric; and this remark,' he adds, 'will be found to hold true from the days of Lysias and Isocrates, of Plato and Aristotle, down to those of Plutarch and Epictetus, of Suetonius and Quintilian.'*

When we are considering, therefore, these institutions in the light of schools, for the improvement of students, we must look

* Wealth of Nations, vol. iii. p. 233, 234.

beyond

beyond the benefits reaped by the members of these associations, to the powerful impulse given generally to the cultivation of science and natural history, by the opportunities thus extended to a certain class of the community, to direct their minds and devote their lives professionally to these studies. The effects of such excitement will, at no distant period, be felt throughout the nation, particularly when the rank and importance of these societies have increased sufficiently to render the office of lecturer an object of ambition as well as a source of emolument. There is one class of students, the cultivation of whose minds will be eminently favoured by access to lectures delivered in the provincial institutions; we mean those who belong to the different departments of the faculty of medicine. It is impossible to peruse the Transactions of the Manchester Society, or indeed the scientific publications of the country at large, without feeling that we are indebted to the exertions of the members of this profession, for a very large part of the progress made in science and natural history, particularly in chemistry, anatomy and physiology. Yet few only of the medical practitioners in our provinces are educated at our Universities. A large proportion have never resided in London or Edinburgh, or the other recognized schools of medical instruction, and they who have enjoyed these advantages, have been compelled to apply the short period allotted to such residence, to subjects immediately connected with the practical duties of their profession. The principal benefits of an university education will now, in many of our county towns, be placed within the reach of the followers of this profession. The frequent meetings of the members of the new societies must also be enumerated among their means of contributing to the improvement of students, in which authors equally participate. The active interchange of ideas and discussions on topics of common interest thus promoted, awakens and directs the spirit of inquiry, supplying a constant stimulus and fresh energies to the mind.

We have already expressed our opinion, when treating of the Memoirs of the Manchester Society, of the efficacy of the new institutions in promoting science, by defraying for *authors* the expenses of publication. We shall now, therefore, merely add, that the gratuitous labours of valuable writers are thus rendered available to the public, and rescued from the obscurity in which they in all likelihood must otherwise have remained. For, in the present age, a taste for philosophic investigation, and ambition of fame, acquired by discoveries in physical science, afford a sufficient excitement to the perseverance and industry of individuals of distinguished ability. As a proof of this gratifying fact, we may state, that at no former period were important communications

tions ever contributed so regularly to the Royal Society, nor has the publication of their Transactions ever proceeded so rapidly;—although the new societies that have sprung up in the metropolis and provinces have been co-operating with such activity in the same cause; while the many philosophical magazines and journals, now regularly published, afford new channels for the circulation of scientific intelligence.

The last point of view in which we shall consider the new philosophical institutions, is their instrumentality in augmenting the zeal, number and emulation of *patrons*. We include in the class of patrons all those members who enter institutions of this kind, without any expectation of sharing in the benefits conferred on students and authors, whether influenced by motives of disinterested public spirit, or of private friendship or local attachment, or ambition of adding to their personal and political importance. Whatever be the inducement, all contribute in different degrees, if discrimination be exercised in the election of candidates, and due regard paid to respectability of character, to enlarge the power and resources of the society.

With respect to the scientific institutions of London, we have put our readers in possession of so many facts concerning their organization and proceedings, that all further comment on their effect in augmenting the *patronage* of science is unnecessary. But the Provincial Institutions, particularly if they should continue to multiply and to extend their influence as rapidly as they have done of late years, would lead to consequences of such magnitude, that they deserve a more attentive consideration.

The most natural and desirable of these consequences would be the elevating and directing to nobler objects those provincial partialities and prepossessions which have never been dormant in the breasts of our countrymen, though their force has been too often enfeebled or misdirected. The lectures delivered in the institutions, the libraries, the museums of natural history and the fine arts, are calculated to diffuse amongst the higher and middling classes a taste for liberal studies, and a spirit of philosophical investigation, and to serve as schools, where the talents of native students, whether in science or art, may be cultivated, encouraged and matured. The general attachment of a people to birth-place, like an enthusiastic love of country at large, kindles a sentiment of admiration and gratitude towards those fellow-citizens who, by illustrious actions or works of industry and genius, confer rank and consideration on their native districts. There is the closest affinity between national and provincial feelings; both are naturally prolific sources of excitement, and alike capable of being

being perverted to strengthen prejudices, or of operating to awaken a spirit of the most disinterested and exalted patriotism.

Had the northern part of our island always formed an integral part of our English monarchy, or even been united to it, like Wales, before civilization was far advanced, we should never have witnessed those literary and scientific exertions which have been carried far beyond the proportional wealth and number of its population. If Scotland had never flourished as an independent kingdom, and had not preserved to this day a national character and feeling, few only of those Scottish authors would have appeared, who have been an ornament to their age, and have contributed to raise the fame and glory of the empire at large. What now is Scotland would then have been a few insignificant northern counties of England, and England herself, augmented thus in territory, but without the rivalship of an active and intelligent neighbour, would never have achieved what she has now accomplished by her single efforts.

If we were called upon to select from the history of the past two eras in which nations of inconsiderable population have succeeded in raising the arts and sciences that demand the most powerful efforts of the human mind, from a low state of degradation to the fullest maturity and perfection, and, moreover, effected this great change in the shortest periods of time, we should point without hesitation to Greece between the battle of Marathon and the death of Alexander, and to Italy between the latter part of the 15th and the beginning of the 17th century. Both these epochs, scarcely exceeding a century and a half in duration, were in their commencement periods of darkness, and each gave birth to a large proportion of the most illustrious men whom the world has produced in poetry and the fine arts, in literature and philosophy. In their opinions and institutions, whether religious or political; in their laws, usages and systems of education—causes to which the growth of national character can usually be traced—the Greeks and Italians, during these parallel eras, presented a striking contrast to each other; and each differed no less widely in all these points of comparison from all the modern nations that now bear most resemblance to them in the superiority of their intellectual attainments. Both the Greeks and Italians had to contend against obstacles to the free advance of knowledge, such as the experience of modern times might have led us to consider insurmountable. Education was never generally diffused throughout the people. The mass of the Greek populace consisted of slaves; the majority of the Italian people was buried in the grossest superstition. The oligarchies and democracies of Greece, and republics

lics and absolute principalities of Italy, were the constant scenes of treacherous and sanguinary struggles between contending domestic factions. Mutual invasions of territory, either for conquest or for the avowed purpose of effecting political revolutions, were frequent and fatal to national independence. The destructive nature of their hostilities, conducted with the bitter animosity of civil war, was no less adverse to the progress of the arts and sciences. But there was one general feature of resemblance between the Greek and Italian nations, the only feature perhaps in the moral character of the two races in which any strong likeness is discoverable. In both countries national and provincial feelings had a remarkable warmth and elevation of character, and these, like the life-blood circulating from the heart into the most delicate extremities, were not confined to Athens, Florence, and the chief cities, but ramified into almost every petty town and village. The Greeks and Italians, enjoying equally the advantage of a common language, were subdivided into numerous independent states, each impressed with a sense of national dignity; and these small states again were composed of conquered towns or smaller republics incorporated with them, where a spirit of provincial emulation was kept alive in the bosom of each citizen, either by the proud recollection of former independence, or by the cherished hope of future emancipation. The immediate effect of the collision and rivalship of these numerous independent powers in the encouragement of talent and genius deserves an attentive examination, as suggesting instructive considerations applicable to the state of modern Europe.

Men are proud of the achievements and the glory of their fellow countrymen because they feel their lustre reflected on themselves. The gratification, for instance, is most perfect when they who have earned renown are of our own family. For the same reason more lively sensations of pleasure and individual exaltation are experienced when the glory of a fellow-citizen is shared with the population of a small state, than when it is equally participated with that of an immense empire. The decreasing energy of this sentiment as we enlarge the space in which it operates, may be compared to the rapidity of motion and the intensity of light and heat in the solar system, diminishing constantly as the planetary orbits widen. The circle as it is enlarged has a constant tendency to embrace within its limits the whole of mankind, and thus to leave us no farther title to participation in the intellectual triumphs or renown of others, than as they raise the character of our species, a sentiment too refined, and too incapable of administering to self-love, to be relied upon as a powerful stimulant of human action. Now in Greece, where the population was smaller and the subdivision

vision still more minute than in modern Italy, these national and provincial feelings were excited even to enthusiasm. The glory of an illustrious man became so associated and identified with that of his birthplace, that the name of the one could not be pronounced without instantly recalling the other to the mind. Even to this day every lover of classic lore remembers well that Sappho was a Lesbian, Leonidas a Spartan, Thucydides and Plato Athenians; but however profound may be our admiration of Milton, Newton, Marlborough, few of us are acquainted with the towns or even the provinces that gave them birth. Thus in Greece and in Italy the value of the illustrious deeds of individuals was doubly enhanced to each separate portion of the people, while the united communities in each, still laid claim, *as one nation separated from the rest of the world*, to the glories of all their common citizens. Of this fact we might produce abundant proofs from their writings, if it were necessary. An elegant modern writer* has clearly shown that when literature and the fine arts first began to make vigorous shoots in Italy towards the close of the 15th century, they were the subjects of rivalry between numerous independent republics, and those families which had established principalities in various states; and the impulse thus given acquired progressive force in the 16th century when cultivation was farther extended and matured.

The Italians, it may be said, never attained the same superiority in the mathematical and physical sciences that distinguished their poetry, history, painting and sculpture. We must not, however, infer from hence that national or provincial emulation is less efficacious in favouring the patronage of philosophical pursuits, and in promoting their rapid progress; but we must take into our consideration the opposition of hostile prejudices, such as were unknown to Greece in the age of Pericles, and such as happily have no existence in the present day in Great Britain. The fate of Galileo and the motives that led to his persecution will explain our meaning so fully, that farther illustration would be superfluous. In the age of Pericles, the spirit of emulation had more ample opportunities of developing itself than in the age of the Medici, as the subdivision of the Greek people was yet greater, and their public festivals, where the citizens of the different states assembled together, were an acknowledged stage for the exercise of *national* competition. Hence, they acquired their distinguishing national character—'præter laudem nullius avari,'—and to this source of excitement, more than any other cause, may we ascribe that originality of mind, and those powers of invention in which they have scarcely been equalled by all succeeding generations.

* Roscoe, Leo. X. v. i. c. ii. p. 88. 94.

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The Romans cultivated arts and sciences already invented, but remained for ever the mere scholars of Greece. Even the transient splendour of the Augustan age gradually faded away as their power increased, and although they extended knowledge and civilization with their conquests, and during many periods of the empire enjoyed more tranquillity and security of property than in the brightest periods of the republic, the most vigorous energies of the mind became dormant when the whole world was, as it were, One Nation. The transcendant power of Rome depressed her own provinces and her subjugated kingdoms with a sense of inferiority; and thus provincial and national emulation, kindred sources of intellectual excitement, were annihilated by the establishment of one universal and undivided dominion.

In modern Europe there have been formed so many civilized and independent kingdoms, maintaining an active intercourse with each other, that the spirit of foreign rivalry has never been dormant, although from want of sufficient internal competition the intellectual resources of a large and intelligent portion of the European population have never hitherto been called into action.

If Alsace had not remained disunited from France till the close of the seventeenth century, enjoying a certain share of national independence as a member of the Germanic empire, Strasburg would not have claimed at the present moment the title of the second seat of learning in France; while, on the other hand, if the powerful duchy of Burgundy had not been incorporated with France antecedently to the period when science had burst the fetters of the middle ages, so proud a name could never have been cancelled from the annals of European nations, and that country would have occupied at present a more conspicuous station in the vast population of France than Scotland still maintains in Great Britain. Had the petty republic of Geneva always formed a portion of the French empire, as was recently its lot for a few years, the least of the numerous French provinces might have aspired, with greater prospects of success, to literary and scientific reputation. The separation of Germany into numerous independent states has multiplied, in the various capitals, courts, and universities, the sources of patronage, and has quickened the growth of talent, and literature and the arts have flourished most conspicuously when the subdivision has been most minute. The literary and scientific renown of the small duchy of Saxe-Weimar, when compared with the comparatively feeble exertions of some of the larger states, proves, in a striking manner, how small is the connexion, under the present constitution of

the Germanic empire, between the fruits of intellectual exertion and the amount of population, national wealth, and political power.

To Italy, after having dwelt with satisfaction on the days of her former greatness, it is painful to revert in the nineteenth century; however, she 'has not yet lost all her original brightness,' and the Italians may still illustrate and confirm the truth of our preceding observations, as forcibly perhaps as their ancestors in the age of the Medici. The political debility of this fair portion of Europe, arising from its subdivision into numerous states, has reduced a large part of the inhabitants to a condition no less unnatural than degrading; for the conquered are superior in genius and the highest intellectual acquirements to their conquerors. Such was the fate of Greece soon after the period of her history before alluded to. The Greeks and Italians were the victims of causes precisely similar in their nature. Both were incapable, from corresponding defects in their political organization, of forming firm confederations, and therefore of resisting the aggression of powerful foreigners. Both retained a high state of civilization after the loss of their independence, thus exemplifying the energy of that impulse from whence their rapid improvement had been derived. The Italians are still entitled to consideration amongst the people of Europe both in polite literature and in art; and with respect to the physical and mathematical sciences, we have the testimony of Professor Playfair, who travelled there at the commencement of the present century and examined minutely into the state and the productions of the principal academies, 'that there were a greater number of scientific institutions in Italy, important from the regularity and value of their publications, than existed in any equal portion of territory in Europe.'* The emulation of the Italian states, though enfeebled by their subjection to foreign rulers, has never been utterly extinguished. This, and many other sources of intellectual excitement have been kept alive in a great degree by the numerous institutions for promoting science and the fine arts in all the principal and many of the inferior towns—advantages that originated in the former subdivision of the country.

But to pursue this subject farther would lead us into a lengthened digression, and we trust we have said enough to illustrate the position with which we started, that provincial feelings, if properly directed, are capable of exerting a constant and powerful influence over the public mind, disposing it to afford protection to merit. We have no wish to indulge sanguine

* Edinb. Rev. vol. vi. p. 171.

speculations

speculations on the future success of the English counties in the career of honourable competition now opening to them, nor to exaggerate the present importance of the new provincial institutions. But we will not shrink from declaring our conviction; that under the genius of our free constitution and in a country where wealth and intelligence are so widely diffused, the causes before-mentioned, if ever permitted to operate with full energy, would lead at once to splendid success in every department of Science and Art, and would carry our excellence in all those subjects for which we are at present distinguished to a much higher degree of perfection. The English counties present a field for the developement of rivalry without parallel in the internal organization of other European kingdoms. They have never been wanting in a due sense of their own importance, having from time immemorial exercised independent civil and political rights. They have been accustomed to the residence of an hereditary aristocracy warm with feelings of local attachment, and deriving their power and influence from family connections, from the possession of property, or public services, and not merely from the favour of the crown. The Capital has never in England assumed an ascendancy over public opinion; it has never, as in France, drained the deserted provinces of native talent, and presented the only theatre where genius could aspire to distinction and hope to meet with due encouragement. In population no less than in the extension of education many of our English counties surpass at present, what is ascribed to the most considerable of the ancient independent states of Greece and Italy,—to Attica, for instance, or Tuscany, the parents of so many illustrious citizens. If it be impossible to excite in the provinces of the same country *quite* so animated a competition in the noblest subjects of contention, as between different independent powers, it should also be remembered that in the former case evils and calamities most repugnant to the free growth of knowledge, yet inseparably incident to minute political subdivision, are happily avoided.

We shall take an early opportunity of attending more particularly to the Scientific Institutions of Scotland and Ireland.

ART. IX.—1. *A Letter to the Earl of Liverpool, proposing to finish the East Wing of Somerset House for National Galleries.* By J. W. Croker, Esq. 1823.

2. *Observations on the Buildings, Improvements, and Extension of the Metropolis, of late Years; with some Suggestions, &c.* 8vo. pp. 150. 1825.

3. *Sketch of the North Bank of the Thames, showing the proposed Quay, and some other Improvements, suggested by Lieutenant-Colonel Trench.* Folio. 1825.
4. *Considerations upon the Expediency of Building a Metropolitan Palace. By a Member of Parliament.* 8vo. pp. 68. 1825.
5. *A Letter to the Right Honourable Sir Charles Long, on the Improvements proposed and now carrying on in the Western Part of London.* 8vo. pp. 37. 1825.
6. *Short Remarks and Suggestions upon the Improvements now carrying on or under Consideration.* 8vo. pp. 48. 1826.

THE architectural growth and improvement of our capital may well engage a few of our pages at this time, when not only every lounger through our streets speculates upon their embellishment, but the public attention in higher quarters is seriously directed to this object. Most of the pamphlets which we have now before us were printed for private distribution, and on that account we are not perhaps entitled to treat them like more regular productions; but though not published, they were printed to be read, and as they have already been largely circulated, their authors cannot, we think, be much offended by some notice of them here.

The capability of London for the display of architectural magnificence will not be disputed. The positions of other great cities may indeed exhibit more striking features; we cannot, for instance, command an Acropolis; but the situation of this Metropolis happily combines all which may contribute to its wealth and convenience. Seated on a gentle slope descending to the margin of a noble river, its plain is bounded on the north and south by two beautiful ranges of hills, affording at once easy access, facilities to cleanliness and ventilation, and that in which its rival Paris is so deficient, abundant springs of the purest water.

We have high authority for believing that ancient London (Lyn-din, the City on the Lake) overlooked an extensive basin, whose waters washed the bases of the Surrey hills, though the Thames, now confined by embankments, flows within his proper channel. London was not occupied as a Roman station so early as Colchester and Verulam. It has been doubted if Julius Cæsar ever saw it. The walls were erected by Theodosius, governor of Britain, in the year 369. They were bounded on the east and west by the Fleet and the Wallbrook, on the south by the Thames, and on the north by a morass, beyond which lay an extensive forest, stretching also towards the eastern side of the city. Fitzstephen, who wrote in the time of Henry II. describes it as then filled with beasts of chase. The first bridge was thrown across the Thames about the year 1000, by the monks

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of St. Mary Over-Eye (over the water), who till then had maintained a ferry which gave name to their convent. Even this frail wooden fabric is recorded to have been deemed an impregnable barrier by the invader Canute, who cut a channel from Rotherhithe into the Thames above the bridge, and dragged his vessels through it to blockade the city. This old bridge having been destroyed by fire, that which is now about to be pulled down was erected in 1176. Within the memory of persons yet living this second bridge was laden with an irregular pile of crazy buildings, chiefly occupied by pin-makers, (the first of whom was a Spanish negro,) overhanging the huge starlings on either side, and bound together by cross-beams of timber, beneath which the passengers groped along a narrow and dismal way. The remains of the drawbridge in the middle were guarded by an antique tower, and another bulwark protected the entrance from the suburb thence called Southwark. These singular appendages, which are represented in Hollar's curious print, were removed, together with most of the city-gates, by authority of Parliament in the year 1760. No demand for additional means of communication across the river was made till 1738, when Labelye, a Swiss architect, was employed to build the bridge of Westminster. That of Blackfriars, by Milne, was added in 1761.

The most ancient relic in the city is 'London Stone,' which may still be seen inserted in the wall of St. Swithin's church, Cannon-street. It seems to have been regarded with a superstitious reverence as the Palladium of the city. When Jack Cade, at the head of his rebel army, entered London, he struck his sword on this stone, saying, 'now is Mortimer lord of this citie.'

The fine old gothic cathedral of St. Paul, anciently called Eastminster, which fell in the Great Fire of 1666, covered three acres with its walls. The beautiful spire rose high above the city, and one of its aisles (Paul's Walk) was the daily resort of traders, newsmongers, and sharpers. In front stood Paul's Cross, a pulpit of wood, noted for political sermons, and for the nobler exertions of Latimer and others of our distinguished reformers. This Cross was demolished in 1641, by order of the Long Parliament, who issued a commission for the destruction of 'pictures and other monuments and relics of idolatry.' The beautiful cross of Queen Eleanor in West Chepe (Cheapside) shared the same fate; and the ancient May Pole which stood on the site of the New Church in the Strand was removed by Sir Isaac Newton to Wanstead park, as a support to his great telescope.

In Aggas's map of London, as it was in 1560, Finsbury and Holborn, St. Giles and St. Martin's, appear as scattered villages. Westminster was not only a distinct but a *distant* city. A long

dreary road led through Lud-gate to the village of Charing, where another of Eleanor's crosses (now supplanted by Le Soeur's fine statue of Charles I.) pointed the way to the palaces of Whitehall and Westminster. Beyond this cross all was open field and garden. Hedge-lane (now Witcombe-street) and the Haymarket are marked as the roads to Oxenforde and Redynge. On the top of Hay-hill stood the gibbet of Sir Thomas Wyat. In Marybone (now the Regent's) Park, Queen Elizabeth sent her Russian ambassadors to hunt. At a noted Bowling-green and House of Entertainment, (set up on the suppression of Spring Gardens,) were sold a sort of Cakes called *Piccadillas*, which gave title to the fine street of which this resort was the origin. A little east of this stood the country-house of Lord Keeper Coventry; and, further on, the mansion of *Sydney—Earl—*of *Leicester*, upon the sites now occupied by the Street, Passage, and Square, which retain these names. North of this arose King's square, on one side of which stood the house of the Duke of Monmouth, after whose execution his friends changed this royal name to 'Soho,' the watchword with which he advanced to the fatal battle of Sedgemoor. Hanover and Cavendish squares first appeared in the maps about the year 1720; Oxford-street at that time extended no farther than Princes-street, and Bond-street reached only to Conduit-mead. Trinity Chapel, which stands in that quarter of the town, has a curious history. It was originally a Popish chapel of wood mounted on wheels, and followed the camp of James II. to Hounslow Heath, where it remained neglected long after the Revolution, till Archbishop Tennison, then rector of St. Martin's, brought it back to its present position, and rebuilt it of more durable materials.

The venerable Abbey of Westminster, on Thorney Island, was surrounded on three sides by a creek, which opening near Manchester Buildings crossed King's-street and College-street, supplying the Canal in St. James's Park, and thence rejoined the Thames. The adjacent palace of Edward the Confessor, of which the noble Hall of Rufus and a few fragments only remain, covered both the palace-yards, and extended as far as Whitehall, where it joined to the precincts of York House. On the disgrace of Wolsey, the latter was seized for the use of the king, who from that time kept his court there. St. James's Hospital, till then under the jurisdiction of Eton College, was also seized by Henry VIII. who converted it to a palace, and inclosed the Park, which was afterwards planted by Charles II.

The magnificent palace of Whitehall, designed by Inigo Jones, for James I., was to have comprised six distinct courts; but the beautiful Banqueting-room alone was completed. At that period the

the royal palaces occupied the whole of the east side of the street of Whitehall and that part on the west where the Horse-Guards, and the Home Office and Treasury now stand. The site of the present Admiralty was occupied by Wallingford House, where died, (in 1632,) of a disease as horrible as her depravity, the infamous Countess of Essex, and from the roof of which Archbishop Usher beheld the execution of his royal master. In Scotland-yard, stood the ancient palace of King Kenneth. King street, the only thoroughfare, was guarded by a gate; and another of nobler dimensions, designed by Holbein, stood in the midst of Whitehall, and formed the principal entrance to the palace.

When The Great Fire of 1666 destroyed almost the whole city within the walls, London possessed an architect worthy of raising the fallen capital from her ashes. But the citizens ignorantly rejected the beautiful plan of Sir Christopher Wren, who proposed to carry a spacious street in a direct line from St. Paul's to the Exchange, another to the Tower, and a third westward from the same point to Piccadilly. A terrace was to adorn the bank of the river, beside which he intended to place the Halls of the twelve great Companies. The king and his ministers warmly supported this masterly conception, but to little purpose: the citizens cramped Sir Christopher in his operations so as almost wholly to frustrate the design. He effected, nevertheless, great improvement in the comfort and cleanliness of the city, as one proof of which it may be observed, that the plague, which in the preceding year is stated to have carried off 160,000 persons, never afterwards appeared.

In 1766 (just a century after) Mr. John Gwynn, an architect of reputation, dedicated to his late Majesty proposals for the improvement of London and Westminster, and plans for the erection of a Royal Palace in Hyde-park, upon a scale of magnificence which would satisfy the most enthusiastic of modern projectors. This work (now scarce) displays excellent taste, and anticipates nearly all the improvements since made or now contemplated. On one of his plans we observe 'St. George's-bridge' occupying nearly the site of our bridge of Waterloo, with a noble street leading north through Bow-street. 'King's-square' is seen occupying the place of the Mews—A great street leads north from Pall Mall, nearly in the line of Regent-street, and another east from Piccadilly. Splendid improvements for Whitehall and Palace-yard are also sketched out, as well as a quay on *both* banks of the river, extending as far as London-bridge.—No part of his ingenious design, however, was adopted: the publication does not appear to have produced any public interest at the time; and Mr. Gwynn

has been so little thought of since, that we have seen some of his designs lately brought forward as original conceptions.

We have taken this retrospective glance of London, in order to afford our readers better means of judging of the various suggestions for the improvement of our modern city, which we now proceed to examine.

Mr. Croker, in his 'Letter to the Earl of Liverpool,' (1823,) warmly urges the completion of the eastern wing of Somerset House, and suggests that it might be advantageously dedicated to the purposes of a National Museum, instead of the ruinous old fabric in Great Russell-street. This plan is stated for the consideration of the premier with all the zeal and ingenuity for which the author is distinguished; but though we have the satisfaction to know that the government has consented to the erection of the deficient wing, we rather think it will be devoted to public offices. Indeed, it may be doubted whether the banks of the Thames afford a safe situation for books and pictures. The foggy exhalations from the river, and the tremendous volumes of smoke and soot which are wafted from the steam-engines, (daily increasing in number,) in its neighbourhood, are found highly injurious to such articles, even in private houses, and would still more seriously affect an extensive public collection. In the preface to the third edition the author states that when the Letter was first written, 'the larger and more generous views which the Country seems now inclined to take of this kind of questions' were not anticipated, and that his proposals referred not to what he thought desirable, but to what it seemed practicable to obtain. We, therefore, conclude, that subsequent events have altered some of his opinions given on a different state of the case. When this pamphlet was first circulated there was but little prospect of rescuing our great national collections from the risk and inconvenience to which they were exposed in old Montague House. Much is therefore due to its author as the first who directed the public attention to this very important object. The rebuilding of that edifice, on a scale correspondent to the dignity of a British Musæum, is now proceeding rapidly, and we agree (as has been already hinted*) in the more matured opinion of Mr. Croker, that it is the fittest depository for the great National Library, though the propriety of adding the library of his late Majesty to the existing collection seems more than doubtful. We should have preferred to see *that* library placed in a suitable separate building, nearer the Houses of Parliament. Thus accommodated, (perhaps on the site of Carlton-House,) it would stand as an

* Vide p. 157, *ante*.

honourable

honourable memorial of King George the Third, its founder, and of the munificence of his accomplished successor, by whom it was presented to the public. It is curious that the royal collector and his venerable librarian (Mr. Barnard) should have survived almost sixty years after commencing the formation of this, the most complete private library in Europe, steadily appropriating £2000 per annum to this object, and adhering with scrupulous attention to the instructions of Dr. Johnson, contained in the admirable letter recently printed by order of the House of Commons.

We are inclined to believe a veteran diplomatist, who much frequents the Alfred, to be the author of the lively and sensible 'Observations' which stand second on our list, and though we by no means concur in all his criticisms, we cordially recommend his pamphlet to those readers who, like ourselves, take an interest in the growing beauty of the metropolis.

The attractive project of Colonel Trench, illustrated by a series of lithographic views, comes next to be considered; but it need not long detain us, for, with a sincere desire to see it executed, we have long thought it hopeless. Our first opinion was that he began his canvass in the wrong quarter—that he should have sounded the wharfingers and coal-merchants, before he launched his summer-barge upon the Thames freighted with princes, lordings, and high dames, the patrons and protectresses of his scheme. But perhaps he might think that a committee of management, including ministers of state and other men of refined taste, would carry all before it. It was soon perceived that the plan would never pay, and that Parliament, however liberal, must reserve its funds for higher objects. Thus abandoned by his most powerful supporters, we think Colonel Trench will not have courage to proceed farther in this speculation, but as we observe a portion of his long lithographic plan proposes to open a noble Colonnade from St. Paul's to the river Thames, we earnestly recommend him to coalesce as to that point with Sir Wm. Curtis. That worthy baronet, laudably anxious to commemorate himself as a benefactor to his own city, has long been teeming with a similar project, and would, we cannot doubt, be very thankful for the Colonel's aid in giving it birth.

The pamphlet dedicated to the King by a 'Member of Parliament' offers a magnificent design for a Palace in Hyde-Park near Stanhope-street gate. We have seen another plan, not published, which proposes the Regent's Park as a preferable site. The authors, who are brethren in taste as well as blood, have abundantly proved that an intimate acquaintance with the details of architecture is not incompatible with the more dignified acquirements proper

proper to persons of high rank and station. All men of right feeling have acknowledged that the Sovereign of this great realm has not hitherto possessed a proper London residence. Whether he was to inhabit an ancient hospital for lepers, as at St. James's, or to be lodged by the bounty of a Lord Dorchester at Carlton House, it must be confessed that the *Nation* has hitherto done nothing towards providing a metropolitan palace becoming the royal dignity. If a situation were now to be chosen, we should decidedly prefer Buckbine Hill in Hyde-Park, to any spot which has yet been named. We think the accommodation of the king in some one of his own parks should be the *first* consideration; and though we cannot too highly appreciate the generous reluctance to abridge the space set apart for the recreation of his subjects, which decided his majesty to rebuild Buckingham house, rather than chuse another site, we must say that very unbecoming objections and much foolish talk have been maintained about *invading the parks*. For our parts we should not have grudged the cost of such a palace even at the expense of two millions, considering it due to the monarch of this great empire, and well knowing that money so expended goes to the reward of British talent and industry; and we cannot but regret that the king's scruples, aided perhaps by a partiality for the place of his nativity, finally determined him to adopt an inferior situation, and a design, the estimates for which scarcely reach a tenth of that amount.

The 'Letter to Sir Charles Long,' (reported to be the offspring of a female pen,) seems chiefly designed to recommend the appointment of a Committee of Taste to direct all the architectural improvements of the metropolis. Many people already believe in the existence of such a committee, in the persons of the six noblemen and gentlemen, with Sir Charles Long as their chairman, to whose judgment the Lords of the Treasury from time to time referred the designs for public monuments in St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey. But there ended their functions, which were purely honorary. We cannot concur in the suggestions of the fair writer; and we venture to think Sir Charles himself would be of our opinion, though high authorities have recommended the appointment of a permanent commission, similar to that already chosen for the limited object of the repairs of Windsor castle. In the House of Commons warm discussions took place last year, on the merits of some of our new buildings, and the façade of one was rebuilt on the recommendation of a committee. We acknowledge ourselves indebted to them for that improvement, but we are of opinion that such interposition should be rare. As the king's ministers are responsible for the expenditure of the public money, we think (without reference to their personal qualifications)

fications) that they are the most proper persons to decide upon the adoption of plans submitted to them by the Board of Works.

The last of the pamphlets we have to notice, though printed only for private circulation, is written, we believe, by Sir Charles Long; we are therefore disposed to interpret many of its suggestions as hints of works which may in due time be executed. It is remarkable for the unaffected good taste and judgment of its observations, and especially those on the opening of the Strand and other great public avenues. The recommendation for removing the line of houses which separates King-street from Parliament-street, and those on the right of Bridge-street, would, if adopted, be a magnificent, though, we fear, a very costly improvement. The hints for supplanting the forest trees which skirt the Park, by flowering shrubs, and dressing the ground in a gayer style, are in excellent taste, and would convert even the gloomy alleys of St. James's Park into a lively and agreeable promenade. We are rejoiced to learn from such authority that the plan and elevation of the Palace now rising on the ruins of Buckingham House promise both splendour and convenience, and, *as it is now decided on*, that the work is proceeding rapidly. But as the foundation of Carlton House is declared to be absolutely unsafe, and the building is to be pulled down immediately, his majesty, for the next two or three years, will have no London Palace except St. James's, which, though admirably arranged for holding his Court, is quite unfitted for a domestic residence. We hear also that the Arch of Constantine, with some variations and additions, and glittering with the newly invented mosaic gold, is to form the approach to the new palace, as the long-promised triumphal monument of the victories of Trafalgar and Waterloo. We had once hoped to see these national trophies erected elsewhere, but we honour the feeling which induces his Majesty to associate them with his own palace, and we only hope that the structure may be erected at Hyde Park Corner, as the royal entrance from Windsor; the front which is to commemorate the great achievement of the Duke of Wellington, facing Apsley House, and the other, dedicated to the memory of Nelson, looking towards Westminster. In this commanding position it would be an object of constant interest to all who enter this avenue of the metropolis, where every passer-by would view it with a grateful sense of those services which it is destined to commemorate.

We yield our entire assent to all the author has said in praise of the great works carrying on at Windsor. We have had the advantage of inspecting these, and, we think, though Mr. Wyatville has had to grapple with many unforeseen difficulties, he has surmounted them with great ingenuity. As antiquaries, certainly,

we would have demanded that all the repairs should have been made, as was at first proposed, in the severe style of the age of Edward III.; but had this been done, much of the comfort and convenience of the royal Residence must have been sacrificed to the stern uniformity of the Castle. The architect doubtless felt himself entitled to introduce such variations in style as occurred between the era of its commencement by William of Wykeham, and that of the additions by Elizabeth; and in giving a more ornamental exterior, he has been enabled to afford great improvement in the internal arrangement. We are sorry, though not surprized, to learn that the ruinous condition of the whole building (which could not be discovered till some progress had been made in these alterations) will require a further grant to a large amount. The beautiful chapel of St. George, now imprisoned betwixt the Collegiate Houses, should be freed from these incumbrances. The buildings of that part of the town, which has encroached upon the castle-ditch, must also be removed, and when the terrace is carried, on a lower level, completely round the south and west sides, nothing will be wanting to render Windsor Castle the most splendid palace in Europe.

Upon the subject of the National Gallery, the author of the 'Short Remarks' writes *con amore*, and we trust that all which he recommends, as to the formation of the Collection, will be adopted. It is vain to look back upon what such a Gallery *might* have possessed from sources which are now passed away. The dispersion of the magnificent collection of Charles I., formed by that accomplished monarch with the truest taste and judgment, is now irretrievable. The pictures sold by the parliament after his death may yet be traced among the first collections on the continent; but few of them have yet returned to this country. But the æra of good taste is at length revived. A just estimate of the value of such works (as public property) is now entertained. The Houghton Gallery would not in our days have been driven to seek a purchaser on the confines of the Arctic circle; and we may congratulate our countrymen that the 'nucleus' of a British Gallery is already formed. The munificent donation of the entire collection of Sir George Beaumont does honour to that distinguished connoisseur; and the purchase of the pictures belonging to the late Mr. Angerstein has secured some of the finest specimens of the great masters. We are persuaded that several of the most eminent collectors will add to these hereafter by donation or bequest. Mr. Holwell Carr has already signified his intention of thus disposing of his beautiful Italian pictures, and we believe that many such gifts have been already lost to the public from the mere want of a national depository. The diffusion

of

of knowledge in the fine arts amongst all men of liberal education has excited a concurrent feeling on the part of the legislature, and funds will not be wanting to promote this interesting object. Since the purchase of Mr. Angerstein's collection, indeed, only four pictures have been bought for the National Gallery: they are the productions of Correggio, of Titian, of Annibal Carracci, and of Nicholas Poussin, and they are (as all pictures thus acquired for the use of the public ought to be) *of the first class.* The number of pictures offered for sale for this purpose is innumerable; but we think that none but the purest works of the most eminent painters should be added to the collection by purchase. The opportunities of making such acquisitions are now but seldom presented, and we believe that those, under whose recommendation they are likely to be made, are fully sensible of the necessity of proceeding cautiously and slowly in offering their advice. No entire collections should be purchased hereafter; but whenever the '*élite*' of any such can be obtained, a liberal price ought to be given for works of established celebrity. The two pictures of Correggio, (one of which was in the collection of Charles I.) brought to England by the Marquess of Londonderry, and two of those by Murillo, in the collection of Marshal Soult, now offered for sale at Paris, are well worthy the attention of our government. But, while in search of the finest specimens of the most celebrated foreign masters, we trust those to whom these purchases are confided will neglect no opportunity of acquiring some of the choicest productions of such as are truly British. The works of Gainsborough, Wilson, Hogarth, and Reynolds, should hold a conspicuous place in the National Gallery of England.

The pamphlet of Sir Charles Long closes with a just tribute to the liberality which his present Majesty has shown to the Arts, specifying, among other instances, the recent gift of a large and valuable series of naval portraits to the Gallery of Greenwich Hospital. The King's desire to gratify the public taste has been often shown by the liberal contribution of his pictures to the Exhibition in Pall Mall; and we understand that, as Carlton House is to be pulled down immediately, his Majesty has graciously signified his permission that the whole of his private collection should be removed for the same purpose to the British Gallery until the new palace is ready to receive them.

It is now probable that a splendid building, designed for the use of the National Gallery of Paintings and Sculpture, will be erected on the north side of the new square at Charing Cross, to supplant the Mews, and to extend from Pall Mall East to St. Martin's

Martin's church.* We trust the idea of placing a *Parthenon* in the centre of that area for the service of the Royal Academy is finally abandoned. We always thought it would be highly inconvenient, as well as impolitic, to accumulate all our public treasures under one roof, especially in a situation so remote as Great Russell-street. But we learn that the proposal for separating the sculptures from the Museum has created much discussion among its trustees. Certain difficulties are indeed presented by the conditions under which some of the donations have been made; but these, we think, might easily be arranged with the Government.

In directing the public attention to the improvement of London, two distinct objects are to be kept in view. The first (much outweighing the other in importance) is to provide the most complete and uninterrupted communication throughout this extensive metropolis. The second is the increase of its architectural splendour.

With respect to the first, we would especially notice the very defective means of intercourse from west to east. The immense crowds constantly swarming along the Strand, Fleet-street, Cheapside, and Cornhill, whether in carriages or on foot, are miserably cramped in their progress. Several hundred thousand persons daily traverse this principal thoroughfare, and have to struggle almost for each step, as they hasten to their destinations. We are rejoiced to see that the attention of the legislature is now directed towards this important object, and that the plans they have adopted for the improvement of Charing Cross provide for the opening of the Strand as far as Exeter Change, which, though deserving respect as a remnant of Burleigh House, has long been an obstacle to this great thoroughfare. We trust that the liberal co-operation of Lord Exeter and the Duke of Bedford in the further improvements contemplated in that quarter, will be followed by that of Lord Salisbury, so as to give a free access through his property also. The removal of all the houses on the west side of St. Martin's-lane, as far as the church, including the Golden Cross Inn, and the whole of the contiguous buildings, will form a noble square facing Whitehall, and will rescue the noble palace of the Percys (once the hospital of St. Mary Rouncevel) from the Strand.

If, after the removal of the commercial embarrassments, which have lately agitated the country, parliament should consent to make an annual grant, under the administration of commissioners, for improving the principal avenues of the metropolis, (not for the criticism of architectural elevations,) the widening of the whole line

* The barracks will be erected in the rear.

from

from Charing Cross to the Royal Exchange to a breadth of at least fifty feet, appears to be the object for most immediate attention. For this purpose all the buildings to be pulled down should be taken from the north side. After those already decided on as far as Exeter Change, the houses forming Holywell-street, and from Picket-place to St. Dunstan's, including at least the south aisle of that church, must be taken away; and lastly, those from the Old Bailey to Cheapside; the church of St. Martin Ludgate being removed, and all Paternoster-row thrown into the area of St. Paul's. The expenditure necessary to accomplish all this would doubtless be very large, but it would be gradual;—and it is, we think, indispensable. Other facilities of intercourse from west to east will still be required; Oxford-street should be carried in a straight line to Holborn, instead of deviating, as at present, to St. Giles's church. The breadth of this great street continues ample till it reaches Newgate-street, the north side of which ought to be pulled down before the new Post-office is opened. A middle line of communication is further wanted; for a population of 1,200,000 souls is entitled to *several* thoroughfares. Coventry-street, prolonged through Leicester-square, and thence into Covent-garden, should proceed through Wych-street to Temple-bar, which is indeed a public nuisance, and in more senses than one a barrier to the city. It must be taken down; and should the municipality still demand some such security to their civic privileges, let an ornamental structure be erected in its place, at least a hundred feet wide, with a noble arch of very ample space for carriages, and others of smaller width on each side for foot-passengers. Farther east, we should propose a broad handsome street from Cornhill leading east to the Commercial-road; and another from Holborn, through Smithfield and Finsbury-square, to Bethnal-green. In making this important opening, the cattle-market should be placed (as this very spot once was) quite out of town; and, by converting Smithfield into a handsome square, we would, if possible, blot out the memory of the sacrifices formerly offered on that dreadful 'quemadero.'

In regard to the formation of adequate communications between the north and south sides of London, we have but a few suggestions to make. A splendid beginning has been made in Regent-street, which, with all its architectural freaks, is unquestionably the finest street in Europe. We sincerely hope the indefatigable efforts of Mr. Nash will not fail in carrying into execution his other beautiful plan for a new street from St. Martin's church to the Museum. If ever Waterloo-bridge is to be profitable to its owners, or serviceable to the public, these objects must be attained by opening a street northward to Lincoln's Inn Fields, crossing Holborn into

into Russell-square, and thence into the great North-road. We venture to consider another equally important improvement as already secured;—which is, the extension of the great street from Blackfriars-bridge to Clerkenwell, sweeping away Fleet-market and all that hive of infamy which has swarmed for centuries on Saffron-hill. It is hoped that a similar effort will be made by the shareholders of Southwark-bridge to conduct a street thence across Cheapside into Finsbury-square. Many of the most valuable improvements in the metropolis have been achieved by the ruin of the projectors. But it is no consolation to the Joint Stock Companies who built the bridges of Southwark and Waterloo, to know that the great road of the Simplon was completed at half the expense of the latter; that Sir Hugh Middleton sunk his whole fortune in the New River; and that the unfortunate who first drew upon himself the mockery of his fellow-citizens, by lighting their streets with gas, has been driven from the blaze of his own illumination to hide his head in obscurity.

In the lower part of Westminster, the opening of suitable approaches to the venerable Abbey, the houses of parliament, and the courts of law, is quite indispensable. We have already adverted to the proposal for removing one side of Bridge-street and of Parliament-street; and if a great street were carried from Lower Grosvenor-place to the western front of the Abbey, it would not only open a direct communication between Brompton and Westminster, but would cleanse away in its course some of the very worst nuisances of that neglected quarter.

Here we close our suggestions as to the avenues of this great capital, which, considering its population, its wealth, its enterprize, and intellectual distinction, is as yet most inadequately provided with accommodation. When we contemplate its multitudinous population, in all their restless activity, requiring greater facilities of locomotion than any citizens in the world, we are amazed that they should have so long submitted to all the inconveniences with which they are surrounded.

The first aspect of our vast city produces a most unfavourable effect on the eye of a foreigner. The interminable rows of wall, merely pierced with apertures for doors and windows, with scarcely an attempt at ornament, has drawn upon it the designation of 'a province of bricks.' The want of elevation in most of our public buildings presents another striking defect. After visiting France, or Italy, or Spain, we have always felt this contrast with peculiar force on our return. London has no quarries which supply to other capitals the great means for architectural magnificence. Roman cement indeed, of late years, has come to our aid, to conceal the humble materials with which we have been

been hitherto constrained to build. Of this expedient the projector of Regent-street fully availed himself, and has been rewarded with the following epigram:—

> 'Augustus at Rome was for building renown'd,
> And of marble he left what of brick he had found;
> But is not our Nash, too, a very great master?—
> He finds us all brick and he leaves us all plaster.'

But in *national* structures it is to be hoped we shall not *again* employ this perishable material. For our part we never pass the House of Lords without a sense of shame on beholding the metamorphosed appearance of that 'time-honoured' edifice, now covered with a tawdry veil, the design, it is said, of a female hand. Though London has no quarries of her own, she has a command of shipping, capable, at moderate cost, of transporting inexhaustible supplies of the finest granite from Cornwall or from Scotland, and freestone from Portland and Bath. These are the only legitimate materials for an ornamental edifice, and we cannot but view with some feelings of jealousy even the noble bridge of iron crossing the Thames at Southwark in three gigantic strides, as a construction far inferior in beauty to a work of masonry.

But it must be confessed that the metropolis is exposed to an evil highly prejudicial to the splendour of its public buildings. The fatal union of fog and smoke has encrusted our finest structures (St. Paul's for example) with a lacquer which deprives the exterior of all those delicate effects of light and shadow, that give so much lustre to the architecture of purer skies. Many years ago Count Rumford endeavoured to play upon the ignorance of our citizens by calculating the myriads of chaldrons of coal which are permitted to float above our heads. Few availed themselves of his precepts and contrivances.—Evelyn's Fumifugium had been published above a century before, under the approbation of King Charles II. and produced nothing except a conference with the attorney-general; nor has the subsequent appeal of Mr. Michael Angelo Taylor been attended with better success.

To speak the truth, we do not think that until very lately the genius of our fellow countrymen has been much directed towards architectural science. London is singularly deficient in all those ornaments which in foreign cities produce the most striking effects at first sight. Our only arch is at Temple Bar, our only fountain in the Middle Temple. And until the contractors sent an order to the Carron Foundry for 200 iron columns to adorn the Opera House and the Quadrant, and Lord George Cavendish invited the taymen to sojourn in the Burlington Arcade, we had few such ornaments to show, except the porticos of our churches and the

Arcades of the Exchange and Covent Garden. We have always admired the profound skill with which the architect of St. Paul's applied the knowledge of a consummate mathematician in the construction of the great works which sprung from his hand. But in addition to this eminent merit, he had an eye finely directed to picturesque effect, and he showed this in all the contours of his buildings, in comparison with which the works of some of our ablest modern architects are remarkably tame and jejune. Important works are now carrying on at Whitehall under the authority of the Treasury, which will greatly distinguish that quarter of the town, already rich in public buildings. A difficulty has occurred in the line of Downing-street, which we doubt not the architect will find means to overcome. This gentleman's skill and ingenuity are equalled by his uncontrollable love of singularity, of which he has here given a new proof, by a whimsical double balustrade, contrived, we suppose, to carry the chimnies, a *concetto* which discredits much other merit in his façade; and which might yet, we think, be got rid of. We wish he had condescended to take a hint from Inigo Jones, and placed the whole edifice, like the opposite Banqueting House, on a higher basement.

The ample grants of Parliament, preceded by the liberal contributions of the Society for erecting churches by private subscription, have not elicited as yet much architectural talent. Few of the churches which have been built will bear criticism, and even these betray some striking incongruities which impair the credit of the design. After every allowance for the sordid economy of parish vestries and the troublesome taste of amateur patrons, much is still chargeable on the architect; who being, like most artists, extremely sensitive to criticism, impatiently opposes all cavils by quoting authority for every apocryphal ornament he employs, and endeavours to silence the man of research by references to Athens, or at least to Rome. To such a defence there will be still this reply:—'Authority, possibly, may be produced for every separate member, but that is no authority for the combination.' It is by disproportionate and unclassical associations that an eye familiarized with the works of antiquity is offended in the examination of our modern edifices. The Choragic Monument of Lysicrates which crowns the chapel in Regent Street, and the Caryatides stationed to guard the Church of St. Pancras, may be adduced as proofs of such misapplication:—and we should have made the same objection, had a parody of the Parthenon been seriously adopted for the design of the Royal Academy.

In surveying the important improvements already effected in the

the western quarter of the metropolis our gratitude must be influenced by the consideration not merely of what we have gained, but of what we have lost. Who does not desire to see the purlieus of the Seven Dials and St. Giles's intersected by a rival to Regent-street? In recommending the purification of such quarters of the town, we have no intention of sacrificing the humbler classes, but to improve their comforts along with their morals. They will migrate to better abodes which this hourly-increasing city is providing for the accommodation of *all* classes. There is no fear of ample accommodation being provided for the poor as well as the rich. Builders know well that small tenements bring in larger rents than first-rate houses, and much of the ground in the rear of our new streets will be covered with dwellings suited to the circumstances, and contiguous to the occupations, of the humblest of our fellow citizens.

We are not of the number of those who lament the *spread* of London. We regard it as the most satisfactory assurance of the increasing cleanliness, comfort and health of the inhabitants. He that was once immured in a cellar or a garret now occupies a floor, whose tenant in like manner has been promoted to an entire house. The density of population in the heart of the city is already diminished by being scattered over a larger surface. The shopkeeper has discovered it to be most profitable in every sense to remove his family out of town; he places his stock in trade in the apartments they occupied, and employs the warehouse rent thus saved in hiring a 'pretty tenement' at Islington, Knightsbridge, or Newington, where his children thrive in a purer air, and welcome his return from the city after the traffic of the day. With all our reverence for Sir Andrew Freeport, we think our merchants and bankers do wisely in visiting, not living at, the Exchange. Ominous warnings, indeed, are still sometimes muttered against this supposed abandonment of the sober and prudent habits of the 'old London merchant;' but notwithstanding all the desperate speculations and civic dandyism of our times, we believe the present race of our citizens to be quite as honourable in their dealings, and at least as enlightened as their square-toed, velvet-capped, penny-wise forefathers. Time was when all the first nobility in England had their town-houses in Aldersgate-street, and other (then) fashionable quarters of the old city.* In those days the actual citizens were huddled together in contact with their goods and their customers, and, intent only on amassing wealth, neglected all the tasteful conveniences which their successors now enjoy. The daughters who inherited their vast fortunes were

* Some of the very highest quality, indeed, had grand mansions *out of town*, on the Strand.

eagerly courted by the needy heirs of a coronet, and became the mothers of many noble families; while a portion of the riches thus gained, being transferred to patrician hands, was devoted to the erection of most of the splendid mansions which afterwards adorned the western side of the metropolis. Of the great commercial profits of our modern merchants, much doubtless will also be laid out in giving increased splendour to our city.

We see with pleasure the increasing interest with which all ranks, who even pretend to taste, are discussing and projecting improvements. The formation of the great square at Charing Cross—the buildings to be erected on the site of Carlton House, and perhaps at no distant time along the whole line of St. James's—the laying open the areas of our two cathedrals—the tasteful disposition of the Royal Parks—the erection of a Triumphal Monument—a Royal Academy—National Galleries—and a hundred other interesting projects, are debated in every company. It is unreasonable, however, to look to the legislature to supply the funds necessary for all the improvements of the capital. Their attention must be limited to certain specific objects more or less connected with the State: but the combination of great public bodies, and associations of individuals, may accomplish every thing which the most sanguine would require. So large a portion of the districts in which improved accesses are wanting is the property of the Church, the Corporation, the City companies, the Hospitals, and other public foundations, that if their trustees and managers would call for the advice of judicious surveyors, we have no doubt they would find their interest in undertaking these great works, as a source of profit to themselves. Large plots of ground now given up to wretched lanes and alleys, tenanted by a squalid and licentious population, might be covered with handsome streets; the property of which would contribute a much larger rental, while the dissolution of so many wretched communities of filth and ignorance, and vice, would greatly tend to promote what after all is the truly patriot object—the *moral improvement* of London,

> ——— opulent, enlarged, and still
> Increasing London—Babylon of old
> Not more the glory of the earth, than she,
> A more accomplished world's chief glory now.

ART. X. 1.—*Memoirs of the Life of John Philip Kemble, Esquire, including a History of the Stage from the time of Garrick to the present period.* By James Boaden, Esquire. 2 vols. London. 1825.

2. *Remi-*

2. *Reminiscences of Michael Kelly, of the King's Theatre, and Theatre Royal Drury Lane, including a Period of nearly half a Century; with Original Anecdotes of many distinguished Personages, Political, Literary, and Musical.* 2d Edition. London. 1826. 2 vols.

THERE are severe moralists who have judged the amusements of the stage inimical to virtue—there are many who conceive its exhibitions to be inconsistent with religious principle: to those this article can give no interest unless perhaps a painful one, and we must even say with old Dan Chaucer,

> Turn o'er the leaf and chuse another tale;
> For you shall find enough both great and small,
> Of storial thing that toucheth gentillesse,
> And eke morality and holiness.

Where the scruples of such dissidents from public opinion are real, we owe them all possible respect; when they are assumed for a disguise in the sight of man, they will not deceive the eye which judgeth both Publican and Pharisee.

For ourselves we will readily allow, that the theatre may be too much frequented, and attention to more serious concerns drowned amidst its fascinations. We also frankly confess that we may be better employed than in witnessing the best and most moral play that ever was acted; but the same may be justly said of every action in our lives, except those of devotion towards God and benevolence towards man. And yet, as six days have been permitted us to think our own thoughts and work our own works, much that is strictly and exclusively secular is rendered indispensable by our wants, and much made venial and sometimes praiseworthy by our tastes and the conformation of our intellect.

If there be one pleasure, exclusive of the objects of actual sensual indulgence, which is more general than another among the human race, it is the relish for personification, which at last is methodized into the dramatic art. The love of the chase may perhaps be as natural to the masculine sex, but when the taste of the females is taken into consideration, the weight of numbers leans to the love of mimic representation in an overwhelming ratio. The very first amusement of children is to get up a scene, to represent to the best of their skill papa and mamma, the coachman and his horses; and even He, formidable with the birchen sceptre, is mimicked in the exercise-ground by the urchins of whom he is the terror in the school-room. We do not know if the witty gentleman, to whom we are indebted for a history of monkeys, ever thought of tracing the connection betwixt us and our cousin the ouran-outan in our mutual love of imitation.

At a more advanced period of life we have mimicry of tone

and dialect, and masques, and disguises: then little scenes are preconcerted, which at first prescribe only the business of a plot, leaving the actors to fill up the language extempore from their mother wit: then some one of more fancy is employed to write the dialogue—a stage with scenery is added, and the drama has reached its complete form.

The same taste, which induced us when children to become kings and heroes ourselves on an infantine scale, renders us, when somewhat matured in intellect, passionate admirers of the art in its more refined state. There are few things which those gifted with any degree of imagination recollect with a sense of more anxious and mysterious delight than the first dramatic representation which they have witnessed. Iffland has somewhere described it, and it is painted in stronger colours by the immortal Goethe in Wilhelm Meister—yet we cannot refrain from touching on the subject. The unusual form of the house, filled with such groups of crowded spectators, themselves forming an extraordinary spectacle to the eye which has never witnessed it before, yet all intent upon that wide and mystic curtain whose dusky undulations permit us now and then to discern the momentary glitter of some gawdy form or the spangles of some sandaled foot which trips lightly within; then the light, brilliant as that of day!—then the music, which, in itself a treat sufficient in every other situation, our inexperience mistakes for the very play we came to witness—then the slow rise of the shadowy curtain, disclosing, as if by actual magic, a new land, with woods and mountains and lakes, lighted, it seems to us, by another sun, and inhabited by a race of beings different from ourselves, whose language is poetry, whose dress, demeanour and sentiments seem something supernatural, and whose whole actions and discourse are calculated not for the ordinary tone of every-day life, but to excite the stronger and more powerful faculties—to melt with sorrow—overpower with terror—astonish with the marvellous—or convulse with irresistible laughter—all these wonders stamp indelible impressions on the memory. Those mixed feelings, also, which perplex us between a sense that the scene is but a plaything, and an interest which ever and anon surprizes us into a transient belief that that which so strongly affects us cannot be fictitious—those mixed and puzzling feelings, also, are exciting in the highest degree. Then there are the bursts of applause, like distant thunder, and the permission afforded to clap our little hands and add our own scream of delight to a sound so commanding. All this—and much—much more is fresh in our memory, although when we felt these sensations we looked on the stage which Garrick had not yet left. It is now a long while since—yet we have not passed many hours of such unmixed delight, and we still remember the sinking

sinking lights, the dispersing crowd, with the vain longings, which we felt, that the music would again sound, the magic curtain once more arise, and the enchanting dream recommence; and the astonishment with which we looked upon the apathy of the elder part of our company, who, having the means, did not spend every evening in the theatre.

When habit has blunted these earliest sensations of pleasure, the theatre continues to be the favourite resort of the youth, and though he recognizes no longer the enchanted palace of his childhood, he enjoys the more sober pleasure of becoming acquainted with the higher energies of human passion, the recondite intricacies and complications of human temper and disposition, by seeing them illustrated in the most vivid manner by those whose profession it is to give actual life, form, and substance to the creations of genius. Much may be learned in a well conducted theatre essential to the profession of the bar, and, with reverence be it spoken, even of the pulpit; and it is well known that Napoleon himself did not disdain to study at that school the external gesture and manner becoming the height to which he had ascended.

Yet such partial advantages are mere trifles considered in comparison with the general effect produced by the stage on national literature and national character. Had there been no drama, Shakspeare would in all likelihood have been but the author of Venus and Adonis and of a few sonnets forgotten among the numerous works of the Elizabethan age, and Otway had been only the compiler of fantastic Pindaric odes.

Stepping beyond her own department, the dramatic muse has lent her aid to her sister of history. What points of our national annals are ever most fresh and glowing in our recollection?—those which unite history with the stage. The story of Macbeth, an ancient king, whose annals of half a dozen lines must otherwise have lurked in the seldom opened black letter of Wintoun or Boece, is as much fixed upon our memory, as if it detailed events which we had ourselves witnessed. Who crosses the blighted heath of Forres without beholding in imagination the stately step of Kemble as he descended on the stage at the head of his victorious army? On Bosworth field the dramatist had engrossed the recollections due to the historian, even so early as Bishop Corbet's time; for when his host, 'full of ale and history,' pointed out the local position of the two armies, Shakspeare was more in the village chronicler's thoughts than Stowe or Hollingshed.

> 'Besides what of his knowledge he could say,
> He had authentic notice from the play,
> Shown chiefly by that one perspicuous thing,
> That he mistook a player for a king;

For when he should have said, here Richard died
And called " a horse, a horse"—he Burbadge cried.'

A greater man acknowledged his debt to the dramatist on a similar occasion: ' In what history did your Grace find that incident?' said Burnet to the Duke of Marlborough, on hearing him quote some anecdote concerning the wars of York and Lancaster which was new to the Bishop. ' In Shakspeare's plays,' answered the Victor of Blenheim,—' the only history of those times I ever read.'

It may be said by the rigid worshipper of unadorned truth, that history is rather defaced than embellished by becoming the subject of fictitious composition. These scruples are founded on prejudice—that mischievous prejudice which will not admit that knowledge can be valuably transmitted unless through the dullest and most disagreeable medium. Many are led to study history from having first read it as mingled with poetic fiction; and the indolent or those much occupied, who have not patience or leisure for studying the chronicle itself, gather from the play a general idea of historical incidents which, but through some such amusing vehicle, they would never have taken the trouble to become acquainted with. And it will scarcely be denied, that a man had better know generally the points of history as told him by Shakspeare, than be ignorant of history entirely. The honey which is put on the edge of the cup induces many to drink up the whole medicinal potion; while those who take only a sip of it have, at least, a better chance of benefit than if they had taken none at all.

In another point of view the theatre is calculated to influence, and, well conducted, to influence favourably, the general state of morals and manners in this country. A full audience, attending a first-rate piece, may be compared to a national convention, to which every order of the community, from the peers to the porters, send their representatives. The entertainment, which is the subject of general enjoyment, is of a nature which tends to soften, if not to level, the distinction of ranks; it unites men of all conditions in those feelings of mirth or melancholy which belong to their common humanity, and are enhanced most by being shared by a multitude. The honest, hearty laugh, which circulates from box to gallery; the lofty sentiment, which is felt alike by the lord and the labourer; the sympathetic sorrow, which affects at once the marchioness and the milliner's apprentice;—all these have a conciliating and harmonizing effect, tending to make the various ranks pleased with themselves and with each other. The good-natured gaiety with which the higher orders see the fashionable follies which they practise treated with light satire for the amusement

of

of the middling and poorer classes, has no little effect in checking the rancorous feelings of envy which superior birth, wealth and station are apt enough to engender. The possessors of those obnoxious advantages are pardoned on account of the good humour and frankness with which they are worn; and a courtier, by laughing at the Beggar's Opera, like a bonny Scot applauding Sir Pertinax Mac Sycophant, disarms what he confronts. When the presence of the sovereign himself graces the audience, takes a part in the general pleasure of the evening, and renders generous or patriotic sentiments more energetically effective, by sharing in the enthusiasm which they call forth from his subjects of all ranks—this gives the royal sanction as it were to the approbation of lords and commons. The late King expressed that sentiment strongly when advised to abstain from attending the theatre after the madman Hatfield's attempt upon his life. Mr. Boaden has given us the words:—

'If with my family I cannot enjoy my amusements in the midst of my people, let them take my *life*, for existence is not worth holding upon such conditions.'—vol. ii. p. 263.

His present Majesty also occasionally gives his subjects this gratification, and receives an affectionate welcome—such as could neither be dictated by power nor checked by faction. A theatre speaks truth.

In short, the drama is in ours, and in most civilized countries, an engine possessing the most powerful effect on the manners of society. The frequency of reference, quotation and allusion to plays of all kinds, from the masterpieces of Shakspeare's genius down to the farce which has the run of a season, gives a dramatic colouring to conversation and habits of expression; and those who look into the matter strictly will be surprized to find, how much our ordinary language and ordinary ideas are modified by what we have seen and heard on the stage.

We admit, as broadly as can be demanded, that the stage has been made, and is capable of being rendered again, as powerful an instrument for evil as for good. In this respect it is like the printing press, or rather like literature itself, which finds employment both for the actor and the printer, a tremendous power, which, as its energies are directed, may contribute to the welfare or to the ruin of a country. So the most efficacious medicines, ignorantly or maliciously administered, become the strongest poisons. But our purpose in having detained the reader with these preliminary observations is to persuade him of the consequence of the subject, and to serve as introduction to some remarks which we have to offer on the present state of our theatres, and the improvements which might bring these institutions nearer to the

the state of perfection of which we have theoretically considered the drama as susceptible.

In the mean time, we must not altogether forget the works of which the titles are prefixed to this Article. This, to be sure, is a fashion with our *caste*, from which we do not pretend altogether to exculpate ourselves. If we admit not a fair and impartial division betwixt the reviewers and the reviewed, the neglected authors have a right to share the impatience of the witty Charles Townsend. When he came to Scotland, after having married a lady of that nation of the very highest rank, large fortune, and extensive connections, the tide of relations, friends and vassals who thronged to welcome the bride were so negligent of her husband as to leave him in the hall while they hurried his lady forwards into the state apartments, until he checked their haste by exclaiming 'for Heaven's sake, gentlemen, consider I am at least Prince George of Denmark.' Messrs. Kelly and Boaden would have the same reason to complain of us, should we altogether forget them in an Article which we have decorated with their names. But they must wait at the bottom of the stairs, with gentle patience, for five minutes longer: we will show them up presently.

The same circumstances, which give the drama itself interest, induce us to be curious investigators into the history of the art, and the lives of its chief professors in former times. The grave may think what they will of the levity of such pursuits: but as many folios and small quartos of the antique cast have been bestowed in behalf of Thalia and Melpomene as in that of the most serious of their sisters. But this is not all; we are not to be contented with the scraps which can be collected about Burbadge and Alleyn Kempe and Taylor:—we must also learn what can be told of the distinguished performers of our own time. We want to see these when divested of the pomp and circumstance with which the scene invests them. We desire to know whether we may venture to speak above our breath, or be guilty of a smile, in the presence of Mrs. Siddons; whether it be possible to look grave in that of Liston; whether Matthews has as many dramatic portraits in his gallery as he can present in his own person; if he who plays the fool on the stage can be a man of sense in the parlour; and if the heroine looks still the angel after she has laid aside her chopine, and come down a step nearer to the earth.

And let it not be said that this inquiry into the private history of the scenic artists is capricious, or resembles that of a child who cries to have the toy which has been shown him placed in his own hand that he may see what it is made of. On the contrary, there is a natural touch of philosophy in our curiosity. It is a rational enough wish to discover what sort of persons those are who can assume,

assume, and lay aside at pleasure, the semblance of human passion, and who, by dint of sympathy, compel the smiles and tears of others, when they have doffed their magic mantle and retired into the circle of social life. Besides, to judge from the common case, the *duram pauperiem pati* as often prepares the future exertions of the player as of the soldier. In the earlier events of a theatrical life, however successful, there most commonly occur adventures which form a diverting contrast with the ultimate and more splendid parts of the career. And we may add to these honest ingredients of the general interest in dramatic biography, the malicious pleasure which human nature always takes in learning the mishaps, mistakes and misgovernance of those who have been objects of public attention and general admiration.

These things premised, we beg to announce Messrs. Boaden and Michael Kelly, or rather, to adopt the stage direction in Chrononhotonthologos, 'Enter Aldiborontiphoscophornio and Rigdum Funnidos.' The character and style of the two biographers are, indeed, as strongly contrasted as sock and buskin; Mr. Boaden being grave, critical, full, and laudably accurate, serious in the most lively information which he communicates, and treating comedy itself as if it were a very solemn affair; while on the other hand, there is nothing so serious as to render Michael Kelly so. He has spent all his life among the lovers of laugh and fun, choice spirits, whom Time cannot exhaust, and who make good the boast of Anacreon, and are merry in spite of misfortune and grey hairs. Betwixt merits so various, how shall the critic decide? Were we to spend a morning in looking over Garrick's dramatic collection at the Museum, we should certainly wish to have Mr. Boaden with us to spare us repeated references to the Biographia Dramatica. But, in the evening, we fear we should be graceless enough to prefer Kelly's comic gossip, rich in song and jest, qualified by a touch of the traveller, and (what we never object to) a dash of the brogue. We do not, however, undervalue the solid English pudding of Mr. Boaden, though we have a special relish for the soufflé of Seignor Kelly. Or, rather, we would address them with the impartiality of Sir John, the jolly deer-stealing priest of Waltham towards the rival publicans, his comrades. 'Neighbours Banks, of Waltham, and Goodman Smug, the honest smith of Edmonton, as I dwell betwixt you both, at Enfield, I know the taste of both your ale-houses—they are good both, smart both.' To continue Sir John's metaphor, the beverage supplied by Mr. Kelly is a fine brisk species of vivacious bottled beer, like that unquestionably with which Beau Tibbs regaled the Duke, as we are informed by the sage Lien Chi

Chi Altangi, in the Citizen of the World. Boaden, on the other hand, draws us a double flagon of old English liquor, not the sophisticated potion which the vulgar denominate *heavy wet*, but Anno Domini, regularly dated and regularly tapped, like that which honest Boniface ate and drank, and upon which he always slept.

Allowing precedence to be due to the more dignified person, we advert first to the Memoirs of John Kemble, combined as they are with a history of the stage from the time of Garrick to the present period. A great deal of curious information is accumulated in these two volumes, by a man who has had the best opportunities of collecting the dramatic history of the last half century.

We cannot, however, altogether approve of his blending the Memoirs of Kemble with an account of the theatre, so general, diffuse, and disproportioned in length to the pages which the life of his proper hero occupies. The fore-ground and back-ground are too extensive for the principal figure. We might have been very glad to have possessed the work arranged in two separate departments, one containing the Memoirs, the other the history of the stage. The present plan has rendered unavoidable the mingling the account of this distinguished man of talent with that of many ordinary performers, of whom we either never heard before, or never wish to hear again. Mr. Boaden, we have no doubt, has been just in his estimate of these subordinate persons;—but there are many whom he might have dismissed like Virgil with a single '*fortemque*,' and whom he ought not to have suffered to crowd the scene which they never adorned, and on which they are not now, perhaps, remembered at all. A man should have some title beyond mere respectability before he is handed up to fame. 'What shall an honest man do in my closet?' says Caius, and what business has a merely respectable man in our library? say we. We think it is John Dunton in his Life and Errors, who, in a history of the literature of Boston, the capital of New England, which he visited in the course of his wanderings, gives not only an account of authors, publishers, retail booksellers, and printers, but descends to stationers and bookbinders, has a few flying hints on printer's devils, and makes us unnecessarily acquainted with every one of these respectable persons as necessary appendages to literary history. We are far from quarrelling with the minute information conveyed by Mr. Boaden in a miscellaneous manner, somewhat similar to that of Dunton, but we wish it had been a little better arranged, and more connected in its topics than by the mere category of time. The history of Kemble is divided into so many detached pieces, that

it

it seems like the body of an old man cut and ready for Medea's kettle. We will endeavour to collect some of the scattered fragments, so as to form from Mr. Boaden's work, assisted by our own recollections, a full length portrait, though on a reduced scale, of one of the best actors, most accomplished artists, and most kind and worthy men, that ever commanded the admiration of the public, and the esteem of his friends.

John Philip Kemble was born 1st February, 1757, at Prescot, in Lancashire. The family from which he derived his origin was ancient and respectable; but ruined, we have heard him say, in the great civil war of the seventeenth century for their adherence to King Charles during that contest. His father was manager of a provincial company of actors; so that the members of this highly gifted race, who have attained such distinguished eminence, seem to have been dedicated to the stage from their birth upwards. Unquestionably, the natural bent of their minds must have leaned towards the family profession, of which they felt the full fascination, while its disadvantages, as being in ordinary cases considered a step lower than the more grave and established courses of life, could not occur as an objection to those who saw the art daily practised by the parents whom they were accustomed to love and honour.

But Mr. Roger Kemble, the father of John, sensible of the disadvantages attending his own profession, resolved to give his son a classical education, designing him, it is believed, to take orders in the Roman Catholic church. Accordingly, John Philip Kemble received his first instructions at a Catholic seminary at Sedgeley Park in Staffordshire, and was a student for two or three years at the College of Douay, where he attracted attention by the gracefulness of his person, the strength of his memory, and the beauty of his recitation.

During all the time which he spent at these early studies his own secret determination was always to become a performer. He felt the strong vocation for the pleasing art in which he was destined to attain excellence, and never, we have heard him say, was tempted to swerve from his purpose even when his prospects appeared least promising. At the outset they were sufficiently gloomy.

He returned to England, and found his father disappointed and angry on learning that his thoughts were fixed upon the stage. 'He might be allowed,' says Mr. Boaden, 'to feel some mortification at his son's choice; for what was then to predict the great and lasting eminence to which he attained?' But the impulse was not to be withstood. John Kemble acted as his first part Theodosius, in the tragedy so called, at Woolverhampton,

ton, 8th January, 1776. Dramatic excellence is of slow growth, and requires long and severe study; it is enough if first appearances be received as promising. The characteristic peculiarity of Kemble's performance was not of a kind to advance him to popularity with a more rapid pace than usual. With all the requisites for a fine player, and especially with a profound study of his art, and reverence for its difficulties, it must have required habit to familiarize him with the exertion of his own powers. The requisite mellowness and flexibility which make the actor seem at home in his part were in his case slowly acquired, and until he was possessed of these, his manner, afterwards so graceful, must have seemed stiff; above all, his voice, the strength of which was never equal to his other powers, must have sounded harsh and unharmonious ere he knew how to reserve and husband its efforts. We can conceive him, like the giant in Frankenstein, working awkwardly enough until he had acquired a complete acquaintance with his own powers and the mode of using them to advantage.

The apprenticeship to the stage is in most instances, as we have already noticed, a severe one. Mr. Boaden is too grave to relate any of the minor misfortunes and hardships which his hero was subjected to in his noviciate, and repels, with some asperity, an account of Kemble and his companion breaking a gentleman's orchard near Gloucester. Certainly in Shakspeare's life by Aldiborontiphoscophornio the deer-stealing anecdote would have been sunk from mere love of decorum. Rigdum Funnidos is more communicative, and hints at our friend's having banqueted on turnips and peas in the open fields for want of better commons. There are gripes and indigestion in the very thoughts of the uncooked pulse; and we can conceive that Kemble, who was reasonably, though moderately attached to better cheer, did not relish the circumstances which reduced him to sauce his banquet by a speech from Timon.

'——————————Oh! a root—dear thanks!
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough torn lees;—
Whereof ungrateful man, with liquorish draughts,
And morsels unctuous greases his pure mind
That from it all consideration slips.'

The honest Kelly has, moreover, told us that in extremity of distress, Kemble once personated a Methodist preacher; the thing may have happened—but from what we know of John Kemble's opinions on religious subjects, we are sure that those who listened to the exhortation must have departed improved in heart and understanding. He was incapable of mocking, under any circumstances, the mysteries of religion.

In

In 1778, like Robinson Crusoe in his escape from the raging ocean, Kemble began to touch ground. He was that year engaged in a respectable company maintained at York, under the management of Tate Wilkinson, famous as an imitator himself, and as the subject of imitation in others—possessed of considerable judgment and taste—and whose well-selected company was often draughted to recruit the metropolitan theatres.

Here Kemble's importance began to be felt, yet he still continued to act such parts as Captain Plume, and others ill suited to his powers. We are not sure that this necessity is, at an early period of the profession, to be accounted a disadvantage. It prevents the ideas and exertions of a young performer being too much narrowed by a single cast of characters, and may operate in that respect, like the care taken by professors of gymnastics, to cause their pupils to bring into play successively the different sets of muscles by exertions of a kind appropriate to each. Young actors may be benefited too by attempts which are unsuccessful, as teaching them the bounds and character of their own powers, which they may otherwise suppose as unlimited as their ambition. There is even a wholesome lesson to be learned in experiencing the severity of an audience; for while it represses presumption, it also shows the timid that thunder often admonishes without killing.

At York, John Kemble became for the first time acquainted with his princely friend and patron, the late Duke of Northumberland, whose munificence makes such a distinguished figure in his history. The officer on duty, belonging to a squadron of dragoons lying in York at the time, had somewhat bluntly refused to permit a few of the soldiers to attend the theatre on occasion of some procession in which their appearance was desired. Kemble wrote to Lord Percy, who commanded the squadron, and his request was instantly complied with. The Duke afterwards nominally lent Kemble the sum of ten thousand pounds, and converted the loan into a gift by burning the obligation for repayment after the fire in Covent Garden.

He had at York an adventure of another kind, tending to show him how peculiarly the most meritorious of the profession he had chosen were exposed to the taunts of the unworthy. On 8th February, 1778, while he was playing in Murphy's tragedy of Zenobia, Kemble became the object of the gross and marked ridicule of a lady who sat in the stage box. She was of some condition, and apparently enjoyed that sort of provincial consequence, which, when combined with a rude disposition, makes country ladies now and then guilty of ill-breeding, such as would never be permitted to those of the first rank in the capital.

'As

'As to the insults designed for himself during the evening, he had retorted them by looks of infinite disdain. His sensibility was noticed in the box by loud and repeated peals of laughter from the lady and her echoes. At this, Kemble suddenly stopped, and being called upon by the audience to proceed, with great gravity and a pointed bow to the stage-box, he said, "he was ready to proceed with the play as soon as THAT lady had finished her conversation, which he perceived the going on with the tragedy only interrupted."'

'The audience received this rudeness of the stage box as an insolent attempt to controul their amusements, and with shouts, which could not be laughed down, ordered the lady and her party out of the theatre.'—*Boaden*, vol. i. p. 26.

The lady thus most deservedly punished had interest sufficient to excite a party in her behalf, who insisted that Kemble should come forward and ask pardon immediately.

'Mr. Kemble on this, with the greatest firmness, and with some of that mingled astonishment and disdain, which he threw afterwards into Coriolanus, exclaimed "Pardon! ask pardon! no, sirs,—NEVER;" and immediately quitted the stage.'—*Boaden*, vol. i. p. 27.

All subsequent efforts of an active faction among the audience vainly attempted to break that lofty spirit, which was as much Kemble's by nature as it belonged to any of the heroes whom he represented. He could but be brought to say,

'"Let me be heard before I am condemned: if, when I have explained my conduct, any gentleman, or set of gentlemen, will say, in that character, that I have acted unworthily, I shall cheerfully make any reparation that they may judge proper." To this there could be no *reasonable* objection, and he was heard. His fine address, his clear statement, his modesty and manliness, carried the cause, and contributed essentially to his progress in the public favour.'—*Boaden*, vol. i. p. 28.

The same lady, uncorrected by what had happened, made an attack on Mr. Michael Kelly by the same obstreperous procedure, especially when he consulted his watch as his part required in the course of the drama, by exclaiming loud enough to be heard in the gallery,

'"Why, look there; la! the fellow has got a watch." I could not bear this; (says Kelly)—I admit I lost my temper; but I walked up to the box, and said, "Yes, Madam, it is a gold watch, and reckoned one of the best in England," putting it close to her;—the lady was violently hissed, and ever after, when she came to the theatre, conducted herself with becoming decency.'—*Kelly*, vol. i. p. 306.

The indulgence of such impertinent humour on the part of the audience, towards those who are tasking their best abilities to please, is akin to the display of ignorance, folly, and wanton cruelty which children exhibit in torturing the inferior animals. Fifty years ago the pelting the performers from the galleries was

so legitimate a species of amusement, that we think even Garrick was exposed to it, and when hit by an orange only ventured to say, after pretending to taste it, 'it was an orange, but not a Seville (civil) one.' Digges, on another occasion, when subjected to some such insult, made a touching appeal to his former situation as an officer and man of fashion—'My feelings,' he said, 'are wounded as a man—I had almost said as a gentleman.'

Kemble argued with the perpetrators of such brutality in a different and a bolder mood, and as his unspotted character supported the justice of his complaint, there can be no doubt that the respect due to him both as a public and private character, and the spirit with which he maintained it, was a principal means of raising the estimation of the profession at large. An apple was upon one occasion thrown on the stage, which fell between him and Mrs. Siddons, then acting in the unrivalled scene between Coriolanus and his mother. Kemble instantly advanced to the front of the stage with the apple in his hand, and appealed to the audience for protection against this brutal insult. A person in the gallery called out in reply, 'We can't hear.'

'"Mr. Kemble, (*with increased spirit,*) "I will *raise* my voice, and the GALLERIES shall *hear* me." (*Great tumult.*)

'"This protection is what the AUDIENCE owe it to themselves to *grant*—what the PERFORMERS, for the credit of their profession, have a right to *demand*—and WHAT I will venture so far to *assert*, that, on the part of the PROPRIETORS, I here offer a hundred guineas to any man, who will disclose the *ruffian* who has been guilty of this act." (A murmur, only in the gallery.)

'"I throw myself, Ladies and Gentlemen, upon the high sense of breeding, that distinguishes a London audience; and I hope I shall never be wanting in my duty to the public; but nothing shall induce me to suffer insult." '—*Boaden*, vol. ii. p. 429.

The galleries, awed into silence, endeavoured to shift the charge from themselves. But, though Kemble thus asserted the dignity of his profession, and the claim which a performer has to be treated like a gentleman, there cannot be a question that he made enemies among the low and malicious party in the common audience of a theatre, who had hitherto considered the right of insulting the players as a valuable part of the privilege purchased by the half-price which they had paid at the door. These petty tyrants felt controlled under the superiority of a man like Kemble, but theirs were the right minds for bearing malice, and we believe that the dislike entertained against one who was willing to contribute to their pleasure, but not to endure their insolence, was a great ingredient in the celebrated O. P. riot.

We return to Mr. Kemble's professional progress. He visited

Dublin in 1783, where he was received with approbation. His sister, Mrs. Siddons, had now displayed for several months before the public that blaze of varied excellence which was never before equalled, and certainly will never be surpassed. Beautiful as an angel, she seemed gifted also with super-human powers. The horrors and the sorrows of the scene were alike her own; the boldest trembled, the wisest wondered, the most hard-hearted and the most selfish wept ere they were aware.

Her unrivalled excellence naturally led the managers to inquire respecting that brother who began already to be called the Great Kemble. There is a ludicrous story, however, of the meaning of the epithet being mistaken by the person intrusted with the negociation, who instead of our friend is said to have sent to the metropolis his jolly brother Stephen as the *greatest* of the name who was going.

The mistake, if it ever took place, was soon rectified, and on the 30th of September, 1783, John Philip Kemble made his first appearance at Drury Lane in the character of Hamlet.

It cannot be denied that this extraordinary conception of Shakspeare is one of the boldest, most striking, and most effective parts in the drama, and yet it is invested with so much obscurity, that it may be played in twenty different ways without the critic being able to say with certainty which best expresses the sense of the author. Hamlet unites in his single person a variety of attributes, by bringing any of which more forward or throwing others farther into the back-ground, the shading of the character is effectually changed. Hamlet is the predestined avenger called on to this task by a supernatural voice—he is a prince resenting the intrusion of his uncle into his mother's bed and his father's throne. He is a son devoted to the memory of one parent and to the person of the other, and yet, to do justice to his murdered father's memory, he is compelled to outrage, with the most cutting reproaches, the ears of his guilty mother. Wittenberg has given him philosophy and the habits of criticism—nature has formed him social and affectionate—disappointment and ill-concealed resentment of family injuries have tinged him with misanthropy—the active world has given him all its accomplishments.

> 'The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword,
> The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
> The glass of fashion and the mould of form.'

To all these peculiar attributes must be added his love for Ophelia, and something which resembles an incipient touch of insanity; for this, after all, is necessary to apologize and account for some parts of his conduct. All these exist in Prince Hamlet, but

but the art of the performer is to distinguish the proper or most striking mode of exhibiting them. The author has done little to help him in the management of the piece, which as a story indicates nothing decisive respecting the real character of Hamlet. He does not resemble Richard or Macbeth, or most of Shakspeare's other distinguished characters, who show themselves and purposes not by their words and sentiments only, but by their actions, and whose actions therefore are the best commentaries on their characters and motives. On the contrary, Hamlet being passive almost through the whole piece, and only hurried into action in its conclusion, does nothing by which we can infer the precise meaning of much that he says. There exists therefore a latitude about the representation of Hamlet, which scarcely belongs to that of any other character in the drama. It consists of many notes, and the dwelling upon or the slurring of any of them totally changes the *effect* of the air.

It is natural to expatiate on these peculiarities in the character, because Kemble in representing it was to encounter at once the shade of the murthered King of Denmark, and, in the mind's eye of the audience, that of the lost Garrick. The young performer had never seen and could not imitate Garrick. He was relieved from that great stumbling-block in the path of a novice—the temptation to copy some honoured predecessor. Those who are subjected to this temptation and give way to it, seldom rise above respectability in their performances. They are admitted to play the line of characters possessed by the 'well-raced actor' who has left the stage, but it is merely in the character of substitutes: those who aim at great eminence must show originality of conception.

Originality however in a novice has its perils; and it was often objected to Kemble, that in playing Shakspeare's best-known characters he frequently sought to give them effect by a mode of delivery and action daringly opposed to what the audience had been used to. This, in the beginning of his career, was often hardly received by pedantic critics, who had become so much bigoted to one style of acting that they were unable to tolerate any departure from it. Such venturing on new ground is no doubt a hazardous task, and demands both the powers and perseverance of decided genius; and Garrick was, in his time, equally censured as an innovator on the solemn and pompous manner of Booth and Betterton. But were it possible to promulgate and enforce a scale of the tones in which each speech of Hamlet or any other character should be delivered, or to issue a tariff of the emphasis to which each striking passage should be subjected, it is evident we should destroy one great source of the pleasure we receive from the stage—

namely, that of comparing and deciding between the different species of efforts which rivals in the scenic art bring to illustrate the same character.

For this Hamlet offers a fair field, and Kemble entered on it with characteristic courage and skill. Beginning already to act upon the principles of dramatic criticism, he discarded the alterations which Garrick had ventured to introduce into the works of Shakspeare; and which Mr. Boaden justly calls feeble and trashy. The following is an accurate and pleasing description of Kemble as he then was stepping forwards to offer himself as a rival to Garrick, and disdaining all that had interposed between them.

'His person seemed to be finely formed, and his manners princely; but on his brow hung the weight of "some intolerable woe." Apart from the expression called up by the situation of Hamlet, there struck me to be in him a peculiar and personal fitness for tragedy. What others assumed, seemed to be inherent in Kemble. "Native, and to the manner born," he looked an abstraction, if I may so say, of the characteristics of tragedy.

'The first great point of remark was, that his Hamlet was decidedly original. He had seen no great actor whom he could have copied. His style was formed by his own taste or judgment, or rather grew out of the peculiar properties of his person and his intellectual habits. He was of a solemn and deliberate temperament—his walk was always slow, and his expression of countenance contemplative—his utterance rather tardy for the most part, but always finely articulate, and in common parlance seemed to proceed rather from organization than voice.'—*Boaden's Memoirs of Kemble*, vol. i. p. 92.

It must strike the dramatic reader at once that a more complete contrast to the former Roscius could not appear, in almost every point, than in this new candidate for the honours of the buskin. Garrick was short though well formed, airy and light in all his movements, possessed of a countenance capable of the most acute or the most stolid, the most tragic or the most ridiculous expression. Kemble, on the contrary, was tall and stately, his person on a scale suited for the stage, and almost too large for a private apartment, with a countenance like the finest models of the antique, and motions and manners corresponding to the splendid cast of his form and features. Mirth, when he exhibited it, never exceeded a species of gaiety chastened with gravity; his smile seemed always as if it were the rare inhabitant of that noble countenance. There was unquestionably great sweetness of expression in that smile, but it indicated more of benevolence than of gaiety—the momentary stooping of a mind usually strung to a serious mood to the joy which enlivened the meaner natures around him.

Even the habits of life and manners peculiar to these two great performers intimated such a strong difference in their characters

as must necessarily have greatly influenced their taste in the art. Garrick was what is called a man of fashion, desirous to maintain his place as such among the great, among whom his talents made him a welcome associate. But in mixing with them he paid them a sort of homage. He was desirous to procure their notice more than a man of his commanding genius ought perhaps to have been. The situation was a difficult one, and he is represented to have been something too eager to show off and entertain the company, as one who had some tax to pay for being where he was when in the society of men of rank and eminence. It is to be sure an ungracious behaviour on the part of what is technically called a *lion*, to refuse gruffly to show his jaws and extend his talons when he chuses to enter into mixed company.

> 'For if he should *as lion* come in strife
> Into such place 'twere pity on his life.'

But this is a failing of a very different order from that over-eager love of gaining interest, which will court the attention of the foot-boy, if it cannot fix that of the master.

Of all men, John Kemble, though not destitute of his share of vanity, was most averse from this peculiar mode of drawing attention: his nature revolted from courting display and obsequiously condescending to be what has been vulgarly called the fiddle of the company. He took a ready and agreeable part in the general conversation. And when it turned naturally upon his own art, he always showed himself willing to entertain and instruct the company from the funds of experience and study, as well as the original conceptions of his own genius. But he never, in the language of the old dramatists, 'came aloft or showed tricks from Tripoli.' He never stooped to be the amusing and exhibiting man of the company. He never even read or recited for the amusement of the circle; and those who desired the pleasure of his society could only obtain it on the condition of his being an equal contributor, and no more, to the social enjoyment of the day. Perhaps he even carried this point of etiquette a little too far. But on these terms he enjoyed the familiar friendship of many of the first families in England.

He was a frequent and favourite guest at Bentley Priory, which was then the resort of the most distinguished part of the fashionable world. Its noble owner, the late Marquis of Abercorn, has been so long with the dead, that to do justice to his character, much misrepresented in some points during his life, can be ascribed to no motive which interest or adulation could suggest. He was a man highly gifted by nature, and whose talents had been improved by sedulous attention to an excellent education. If he had remained a Commoner, it was the opinion

of Mr. Pitt, that he must have been one of the most distinguished speakers in the Lower House. The House of Lords does not admit of the same display either of oratory or of capacity for public business; but when the Marquis of Abercorn did speak there, the talents which he showed warranted the prophecy of so skilled an augur as Pitt. Those who saw him at a distance accused him of pride and haughtiness. That he had a sufficient feeling of the dignity of his situation, and maintained it with perhaps an unusual degree of state and expense, may readily be granted. But that expense, however large, was fully supported by an ample fortune wisely administered, and in the management of which the interests of the tenant were always considered as well as those of the landlord. He racked no rents to maintain the expenses of his establishment, nor did he diminish his charities, which were in many cases princely, for the sake of the outward state, the maintenance of which he thought, not unjustly, a duty incumbent on his situation. Above all, the stateliness of which the late Marquis of Abercorn was accused, drew no barrier between the Marquis of Abercorn and those who shared his hospitality. Kemble was a very frequent visitor there, and with the noble landlord, the late Payne Knight, and

'the travelled Thane,
Athenian Aberdeen,'

and an eminent person, whom graver and more important duties have now withdrawn from the muses, made evenings of modern fashion resemble a Greek symposium for learning and literature. But this has carried us far from the point, and we have but the poor apology that we could not withstand certain feelings which tempted us to the digression. They are few—scattered and distant—who will be affected by the recollections of Bentley Priory. But such still exist, and why may we not steal a paragraph from our immediate subject to gratify their feelings and our own? Kemble lived in the same close intimacy with the successive Earls of Guilford and the whole of that distinguished family, in which brilliant wit, mingled with the most genuine good humour and kindness of disposition, and a rational love of literature seem to be hereditary possessions. He was also familiar at Holland House, where the classical translator of Lope de Vega could not fail to appreciate his merit, and he shared the same distinction in many families equally eminent for their rank in society and love of elegant letters.

We return to our comparison between Garrick and Kemble. It follows from what we have before said, that the style of Garrick was impetuous, sudden, striking, and versatile—that with his complete power over the regions of comedy, and tragedy, and farce,

farce, he should maintain a sort of ubiquity in the eyes of the public. In the play he could be Hamlet, and perform Fribble in the farce, yet delight the audience equally in both characters. In fact, as we have been assured by a venerable father of literature, most able to judge, and happily at an advanced period of life most able both to recollect and discriminate concerning the amusements of his youth, Garrick's versatility, nay, almost universality of talent, was the quality on which his extraordinary popularity chiefly rested. He was like Ariel on board the King's ship.

> 'now on the beak
> Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabbin,
> He flamed amazement.'

The peculiar talents of Kemble confined him within a much more limited range, although it was soon ascertained that this was capable of being extended far more than the critics had at first been able to anticipate. Kemble's noble person and graceful demeanour was totally inconsistent with the ludicrous, and almost with the comic. His cast of features was decidedly heroic, and when the best disguise was put on them he must have looked like Alfred playing the clown, or the elder Brutus in his assumed state of idiotcy. The very voices of these great actors were totally different; that of Garrick was full, melodious, commanding, and he might exert it with unsparing profusion. Kemble's, though perfectly distinct and impressive, was early affected by an asthmatic tendency, which rendered it necessary for him to husband his efforts, and reserve them for those bursts of passion to which he gave such sublime effect.

But besides this limitation, arising from taste, temper, figure, and organic conformation, the schools, if they may be called so, of Garrick and Kemble were founded upon different principles. We had almost said they were the schools of nature and of art—but luckily we suppressed a phrase which, like the whistle of a captain of marksmen, might have raised from thicket and ravine a swarm of controversial sharp-shooters like wasps about our ears. Let us then vary the phrase, and say, that Garrick made his impression from his skill in seizing and expressing with force and precision the first and most obvious view of his part; and that Kemble, more learned and more laborious, studied earnestly and long ere he could fix his own ideas of the true meaning of doubtful passages, often illustrated them by what is called a new reading, and was careful to express that he did so by the punctilious accuracy of the corresponding action and enunciation. Indeed Kemble, a profound scholar in his art, was metaphysically curious in expressing each line of his part with the exactly appropriate accent and manner. Sometimes this high degree of study threw

a degree of over-precision into the part, and in the effort to analyse the sentiment, by giving a peculiar emphasis to every word of the sentence, the actor lost the effect which to be vehement should be instant and undivided. Sometimes also it happened that, in order to complete the details upon which he had determined, Kemble permitted the action to hang too long suspended, so that one well accustomed to his manner anticipated the effort which he was about to make, by observing something of preparation, which was like the warning, as it is called, given by some time-pieces that they are about to strike the hour. There was also visible in Kemble's manner at times a sacrifice of energy of action to grace. We remember this observation being made by Mrs. Siddons herself, who admired her brother in general as much as she loved him. Nor shall we easily forget the mode in which she illustrated her meaning. She arose and placed herself in the attitude of one of the old Egyptian statues; the knees joined together, and the feet turned a little inwards. She placed her elbows close to her sides, folded her hands and held them upright with the palms pressed to each other. Having made us observe that she had assumed one of the most constrained and therefore most ungraceful positions possible, she proceeded to recite the curse of King Lear on his undutiful offspring in a manner which made hair rise and flesh creep, and then called on us to remark the additional effect which was gained by the concentrated energy which the unusual and ungraceful posture in itself implied.

Such imperfections as arise from over-study—and these showed themselves but occasionally, and never offensively—were the only faults we could discern in this great actor, and they were amply compensated by the justice of his conception, the precision of his taste, the patience of his investigation, which left no point unconsidered, the firmness of his disposition, which would never be drawn from any point in which he considered himself as perfectly right.

Garrick, never timid but on the stage, would readily concede any point of taste to the audience, and illustrated in its fullest extent the maxim of the poet.

> 'The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give,
> For those who live to please, must please to live.'

Kemble, on the contrary, felt much more for the honour of his profession and the truth of the dramatic art, than for his own profit or quiet, and would have died on the breach rather than yield to the authority of the public in a point where he justly conceived himself a much better judge than they. Perhaps he carried this to extremity, when he insisted on pronouncing *aches* as a two-syllable word in the speech of Prospero.

'For

'For this be sure to night thou shalt have aches.'

Unquestionably the word was so pronounced in Queen Elizabeth's time. But then it was scarce worth quarrelling about so small a matter with the audience, and it would have been more prudent, perhaps, to have suffered the *aitches* to have quietly undergone the same transmutation into modern sound, as has befallen doubtless a hundred words in the language. We cannot, if we would, bring back the pronunciation of the Elizabethan age, and why should not this modern abridgment of a single syllable pass current with other alterations? But Kemble was too proud of his art to sacrifice even a grain of incense to unjust criticism. He was ready to hazard every thing in defence of the right reading of a word in Shakspeare. Night after night he menaced Caliban with *aitches*, and night after night was for so doing assailed by a party in the pit with a ferocity worthy of Caliban himself. One evening he felt himself, from indisposition, unwilling to sustain the usual conflict, and on that occasion evaded a drawn battle by omitting the line entirely. It was curious enough to see how the critics, as he approached the place where they expected to hear the obnoxious line, resembled

'greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start;'—

the puzzled countenances which they displayed as speech after speech was made without the expected game being roused;—and the blank look of disappointment when the close of the scene announced to them how Kemble had, for the evening, eluded their resentment without bending to their authority. This perseverance gained the day, but it was resented as obstinacy by not a few, and served to increase the discontent of the low-minded part of the audience against an actor who presumed to follow his own judgment rather than theirs.

We remember observing a similar instance of Kemble's attention to restore true readings astonishing a provincial audience. It occurred in the lines in Macbeth—

'Augurs, and understood relations, have,
By *magot-pies*, and choughs and rooks, brought forth
The secret'st man of blood.'

Performers had been in the habit of pronouncing the word *magpies*, though the blank verse halted for it. But Kemble resumed the proper pronunciation of *magot-pies*, with an emphasis which made the audience of —— look around them in astonishment, scarcely trusting their ears, and marvelling how any species of augury could be derived from what they apprehended to be a stale pasty. Luckily they were diffident of their own judgment, and only

only afforded the new reading their amazement, without presuming to dissent from it.

To return to the dramatic career of Mr. Kemble, we can only briefly say, that he speedily attained acknowledged pre-eminence in the tragic scene. There was none, indeed, worthy of being named as a competitor excepting Henderson, and the excellence of his Falstaff, which we remember as a most wonderful exhibition, made all his other parts relish of sack and sugar. In many parts of which Kemble obtained possession, and which he played admirably, he has, nevertheless, been equalled or excelled. The ancients preferred the Richard of Garrick to that of the new actor, and many of the moderns give a like preference to Kean, particularly in the last two acts. Some obstacles, however, occurred from his own personal qualifications. We have said he could not appear ludicrous, and we must add that, from the noble effect of his countenance and figure, neither could he seem constitutionally villainous: he could never *look* the part of Richard, and it seemed a jest to hear him, whose countenance and person were so eminently fine, descant on his own deformity. He was, perhaps, sensible of this, for he used to argue that Richard III. being of high descent and breeding, ought not to be vulgar in his appearance or coarse in his cruelty. There certainly should prevail a tinge of aristocracy about the dramatic Richard, but it ought not to be of a generous or chivalrous character, or, whatever the figure of the historical Richard may have been, that of a handsome prince.

For the same reason Kemble was inferior both to Cooke and to Kean in Massinger's Sir Giles Overreach. That singular character is Richard in ordinary life, an extortioner and oppressor, confident in his art and in his audacity; but Kemble, when dressed for this part, reminded us of a dignified country gentleman of the ancient school—'an old courtier of the Queen's,' rather than a low-born, upstart, purse-proud tyrant, with impudence enough to glory in his base arts of extortion. He might say what ill he would of himself, the audience could not believe him.

In Lear, Kemble must, we think, have been decidedly inferior to Garrick. In Hamlet he was not more than the equal of Garrick, and a most formidable rival arose in his own time in Charles Young. But in Macbeth, Kemble has been as yet unapproachable; nor can we conceive that the bold and effective manner of Garrick, touching on the broad points of the character with a hand however vigorous, could at all compare with Kemble's exquisitely and minutely elaborate delineation of guilty ambition, drawn on from crime to crime, while the avenging furies

at

at once scourge him for former guilt, and urge him to further enormities. We can never forget the rueful horror of his look, which by strong exertion he endeavours to conceal, when on the morning succeeding the murder he receives Lennox and Macduff in the ante-chamber of Duncan. His efforts to appear composed, his endeavours to assume the attitude and appearance of one listening to Lennox's account of the external terrors of the night, while in fact he is expecting the alarm to arise within the royal apartment, formed a most astonishing piece of playing. Kemble's countenance seemed altered by the sense of internal horror, and had a cast of that of Count Ugolino in the dungeon, as painted by Reynolds. When Macbeth felt himself obliged to turn towards Lennox and reply to what he had been saying, you saw him, like a man awaking from a fit of absence, endeavour to recollect at least the general tenor of what had been said, and it was some time ere he could bring out the general reply, 'Twas a rough night.' Those who have had the good fortune to see Kemble and Mrs. Siddons in Macbeth and his lady, may be satisfied they have witnessed the highest perfection of the dramatic art. There cannot have been, and we fear never will be, anything to compare to it. Their King John and Lady Constance are equally beyond imitation, and must be forgotten ere others can obtain an high degree of applause in these characters.

But it was not only in such parts as fell precisely within his line, and which he seemed to hold by birthright, that Kemble delighted the public. There were others, appearing to be beyond his proper territory, which he invaded, nevertheless, and conquered; amongst which was the character of the headlong and hasty Percy,

'A hare-brained Hotspur, guided by a spleen.'

One would have thought, *a priori*, that the grave, studious, contemplative actor, who personated Hamlet to the life, could scarcely have assumed the rapidity and energy, and hurry, and reckless indulgence of his humour, which are among the chief ingredients of Henry Percy's character. But Kemble's profound study of the author enabled him to seize on the distinguishing features of that great historical portrait. It cannot now be known whether Shakspeare gathered from tradition, or himself conferred on Hotspur the quality of

'Speaking thick which nature made his blemish.'

But Kemble contrived to show how well that hurried and impeded articulation suited the irritability of the character. It was in the speech in which Hotspur loses the key-note of what he desires to say, by forgetting the name of a place—

'In

'In Richard's time—what do you call the place?—
A plague upon it—'tis in Gloucestershire—
'Twas where the mad-cap Duke his uncle kept—
His uncle York.'

Through all this confusion of mangled recollections Kemble chafed and tumbled about his words with the furious impatience of an angry man who has to seek for a pen at the very moment he is about to write a challenge, and is angry at himself and every one else because so petty a want impedes for a moment his thirst of vengeance. Then the delight with which he grasped at the word when suggested—

'NORTHUMBERLAND. At Berkely Castle.—HOTSPUR. *You say true.*'

The manner in which Kemble spoke these three words, and rushed forward into his abuse of Bolingbroke, like a hunter surmounting the obstacle which had stopped his career, was electrical. It was like a greyhound slipped—like a rocket lighted—like a bolt from a cross-bow. The effect on the audience was singular. There was a general disposition to *encore* so fine a piece of art, as if such an effort could have been repeated like a song. The cause of this extraordinary mode of applause seems to have been, that there being no feelings excited by the speech, save admiration of the actor's exquisite skill, it seemed as if that had approached to an exhibition of ventriloquism, or some similar turn of address, which could be repeated on demand: whatever might be the cause, the impulse was general.

Henry V. was a favourite character of Kemble: Mr. Boaden says,

'As a *coup de théâtre*, his starting up from prayer at the sound of the trumpet, in the passage where he states his attempted atonement to Richard the Second, formed one of the most spirited excitements that the stage has ever displayed. His occasional reversions to the "mad wag," the "sweet young prince," had a singular charm, as the condescension of one who could be so terrible.'—*Boaden*, vol. ii. p. 8.

We agree entirely with what Mr. Boaden has here stated. It always struck us that the expression of self-satisfied humour which Kemble threw into his countenance, in anticipation of the expected scuffle which was to take place between Fluellen and Williams, came as far within the confines of a comic part, as nature had designed John Kemble to advance.

On the whole, however, tragedy, and that of the most stately and majestic character, was the line in which our departed friend was formed to excel. He himself entertained a less limited idea of his powers, and conceived that great study and knowledge of dramatic writing and of the human character could qualify a man as well for the sock as for the buskin. Towards a late period of his

his life, he displayed this self-confidence in a singular degree. He nourished nothing less ambitious, than an idea of revolutionizing Falstaff by acting the fat knight on a new principle, and he used to enlarge, with all the skilful sophistry his profound acquaintance with the drama could supply, on the points which he would assume differing from those presented by Henderson, to whom, however, he uniformly gave the praise of having presented one of the richest and most glowing portraits which the stage in his time had afforded. At one time, when we were ourselves listening to him on this subject, an incident took place which those who were present can scarcely fail to recollect, and which served to show the strength of Kemble's nerves, and at the same time, the deep and overwhelming interest which he took in professional discussion.

It was at the entertainment annually given by the Royal Academy, on the day before the opening of the exhibition of paintings in Somerset House, on which occasion we need not tell most of our readers invitations are sent by the academicians to all the persons of rank and quality who are supposed to love and encourage the arts, to those who may be considered as the pillars of literature, and as some readers may think, to the caterpillars also, since we, the critics, were honoured with a summons.

The scene, splendid as usual from the beauty and brilliancy of the works of art which hung around us, was rendered venerable by the presence of old West, in his capacity of president, and he was supported by one of the princes of the blood, and a brilliant array of nobility and quality, intermingled with artists and literary men of eminence. The apartment was illuminated by an immeasurably large and ponderous bronze chandelier, a gift from his present Majesty to the Royal Academy. It exhibited many hundred lamps, and might weigh two or three tons. It had been recently suspended, and this was the first time of its being used. Beneath this huge and splendid chandelier was placed a sort of gigantic dumb-waiter, on which were arranged the quantity of wine-glasses, decanters, water-glasses, and other things of the sort, necessary for the accommodation of so large a company.

We had the good fortune to sit beside our late lamented friend, and were listening to the ingenious distinctions which he was pointing out with great earnestness and precision, between Falstaff as 'Sir John to all Europe,'—as one who jested familiarly with John of Gaunt on his breaking Justice Shallow's head for crowding among the marshal-men—as the companion of the Prince of Wales—and the same Falstaff as the gallant of Doll Tearsheet, in all the coarse indulgence of the Boar's Head, where he himself

was,

was, as it is usually termed, the Cock of the Company—'the old boar, in short, feeding in the old freak.'

While we were listening to this with much edification, a roar was heard behind us like distant thunder—the links of the strong chain which suspended the chandelier were giving way, and became slackened so much, that as it gradually sunk and came into collision with the dumb waiter aforesaid, which was crushed to shivers beneath its weight, while all the garnishing of the beaufet, like Alnaschar's stock in trade, was annihilated, with a crashing scream, which might equal that of the dying elephant. If the absolute fall of the chandelier had taken place, it would have tried Chambers's architecture with a vengeance, and beyond a doubt must have penetrated through the floor to the very cellars of the building, carrying with it princes, dukes, painters, poets, musicians, amateurs—and critics. Fortunately the links of the bronze chain, though they slacked, did not snap, but the momentary alarm was considerable. We ourselves, though, as may be supposed from our profession, not peculiarly timid, began to think a retreat by the staircase, though less honourable, might have its advantage over the posthumous fame of being recorded among the distinguished victims, as the papers would doubtless have termed them, 'on the late awful occurrence.' But after one calm glance over his shoulder, our friend, John Kemble, returned back to Falstaff, and had talked for five minutes about the Boar's Head and the Tilt Yard, before we could recover our composure sufficiently to collect what he was saying, and when he chid us for inattention, Charles XII.'s rebuke to his secretary for interrupting a letter at the explosion of a bomb in the next apartment, could not have been more coolly uttered. His acting Falstaff would have given a great treat to those who desired to see one of the first of critics exemplifying his conception of one of the most singular parts in the drama. But that John Kemble could have been Sir John in the genuine jolly and jocund sense of the part, is what we can never conceive.

We must cut short our history of Kemble as an actor, by brief mention of those Roman characters, Cato, Brutus, and Coriolanus, by means of which he transported us to the Capitol, so completely had he made the habits, manners and mode of thinking of the ancients identically his own. They were, indeed, peculiarly suited to his noble and classical form, his dignified and stately gesture, his regulated yet commanding eloquence.

> 'Pride in each port, defiance in each eye,
> You saw the lords of human kind pass by.'

To his peculiar art of acting also, the Roman character in its various shades afforded great facilities. There was almost always connected

connected with it an assumed character, which qualified, if it did not master, that which nature had assigned to the individual. The aristocratic pride of Coriolanus, the patriotic ardour and stoical philosophy of Brutus and Cato, form each a shade of adventitious and adopted character, which seems to controul the natural feelings of the heart, and hide, or at least colour, what cannot be altogether suppressed. The temperament of Brutus, for example, is naturally warm, as appears in his quarrel with Cassius; naturally affectionate, as is displayed in his scene with Portia. But his stoic mien, arising out of rules of thought and conduct long since adopted, draws a veil over both feelings; and his affections are subdued, though not hidden, by sufferance enjoined by his philosophy. Other performers might excel Kemble in the full burst of instant and agitating passion to which the person represented is supposed to give the reins upon any direct natural impulse; but we cannot conceive of any one delineating, with any thing approaching to the same felicity, those lofty Romans, feeling and partly exhibiting, yet on the whole conquering the passions of nature by the mental discipline to which they had trained themselves. Those who have seen Kemble as Cato bend over the body of his slain son, and subdue the father to assume the patriot, or have heard him pronounce the few words in Brutus,

'No man bears sorrow better—Portia's dead,'

will at once understand our meaning—to others we almost despair of explaining it. We would further remark, that whatever might in some characters appear tardy, and even stiff in Kemble's mode of acting, was here natural and proper. The pause showed the time which philosophy claimed to obtain her victory over nature; the delay, elsewhere censured, was in these parts not merely appropriate: the suspense itself agonized the audience.

Neither was that slight degree of tardiness, though ridiculed by Sheridan—when, urging Kemble for some novelty, he advised him to play Hamlet with music between the pauses—visible, when, in the opinion of the actor, the scene required instant and precipitate exertion. The mode in which he rushed on the stage in Coriolanus, with the half breathless cry, 'Am I too late?' is an illustration of what we mean, as well as many similar exertions in Coleman's striking piece of the Mountaineers, and in the grand pantomime of Rolla. He was, indeed, not only a noble figure when moving with the stately grace which he usually maintained, but equally striking when engaged in violent action. When he condescended—we must give it that term—to play the part of Percy in the Castle Spectre, he used, in the scene where Percy drops back on the couch, just as when rising to make his spring from the

the window, to discover all the address and activity of the most able pantomimist. The same command of muscle and limb was far more strikingly exemplified when the Volscian assassins approaching him from behind in the very midst of the triumphant vaunt of his repeated victories over their countrymen, seemed to pass their swords through the body of Coriolanus. There was no precaution, no support; in the midst of the exclamation against Tullus Aufidius, he dropped as dead and as flat on the stage as if the swords had really met within his body. We have repeatedly heard screams from the female part of the audience when he presented this scene, which had the most striking resemblance to actual and instant death we ever witnessed, and saved all that rolling, gasping and groaning which generally takes place in our theatres, to the scandal of all foreigners, until at length a stout fellow, exhausted by his apparent efforts and agonies, lies on his back, puffing like a grampus, and is to be received as a heroic corpse.

We must leave John Kemble as a player to consider him in the light of a manager, for the improved taste which he introduced into the drama in that capacity will benefit the admirers of the theatrical art in future times as much as his personal exertions delighted his contemporaries. In 1788-9 King resigned what was called the management of Drury Lane Theatre. Honest Tom—who can remember his Benedict and Lord Ogleby without pleasure, though the last has had an excellent substitute? Tom loved gambling, and fell of course among thieves, who were rather proud of their trade, as witness the following anecdote:—

'After playing all night with a sharper, at a fashionable club, and losing every thing, KING discovered that he had been bubbled, and hinted his suspicions to his antagonist; who coolly said to him, "I *always* play with marked cards; why don't YOU?" '—*Boaden*, vol. ii, p. 28.

King seems to have been scarcely used better by his employers, the proprietors, than by his friends the Greeks. He had the name and responsibility of stage-manager, but without power to receive or reject a piece, engage or discharge a performer, command a coat to be cleaned, or add a yard of copper-lace to it, though often needed. Kemble refused to undertake the responsible office without the necessary authority for the management of the whole dramatic business. This was promised, and in some degree granted; but it was Sheridan who was the promiser; and though, being then chiefly involved in politics, he was obliged to leave Kemble much greater latitude than he did King, he contrived to give him, from time to time, as much annoyance as a man rigidly true to his engagements could receive from one whose extraordinary talents were blended with so much negligence

gence and inconsistency. Sheridan's command over Kemble, founded on the respect due to his talents, and the art with which he flattered and conciliated after offending, disappointing, and breaking faith with him, was exercised in no creditable manner. Perfectly guileless—devoid—not of spirit, far from it, but of every thing like implacability—Kemble long struggled under the difficulties which attended every management in which Sheridan was concerned. But he pleased himself with the sense that his authority, however interfered with, gave him still the power of doing much for the improvement of dramatic taste.

Before Kemble's time there was no such thing as regular costume observed in our theatres. The actors represented Macbeth and his wife, Belvidera and Jaffier, and most other parts, whatever the age or country in which the scene was laid, in the cast-off court dresses of the nobility. Kemble used to say that the modern dresses of the characters in the well-known print of a certain dramatic dagger-scene, made them resemble the butler and housekeeper struggling for the carving-knife. Some few characters, by a sort of prescriptive theatrical right, always retained the costume of their times—Falstaff, for example, and Richard III. But such exceptions only rendered the general appearance of the actors more anomalous. We have seen Jane Shore acted, with Richard in the old English cloak, Lord Hastings in a full court dress with his white rod like a lord chamberlain of the last reign, and Jane Shore and Alicia in stays and hoops. We have seen Miss Young act Zara incased in whalebone, to an Osman dressed properly enough as a Turk, while Nerestan, a Christian knight in the time of the crusades, strutted in the white uniform of the old French guards. These incongruities were perhaps owing to the court of Charles II. adopting, after the restoration, the French regulation, that players being considered as in the presence of their sovereign, should wear the dress of the court drawing-room, while in certain parts the old English custom was still retained, which preserved some attempt at dressing in character. Kemble reformed all these anachronisms, and prosecuted with great earnestness a plan of reforming the wardrobe of the stage, collecting with indefatigable diligence from illuminated manuscripts, ancient pictures, and other satisfactory authorities, whatever could be gleaned of ancient costume worthy of being adopted on the theatre. Rigid and pedantic adherence to the dresses of every age was not possible or to be wished for. In the time when Lear is supposed to have lived, the British were probably painted and tattooed, and, to be perfectly accurate, Edgar ought to have stripped his shoulders bare before he assumed the character of poor Tom. Hamlet,

too, if the Amlethus of Saxo Grammaticus, should have worn a bear skin instead of his inky suit; and whatever Macbeth's garb should have been, of course a philabeg could have formed no part thereof. But as the poet, carrying back his scene into remote days, retains still to a certain extent the manners and sentiments of his own period, so it is sufficient for the purpose of costume if every thing be avoided which can recall modern associations, and as much of the antique be assumed as will at once harmonize with the purpose of the exhibition and in so far awaken recollections of the days of yore as to give an air of truth to the scene. Every theatrical reader must recollect the additional force which Macklin gave to the Jew at his first appearance in that character, when he came on the stage dressed with his red hat, piqued beard, and loose black gown, a dress which excited Pope's curiosity, who desired to know in particular why he wore a red hat. Macklin replied modestly, because he had read that the Jews in Venice were obliged to wear hats of that colour. 'And pray, Mr. Macklin,' said Pope, 'do players in general take such pains?' 'I do not know, Sir,' replied Macklin, 'that they do, but as I had staked my reputation on the character, I was determined to spare no trouble in getting at the best information.' Pope expressed himself much pleased.

During his whole life Kemble was intent on improving, by all means which occurred, the accuracy of the dresses which he wore while in character. Macbeth was one of the first plays in which the better system of costume was adopted, and he wore the highland dress, as old Macklin had done before him. Many years afterwards he was delighted when, with our own critical hands, which have plucked many a plume besides, we divested his bonnet of sundry huge bunches of black feathers which made it look like an undertaker's cushion, and replaced them with the single broad quill feather of an eagle sloping across his noble brow; he told us afterwards that the change was worth to him three distinct rounds of applause as he came forwards in this improved and more genuine head-gear.

With the subject of dress, modes of disposing and managing the scenes are naturally connected; and here also, Kemble, jealous of the dignity of his art, called in the assistance of able artists, and improved in a most wonderful degree the appearance of the stage and the general effect of the piece in representation. Yet, in our opinion, the Muse of Painting should be on the stage the handmaid not the rival of her sisters of the drama. Each art should retain its due predominance within its own proper region. Let the scenery be as well painted and made as impressive as a moderate sized stage will afford: but when the roof is raised to give

give the scene-painter room to pile Pelion upon Ossa; when the stage is widened that his forests may be extended, or deepened that his oceans may flow in space apparently interminable, the manager who commands these decorations is leaving his proper duty, and altering entirely the purpose of the stage. Meantime, as the dresses ought to be suited to the time and country, the landscape and architecture should be equally coherent. Means may, besides, be discovered from time to time tending to render the scenic deception more effective, and the introduction of such must be advantageous, provided always that this part of theatrical business be kept in due subordination to that which is strictly dramatic.

Processions and decorations belong to the same province as scenes and dresses, and should be heedfully attended to, but at the same time kept under, that they may relieve the action of the scene instead of shouldering aside the dramatic interest. Kemble carried his love of splendour rather to the extreme, though what he introduced was generally tasteful and splendid. He sacrificed perhaps his own opinion to the humour of the audience, and to the tempting facilities which the size of the modern theatres afford for what is called spectacle.

Macbeth was, as has been hinted, one of the first of the old stock plays which he brought forward in this splendid manner, and in many respects it was admirably suited for such a purpose. The distant approach of Macbeth's army, as well as the apparitions of the cavern, were very well managed. By causing the descendants of the murdered thane to pass behind a screen of black crape, he diminished their corporeal appearance, and emulated the noble lines of Collins:

> 'From thence he sung how, mid his bold design,
> Before the Scot afflicted and aghast,
> The shadowy kings of Banquo's fated line
> Through the dark cave in gleamy pageant passed.'

Things occurred, however, even in this fine spectacle, which show that matters of show and pageantry have their own peculiar risques. At first Kemble had introduced four bands of children, who rushed on the stage at the invocation of the witches, to represent the

> 'Black spirits and white,
> Blue spirits and grey.'

There was perhaps little taste in rendering these aërial beings visible to the bodily eye, especially when the same manager had made an attempt to banish even the spectre of Banquo. But he was obliged to discard his imps for an especial reason. Mr. Kelly informs us that, egged on, and encouraged by one of their

number, a blackeyed urchin, ycleped *Edmund Kean*, they made such confusion on the stage that Kemble was fain to dismiss them to the elements. Another failure we ourselves witnessed—a whimsical failure—in this piece, which we may mention as a warning to those managers who put too much faith in such mechanical aids. It occurred when the armed head ought to have arisen, but when, though the trap-door gaped, no apparition arose. The galleries began to hiss; whereupon the scene-shifters in the cellarage, redoubling their exertions, and overcoming, perforce, the obstinacy of the screw which was to raise the trap, fairly, out of too great and urgent zeal, overdid their business, and produced before the audience, at full length, the apparition of a stout man, his head and shoulders arrayed in antique helmet and plate, while the rest of his person was humbly attired after the manner of a fifth-rate performer of these degenerate days,—that is to say, in a dimity waistcoat, nankeen breeches, and a very dirty pair of cotton stockings. To complete the absurdity, the poor man had been so hastily promoted that he could not keep his feet, but prostrated himself on his nose before the audience, to whom he was so unexpectedly introduced.

The effect of this accident was not recovered during the whole evening, though the play was performed with transcendant ability.

Kemble, though, from a natural turn for magnificence, he was somewhat too apt to indulge this love of show, often contrived to cater at the same time for those who admired in preference the legitimate scenes of the drama. Henry VIII. was produced chiefly on account of the processions; but who would not forgive any motive which could contribute to bring forward such complete personifications as Mrs. Siddons and her brother presented in Cardinal Wolsey and Queen Catherine? The trial scene and dying scene of the immortal actress were among the most splendid displays of her unrivalled excellence, and for Kemble's Wolsey, it was reality itself; you saw the full-blown dignity of the ambitious statesman sink at once before the regal frown, and you felt at the same moment that he had received the death wound. He seemed to totter and grow less before the eyes of the spectator; you saw that the spear he had leaned upon had pierced his side. Unhappily, although they were thus frequently combined, the taste for show prevailed over that for the legitimate drama. A display of splendour in the one theatre provoked rival magnificence in the other, and the example entailed ruinous expense on both. While Drury and Covent Garden merely contended for the superiority in theatrical talent, their expenses were within limit; but when the outlay was extended to splendour of procession and complication of artillery, there could be no end to the

the conflict but ruin; and all that is gained by such extravagance is to pervert the taste of the public. The burning of towers, and charging with cavalry, and the introduction of elephants, lions, and other inhabitants of the menagerie ought to be confined to pantomime. We have heard that, in Schiller's Robbers, as acted on a certain German stage, the hero rushed in at the head of thirty horse; but we would only ask how an actor so situated is to be seen or heard? Let any one observe how difficult it is to distinguish the captain when at the head of a real troop of dragoons, and he will see at once how completely the presence of numbers destroys the idea of that personal importance which is so necessary to the effect of an actor. What then is to be done when an army or any other large assembly must be addressed? The common resource is to draw up half a dozen men along the flat scene, who stand there with pale countenances, as stiff as upon the parade, till the speech is finished, and then—right about—forward—and off they stalk as if to relieve guard. We have been tempted to think something better than this might be contrived. Suppose two or three armed figures were exhibited as seen partially betwixt the side scenes, with lances and banners projecting over their heads, so as to suggest to the imagination of the audience the leaders of columns stationed in readiness to advance, and give some idea of numbers attendant on their chieftain. But it is our business—a mischievous one, if you will—to criticise existing imperfections rather than submit expe dients to the critical powers of others.

In the business of the green-room, Kemble, as manager, was gentlemanlike, accurate, and regular, but somewhat strict; for, as he had in his private capacity as actor taken contentedly whichever parts were assigned him, he conceived himself entitled to expect the same compliance with his own arrangements; and, with these, amidst the little contentions and jealousies which must creep into what may be called a band of intellectual gladiators, who contend with each other to win the popular suffrage of crowded audiences, human passions not seldom interfered. We once had a long conversation with him on this subject, in which he complained, that there was not the same classification of performers in England that had been formed on the continent. Our theatres were, said John, like eastern regions, where all must be half-deified sultans, viziers, and bashaws, or depressed and sullen slaves. In England, the actor who represents Laertes or Horatio is considering himself all the while as a degraded man, because he is not the Hamlet of the evening. In France, on the other hand, there is a race of actors who either never aspire to more than secondary parts, or, if they have any hope of so aspiring, endea-

vour to recommend themselves by the superior manner in which they discharge the subordinate characters meanwhile entrusted to them: whereas the English performer too often acts carelessly, and sometimes malignantly neglects to support by due exertion the interest of the scene, with a rival whom he thinks unjustly preferred to himself. Kemble mentioned on this occasion, that, being behind the scenes at the Comédie Françoise along with Talma, he observed an individual conning his part with great attention, rehearsing it with different tones and actions, and, in short, so sedulous in his rehearsal, that it seemed he had some most important part to perform. Being greatly struck with the actor's assiduity, he inquired what weighty character this hard student was to represent? Talma informed him that he had only to say five words, 'Madam, the coach is ready;' and that, notwithstanding the brevity and seeming unimportance of his part, whatever it might be, this man uniformly spent much time in studying and adjusting the action, tone, and manner of delivering himself. In short, the English actor thinks himself positively sunk and injured when obliged to perform a part of little consequence; the Frenchman, with happier vanity, considers that he may exalt any part by *his* mode of playing it, and obtain at least such share of applause as may show that he too is a painter, though exercising his powers for the nonce on a limited scale. It is needless to say which system gives most effect to the scene: for, if it may be questioned whether the French or English stage has afforded the greatest actors taken individually, there can be no doubt that your Parisian theatre presents a company so completely drilled to work together, each doing his best to support the rest, that the whole entertainment is more illusive, and more captivating, than if one or two stars, as they are called, had shown themselves amidst a general darkness of ignorance, carelessness, and ill humour. There is also this convenience in the French mode—*concordiâ res parvæ crescunt*—by uniform and habitual co-operation, a company of even ordinary powers may at any time make a better amusement out of a well cast comedy suited to their different talents, than when a single part is performed with excellence, and the rest *walked through* or hurried over.

But Kemble's anxiety as a manager made him sometimes too busy; he was apt to be drilling the performers even during the time of the performance; a mode of mixing the duties of actor and manager which ought never to be suffered, as it checks the spirit of the superior performer's own part, while it sadly deranges the inexperienced actor, terrifies the modest, and doubly confuses the dull or negligent. Who can forget how Mrs. Siddons in her noviciate was appalled, almost annihilated, by the *aside* frown

of

of Garrick? We ourselves remember to have seen a very pleasing looking young person much disturbed by Kemble's directions about lifting and lowering the sword in the scene betwixt the princess Anne and Richard.

Mr. Kemble, in the winter season of 1784-5, was superseded in his temporary character of manager, by King's return to that situation. But in 1788-9, the veteran finally retreated from the office, and from that time Kemble remained manager of Drury Lane until 1796, when the irregularity with which the proprietors managed their pecuniary matters, and their frequent interference with his authority, induced him to resign the situation. He again returned to the thankless office in 1800-1, with some intention of obtaining a secure hold by purchasing one fourth part of the whole concern. This plan failed; and in 1802, Kemble finally retired from Drury Lane, and made a purchase of a fourth share of the Covent Garden patent. He was now not only a manager, but a large proprietor, a speculation which, producing some difficulties, afterwards interfered with the quiet of his declining years. As stated by Mr. Boaden, it may be wondered why, with no expensive habits, with professional emoluments to the amount of about 3000*l.* a year, and with a considerable sum of money saved, without which he could not have made the purchase, this amiable and good-tempered man should have involved his whole fortune in a property which he knew to be so very precarious that he himself always talked of it as a lottery, and confined himself for life to the duty of management which he had often felt to be accompanied by intolerable grievances. But John Kemble was a sworn votary to the drama; and though he certainly did bow the knee to Baal in becoming an encourager of the inordinate rage for spectacle, which at once impoverished the concern and debauched the public taste, he laboured hard, on the other hand, to bring forward ancient pieces which he thought might be revived with renewed interest. He had undoubtedly the laudable wish to raise as high as possible the art to which, as much from the excellence of his personal as of his professional character, he was an honour. Kemble may be, therefore, considered as having, with his eyes open, made a sacrifice of fortune, of peace of mind, and of the bodily ease which frequent fits of the gout rendered desirable, in order to sustain the honour of his art.

The discomfort to which he was exposed never fretted his temper; and not even the gout itself, mistress of men's purposes and their actions too in most cases, could conquer his strong resolution to do his duty towards the public. He used to take the somewhat hazardous medicine *l'eau médicinale d'Husson* without hesitation, so as to enable him to perform the very day after his

malady had made its most severe attacks. It could not but happen that he was sometimes less equal to his part than at others, and such an occasional failure led to a painful dispute, which for some time created a breach between him and his friend George Colman the younger. We mention the subject, not with the purpose of raking up the recollections which both parties had buried, but because Mr. Boaden is a little mistaken in some of the particulars. When Mr. Colman brought forward his play of the Iron Chest, founded on the masterpiece of Godwin's genius, Caleb Williams, he put into the mouth of one of the characters a description of the antiquarian humours of Mortimer, the Falkland of the play, which part was to be performed by Kemble:

'Philip is all deep reading, and black letter;
He shows it in his very chin. He speaks
Mere dictionary; and he pores on pages
That give plain men the head-ache. "Scarce and curious"
Are baits his learning nibbles at. His brain
Is crammed with mouldy volumes, cramp and useless,
Like a librarian's lumber-room.'

Kemble conceived that these lines were unnecessarily introduced, as throwing ridicule on his antiquarian lore; and Colman, upon his remonstrance, changed the name of Sir Philip to Sir *Edward* Mortimer, as it now stands. But the smartest wag that ever broke a pun should beware of exercising his wit upon his physician, his lawyer, or the actor who is to perform in his play. Kemble, unwell and out of humour, acted negligently a part which requires violent exertion. The irritated dramatist published the play with an angry preface, and the Actor responded. But a quarrel betwixt the author of Octavian and John Kemble was too unnatural; they became sensible they had both been wrong, and were reconciled, and the preface was so effectually cancelled, that the price of a copy in which it remains, astounds the novice when it occurs in the sale room.

Of Mr. Kemble as a manager, we have only further to say, that equally unsparing of his labour, and regardless of the ill-will which he excited among those who suffered by his economy, he carried retrenchment and good order into every department of the theatre.

The good public in the mean time, though returning ever and anon to Shakspeare and common sense, were guilty of two or three grand absurdities, such as became the worthy descendants of those whose fathers crowded the Haymarket Theatre, to see a man get into a quart-bottle,* and these were among the most

* It may be now spoken out, that the contriver of this notable *hoax* was the Duke of Montagu, eccentric in his humour as well as in his benevolence. The person who appeared was a poor Scotchman, who had some office about the India House.

powerful

powerful causes that tended to obstruct the effect of Mr. Kemble's exertions to restore the reign of good taste in dramatic matters.

Vortigern, a play ascribed to Shakspeare, gave rise to one of these hallucinations of popular absurdity. An impudent youth of eighteen, desirous of imitating Chatterton, it may be supposed, but without possessing any of his powers, told his father a story of having recovered certain extremely curious documents belonging to Shakspeare, presented to him, as he said, by a benevolent old gentleman, who had them by inheritance, but would not permit himself to be referred to or quoted in the affair. The elder Mr. Ireland, believing, or pretending to believe, this improbable fiction, put the tale into circulation, and like a commercial note, it received indorsations as it passed from hand to hand, which strengthened its credit. The pleasure of being cheated was never more completely indulged. Without any minute inquiry after the old gentleman who had been the possessor of these documents; without reflecting with distrust upon the extravagance of the liberality which could confer such literary treasures on a mere boy, and enjoin at the same time that the donor's person should be concealed; without examination of the paper of the manuscript, which, torn as it was out of the blank leaves of old account books, bore different and recent water-marks—of itself, the very miscellaneous nature of the Shakspeare relics ought to have made thinking men pause.

For this was no affair of a few scraps;—a perfect storehouse of the most curious and interesting articles was announced—letters—locks of hair—rings—portraits—books—billets-doux—and above all, plays. To render the deception more gross, Ireland introduced a namesake of his own as a contemporary and friend of Shakspeare, and, we think, assigned to him the merit of saving the bard from the risk of drowning in the Avon. People visited the manuscript, which was shown with the same guarded precaution that priests use when they exhibit an idol; and, as they came to be deceived, the visitors took care not to return without their errand.

Kemble, warned perhaps by Mr. Malone, escaped the contagious credulity of the time; and though he brought Vortigern on the stage, and acted as the principal character, he was never duped by the figment of the young forger. The dialogue was not calculated to impose upon the ear as the manuscript had bewildered the eye. The piece was most effectually damned, and its fate excited a strong prejudice against Kemble among the numerous body of literati, who had become ridiculous by their faith in the fiction, as if he had not done the part of Vortigern that justice which was his duty. Every one who had the most distant connexion

nexion with this ridiculous business seemed destined to come to shame: Malone himself, though he penned a detection of the imposture, was, in the midst of his triumph, exposed, in his turn, by George Chalmers, who, even after Ireland confessed his fraud, wrote an Apology for the believers in the manuscript, showing to demonstration, that the reasoning of Malone was false in itself, though brought to establish what was now become undeniable truth. Even John Kemble, passive as he was in the affair, continued long to suffer from that ill-will which ascribed to him the ridicule by which the believers in those forgeries had been overwhelmed. Nor must we forget the numerous class of projectors, who had schemed to connect their own private emolument with the furtherance of the deception. These were, years afterwards, to be found among the personal enemies of Kemble.

Another notable instance of popular humour was evinced soon after, viz. the violent fever-fit of admiration which the public exhibited for the young Roscius, Master Betty, a child certainly of precocious parts, remarkable for his speech and action, together with his happy mimicry, for it could at his age be nothing else, of the language of passions which he had never felt. It was certainly very fair playing, and in the circumstances, wonderful; the graceful demeanour and non-chalance of the almost infantine performer were particularly so. But it was a deception; and Siddons and Kemble were neglected, whilst the youthful prodigy trod the stage in triumph, and afforded the most rapturous gratification to such audiences as had it in their power to enjoy the united efforts of the finest actor and actress in the world. Some ill humour was manifested, if we rightly recollect, by a part of the public, because Mrs. Siddons felt her own dignity, and did not choose to act with this tender juvenile for her lover or husband. This temporary fit of dotage of John Bull was attended with feelings of dislike as well as neglect to his ancient servant, Kemble: for, when under the influence of an absurd planet, John is too apt to look with an evil eye upon all who do not bow down to worship the God of his immediate idolatry.

This determined dream of folly included a sort of prospective hope on the part of the admiring audience, that their treasure would increase in value as his powers, already so astonishing in boyhood, should ripen to maturity. But early blossoms seldom do so; and it was seen in the second season, that, as the wonderful circumstance of his youth diminished, Master Betty's attractions became less. He was prudent, or rather his friends were; and as he had amassed, in an incredibly short space, a handsome fortune, they withdrew him from the scene. He appeared again many years

years afterwards, and showed respectable, but far from striking powers.

The next great incident in Kemble's history was occasioned by a deplorable event, or rather one out of a course of events of the same nature which succeeded each other rapidly, we mean the sequence of fires, by which the Pantheon, Opera House, Covent Garden, and Drury Lane theatres were burnt down. The wonderful coincidence of time and circumstance in these fatal accidents made persons imagine that some incendiary had, in a fit of zeal of a truly flaming character, undertaken the destruction of what he might consider as the resorts of profanity. But any one who has been behind the scenes of a theatre, and has seen how many lights are burning in the neighbourhood of scenery, and other articles of a character peculiarly combustible; has been witness, at the same time, to the explosion of guns and fire-works, scattering risk in every direction; and has observed how the shifting of scenes and alteration of lights are perpetually threatening to bring them into contact, will wonder that so few rather than that so many accidents of the kind in reality take place. There is, also, to be considered, the total want of party walls, and that ample room and scope afforded to the action of the flames renders fire a more dangerous, as well as a more probable, event in a theatre than any where else—unless it be aboard ship. The same resource against this imminent peril exists in both cases:—namely, the great number of men who are perpetually moving about, both behind the scenes and in a vessel. Numerous accidents occur weekly, nay daily, in both, which, where there were fewer eyes to observe, and fewer ready hands to assist, would produce the most fatal accidents. It is, we think, Captain Brazen, in the Recruiting Officer, who hesitates whether he shall lay out the fortune of his wife in the speculation of a theatre or a privateer. In some respects there is the same disadvantage attending either plan—at an insurance office they must both be ranked double dangerous.

But the destruction of Covent Garden theatre was attended with one consequence which we must always regard as detrimental, in the highest degree, to the theatrical art. The house was rebuilt on a plan too ample for its legitimate purpose, and far too magnificent for the profits which might naturally be expected from it.

The proprietors of Drury had led the way in this great and leading error when they reconstructed that theatre and stage on which Garrick and his contemporaries had exhibited their astonishing talents. We remember the old playhouse, and cannot but regret that the plan had not been, in point of extent at least, exactly followed. All the nicer touches of fine acting—the smile, however suppressed—

suppressed—the glance of passion which escaped from the actor's eye and indicated the internal emotion which he appeared desirous to suppress—the whisper which was heard distinctly through the whole circle of the attentive audience—are all lost or wasted in the huge halls which have since arisen. The finest art of the performer—that of modulating features, tones, and action to the natural expression of human passion, is now lost. Extravagant gesture must be used; excess of rant must be committed by the best actors in their finest parts; and even their violence of voice and gesticulation can hardly make them intelligible to the immense circle in front.

Nor do we conceive this enlargement of the theatres to be more favourable to the interest of the proprietors than to the advantage of the art. A crowded house ought to be a frequent occurrence for the purpose of keeping up the appetite of the public, who are stimulated on such occasions by the desire of sharing a delight not to be purchased without some difficulty. But in these immense Dom-daniels difficulty of access can but rarely exist:—cold and cheerless vacuity is much more frequently the effect, even when the number which can be calculated upon as regular play-going people are dispersed through their immense spaces. Men are never stimulated to go thither from the fear that a neglected opportunity may not return. What can be done at any time is seldom or never done, and the appearance of huge half-empty amphitheatres must suggest to every one who visits them the chilling idea of an amusement which has little attraction. Besides, the dead and unproductive expense laid out upon ornamental architecture and accommodation which is seldom wanted, loads the property and diminishes the productive capital which ought to be employed in the salaries of the actors and other legitimate expenses of the house.

It is also too true that the size of the theatres has greatly tended to increase the charge justly brought against them in some respects as injurious to public morals. Upon the stage the entertainment presented to the public is of a character far more pure and correct in point of morality than was formerly the case. Those by whom it is represented are generally decorous and often exemplary in their private conduct; many mingle with and are well received in the best society; and the personal characters of respectable performers of this day may be most advantageously opposed to those of the Cibbers and Oldfields of former times, who only made their way into that species of company where profligacy is welcome, when accompanied by wit and the power of giving entertainment.

But what has been gained in point of decorum on the stage has,

has, we grieve to say, been lost among the audience. In an immense house where the business of the play can only occupy that part of the company who are near the stage, its proprietors are tempted to admit, nay encourage, the attendance of those who come thither for amusement of a less harmless nature. Saloons have been introduced, which are used for little other purpose than that of assignation; and the most abandoned class of females are so dispersed throughout the theatre, and practise their profession with so little appearance of controul, that much arrangement is necessary on the part of those who wish to make the female part of their family partakers of a rational and moral amusement, to place them out of the reach of hearing and seeing what must be unfit for their eyes and ears. It may be answered, and with some truth, that in a corrupted metropolis the presence of such company as we allude to is in some degree unavoidable. But, in small theatres, the decent and well mannered bear a much larger proportion to the less accurate part of the audience, and the delinquents, out-numbered and abashed, are compelled to behave at least with decency, and assume an appearance of the virtue which they have not. By limiting the profuse expense in useless external magnificence, the proprietors would also lose the temptation to encourage this part of their audience, and would not need to plead the pitiable excuse,

'Our poverty and not our will consents.'

Whoever has seen the interior of a Parisian theatre will, and must admit, that they manage these things better in France.

But the Drury Lane proprietors having set the example of increasing the extent of their theatre, those of Covent Garden would not be left behind, and theirs also rose in a still more expanded and expensive scale. They were stimulated by emulation, and like two rival country squires who stand against each other for an election went on without regard to their own interest, straining every nerve to out-show each other in prodigality of space and magnificence of architecture. Mr. Boaden has some sensible remarks on this subject, and compares them, in the extent of their preparations, to fishermen, who thought they could not fail to ensure the miraculous draught of fishes, if they made but their net large enough to hold them.

It is not impossible that Mr. Kemble's classical taste, and the high sense which he entertained of the dignity of his art, induced him to give his assent too readily to those schemes of magnificence, which were favoured by his colleagues as the surest road to profit. The former was soon convinced of his mistake, beholding that he had only afforded an opportunity for the further predominance of sound and show over the real drama. But the others,

others, who supposed that, in consideration of the additional expenditure, the public would submit to a small increase of entrance-money, were doomed to experience more direct disappointment and mortification. Of these, however, the chief burden fell in the first instance upon Kemble himself, though not more accessary than the other proprietors to the original proposal, and not at all guilty of some imprudent steps that had been taken in its support.

A blackguard transaction ought to have its name from the dictionary of the vulgar tongue, and the continued riot raised about the increase of entrance-money, which had remained the same for one hundred years, while all the expenses attending a theatre were increased in a ten-fold proportion, became the ground of the *O. P. row*, as was called a continued riot which lasted sixty-six nights. A large proportion of the most idle and unthinking of the audience, lads who escaped from their counters and desks at the hour of half-price, were joined with and instigated by others whose purposes were deliberately hostile to the theatre, and personally malignant to poor Kemble—for so we may term him, when his professional duty called him day after day and night after night, to expose himself to the determined brutality of a set of rioters, equally illiberal and implacable, who made him the object of their marked abuse and violence. This disorderly crew had for their nominal leader a gentleman rich in pedigree, but poor enough in understanding to suffer himself to be made the tool of such a mob.

At the same time, it must be admitted, the measures used to quell the rioters in the beginning were of a most improper complexion. Water-engines were brought on the stage as if in readiness to play on the audience, and the highly improper measure of introducing common bruisers and prize-fighters into the pit, as another mode of bullying the company, gave just offence, and drew many well meaning auxiliaries to the worser side. Neither of these injudicious devices had Mr. Kemble's sanction: he had too much sense and too much taste. But he reaped almost exclusively the harvest of odium which they excited. Not contented with the most violent expressions of hatred and contempt poured on him from the front of the house, and displayed on placards, lest their import should be lost in a din which overpowered the sound of a full band of musicians, (who could only be known to play by the motion of their arms and fingers,) another vent for this low-bred malignity was found in a subscription list for defending the rioters who might be apprehended and prosecuted. Here every blackguard might, for subscribing sixpence or a shilling, indulge himself by announcing it to be a contribution from an enemy of Black Jack or King John.

John, or whatever impertinent nickname he chose to bestow on an accomplished, simple-hearted, and most honourable man, eminent for his own acquirements as well as for the delight which he had afforded the public. At length the rioters carried their animosity so far as to visit *King John*'s house every evening after the close of the play, and alarm the female part of his family with their war-whoop. Kemble, hearing himself vociferously called for, resolved, with the mixture of intrepidity and simplicity which distinguished his character, 'to go out,' as he said, 'and speak to them.' The prudence and affection of his brother Charles prevented his doing so, or it is likely that the tempting opportunity afforded by darkness and confusion, with the exasperated feelings of the assailants, might have brought about some desperate catastrophe.

The termination of this extraordinary riot is well known. The real right of their case, the laws by which they were protected, the nightly exertions of the police, though strengthened in an unusual manner,—all could not protect the proprietors of the theatre against a mob disciplined with the most extraordinary pains, taking wonderful precaution to stop within certain limits, and so well organized, as to exhibit during the space of almost three months no appearance of diminishing in their numbers, or relaxing in their determination. They had leaders of their own, were managed by a secret committee, had their regular O. P. dinners, and O. P. music, which was actually published, their placards, their rattles, their whistles, their bells, their cat-calls, and, above all, their bludgeons. The proprietors were at length compelled to submit to foes so inveterate;—to modify the proposed advance to that of a shilling in the boxes, and sixpence in the pit ticket;—and to renounce, in a great measure, that plan of private boxes which gave some chance of making the theatre once again the resort of the world of fashion. To complete the picture, and show the malignant and revengeful temper in which these wild proceedings were conducted, the rioters insisted that the proprietors of Covent Garden should dismiss Mr. Brandon, an old and faithful servant of the house, because, in his capacity of box-keeper, he had made strenuous exertions to protect the property and assist the rights of his employers. Such a conclusion was worthy of the spirit in which the whole *row* was conducted.

We are of opinion that, though Kemble stood this storm like a man, he also felt it very deeply, and that his favourite art lost some of its attractions when he experienced to what unjust humiliation it subjected him, and that without the possibility of defence or retaliation. He remained, indeed, for two years, making every effort to assist the theatre in its state of depression:—and mighty were those efforts, for it was during that space that he brought back

back Julius Cæsar to the stage, and raised from his ashes the living Brutus. But in 1812, deeming he had done his part, desirous of some repose—and not unwilling, perhaps, to make the public sensible what the theatre might suffer by his absence—he withdrew himself from London for nearly two years. In the same year, and just before his departure, the stage lost its brightest ornament by the retirement of Mrs. Siddons.

Mr. Kemble's return to the British capital and stage was triumphant. The pit rose to receive him, and the boxes poured laurels upon the stage. He ascended to the very height of popularity, and was acknowledged as, without dispute, the first actor in Britain, probably in the world, until Kean arose to dispute the crown. The youth, activity and energy of this new performer, the originality of his manner, which was in reality a revival of the school of Garrick, above all, the effects of novelty, had a great influence on the public mind, although the opinion of the more sound critics remained decidedly partial to that performer who relied for his success on deep and accurate study of the dramatic art, of the poet's words, and of the human mind, rather than vehement and forcible action; which, though it surprizes the first or second time it is witnessed, is apt, when repeated, to have the resemblance of stage-trick. Perhaps Mr. Kemble's resolution to retire, even while his powers seemed to others in their full vigour, was hastened by the toil which he foresaw it must cost him to maintain at his age—and with health that was fast breaking—a contest with a rival in all the vigour of youth. However this was, Mr. Kemble took leave of the audience, 23d June, 1817, after acting, with unabated powers, the character of Coriolanus, which he probably chose, because in that he could neither have rival nor successor.

We add, with regret, that neither his health, nor perhaps his finances, although easy, permitted him with convenience to close his days in his native country. Lamented by numerous friends of the first distinction for character, literature, and rank, John Kemble retreated to Lausanne, and there finally fixed his residence.

He made over his share in the theatre to his brother Charles, and disposed of his dramatic collection (which some public library should have purchased) for £2000 to the Duke of Devonshire. He died, 26th February, 1823, in the arms of the excellent person to whom he had been united for many years spent in domestic happiness. Few men of milder, calmer, gentler disposition, steeled at the same time with a high sense of honour, and the nice-timed feelings of a gentleman, are probably left behind him. Two instances may be selected from the works before us.

A wrong-

A wrong-headed actor, having challenged him on account of some supposed injustice, Kemble walked to the field as if to rehearsal, took his post, and received the fire as unmoved as if he had been acting the same on the stage; but refused to return the shot, saying, the gentleman who wished satisfaction had, he supposed, got it—he himself desired none. On another occasion, when defending Miss Phillips against a body of military gentlemen, whose drunkenness rendered their gallant attentions doubly disagreeable, one of them struck at him with his drawn sabre; a maid-servant parried the blow, and Kemble only saying, 'well done, Euphrasia,' drew his sword, and taking the young lady under his arm, conducted her home in safety.* As a moral character, his integrity was unsullied; and the whole tenor of his life was equally honourable to himself and useful to his art. At proper times and in gentlemen's society, he could show himself one of the old social school, who loved a cup of wine without a drop of allaying Tiber; but this was only, as Ben Jonson says, to give spirit to literary conversation: and, indeed, when we have heard Kemble pour forth the treasures of his critical knowledge over a bottle, we were irresistibly reminded of the author of Epicene giving law at the Mermaid or the Apollo.

We have already given our general opinion of Mr. Boaden's performance, but have not perhaps done sufficient justice to the accuracy of his narrative, and the liberality and truth of his critical remarks. The style is a little too ambitious,—and sometimes so Gibbonian as rather to indicate, than distinctly to relate what happened. But with these imperfections it is a valuable present to the public, and deserves a place in every dramatic library; not only as a respectable and liberal history of the eminent actor whose name the book bears, but as containing much curious information, a little too miscellaneously heaped together, concerning the drama in general.

On one of his incidental topics we must pause for a moment with delighted recollection. We mean the readings of the celebrated Le Texier, who, seated at a desk, and dressed in plain clothes, read French plays with such modulation of voice, and such exquisite point of dialogue, as to form a pleasure different from that of the theatre, but almost as great as we experience in listening to a first rate actor. We have only to add to a very good account given by Mr. Boaden of this extraordinary entertainment, that when it commenced M. Le Texier read over the dramatis personæ, with the little analysis of character usually attached to each name, using the voice and manner with which he afterwards

* Kelly's Reminiscences, vol. ii. p. 148.

read the part. And so accurately was the key note given, that he had no need to name afterwards the person who spoke; the stupidest of the audience could not miss to recognize him.

We now approach Michael Kelly, but the play has taken up so much time that we must curtail the afterpiece, and we are sorry for it, because it would be sure to send our readers home in good humour. All the world knows that Michael Kelly, eminently gifted as a musician, who long, with the assistance of the Storaces and Mrs. Crouch, maintained the Italian Opera in London, and contributed his powers to many other musical departments in the drama, had been educated for five years in Italy, and had appeared as a singer at most of the courts on the Continent with good approbation. So that he can tell the reader many a tale of foreign parts, of princes, and archdukes, and emperors, which are well worth listening to. He has his hair-breadth escapes to tell you, and his perils by flood and field. Being born an Irishman, he has some of the reckless humour of his country, with a large share of its good-nature; gets into scrapes, scrambles out of them again, and laughs heartily both at the danger and the escape. The Memoirs, written undoubtedly by a man of far inferior talent, recalled to us nevertheless those of Goldoni; nay, often put us in mind of Gil Blas—not that Mr. Kelly has the least of the *picaro*, which in some degree attached to him of Santillane, but that hanging, as it were, between the higher and sometimes highest orders, in whose behalf he exercised his talents, and a class eminently exposed to variations of society and alternations of fortune, he has seen the world on both sides, and has told the result of his observation with a good deal of light humour. An adventurous little schooner of this kind skirring the coast in search of its own peculiar objects cannot be expected to bring back a ponderous or bulky cargo of wares; consisting of solid efficient value in the mart of literature. No matter—the smart little cruiser is the more likely to collect these light notices of persons and manners in society, which, if they are not grave in themselves, are eminently well calculated to relieve works of a graver description. Not but that Mr. Kelly has added things worthy the notice of the historian. There are, in particular, some curious facts concerning the manners of that well-intentioned but misguided speculator in politics, Joseph II. which, had we time, we would willingly pause to introduce.

There is besides much concerning music, the science in which Mr. Kelly has distinguished himself, which we conceive must be highly interesting to connoisseurs, and which has afforded ourselves entertainment—for which we give the author our hearty thanks—although, like young Pottinger, we can only wave our hats

hats and join our applause to that of others, 'obviously without comprehending much of what has been going on.' One thing we do comprehend, which is the advice of the distinguished Mozart to our hero himself. It seems that Mr. Kelly, whose natural talents and taste had been greatly improved by five years residence in Italy, having originally determined on the stage as a profession, became ambitious in his prosecution of musical distinction, and thought of devoting himself to the mysteries of counterpoint. Mozart pointed out to him the disadvantage of engaging in a dry and abstract study, instead of cultivating the powers of melody with which nature had endowed him.

'"Melody is the essence of music," continued he; "I compare a good melodist to a fine racer, and counterpointists to hack post-horses: therefore be advised, let *well alone*, and remember the old Italian proverb —Chi sa più, meno sa—Who knows most, knows least." The opinion of this great man made on me a lasting impression.'—*Kelly*, vol. i. p. 225.

Now we, being no musicians, have always been of the same opinion.

'Mallem convivis quàm placuisse coquis.'

It is the proper business of the fine arts to delight the world at large by their popular effect, rather than to puzzle and confound them by depth of learning. For our own part, when we are, in spite of our snuff-box, detected with closed eyes during some piece of erudite and complicated harmony, we are determined not to answer, as heretofore, that we shut our eyes to open our ears with less interruption, but boldly to avow with Jeremy in Love for Love, that though 'we have a reasonable ear for a jig, your solos and sonatas give us the spleen.' We will quote Mozart's authority to silence all reprehension, and,

'We thank thee, Mike, for teaching us that word.'

When Michael Kelly came to England, his musical talent speedily gained him distinction and employment; Mr. Boaden gives the following account of his proficiency:

'It often happens in music, that the sweetest organ leads to nothing brilliant, and that truth of tone and flexibility, and compass, achieve perfection in the art. Something like this was true of Kelly. His voice had amazing power and steadiness; his compass was extraordinary. In vigorous passages he never cheated the ear with the feeble wailings of falsetto, but sprung upon the ascending fifth with a sustaining energy, that often electrified an audience. Some of my readers will remember an instance of this in the air, sung *only* by himself, "Spirit of my sainted Sire," where the fifth was upon the syllable *saint*.—The Conservatore at Naples, in which he passed five years of his youth, gave him all that science could add to an original love for the art; and Apprili, the best master of any age, completed the studies of the young musician.'

He was soon versed in all the intricacies of the Italian conversation pieces and finales, and acquired the reputation upon the continent, of being an excellent tenor."—*Boaden*, vol. i. pp. 350, 351.

Thus accomplished he easily came to take a distinguished lead in the musical world, and his line connected him in a like degree with the various theatres. True it is that fortune was humorous and did not always smile upon Michael, though he courted her in every possible shape. He gives a very diverting account of his pursuits and the emoluments which attended them, in a dialogue betwixt him and the Commissioners of the income-tax, a set of gentlemen eminent some years since for the interest they took in prying into the concerns of other folks.

Mr. Kelly, in the pride of his heart, had reported his income as amounting to £500 yearly; but the unreasonable commissioners were not contented, and urged that his various employments must bring him twice or thrice that annual sum. The push and parry are as well maintained as between Tilburina and her father in the Critic.

"'Sir," said I, "I am free to confess I have erred in my return; but vanity was the cause, and vanity is the badge of all my tribe. I have returned myself as having 500*l.* per annum, when, in fact, I have not five hundred pence of certain income."

"Pray, sir," said the commissioner, "are you not stage-manager of the Opera-house?"

"Yes, sir," said I; "but there is not even a nominal salary attached to that office; I perform its duties to gratify my love of music."

"Well, but, Mr. Kelly," continued my examiner, "you teach?"

"I do, sir," answered I; "but I have no pupils."

"I think," observed another gentleman, who had not spoken before, "that you are an oratorio and concert singer?"

"You are quite right," said I to my new antagonist; "but I have no engagement."

"Well, but at all events," observed my first inquisitor, "you have a very good salary at Drury Lane."

"A very good one, indeed, sir," answered I; "but then it is never paid."

"But you have always a fine benefit, sir," said the other, who seemed to know something of theatricals.

"Always, sir," was my reply; "but the expenses attending it are very great, and whatever profit remains after defraying them, is mortgaged to liquidate debts incurred by building my saloon. The fact is, sir, I am at present very like St. George's Hospital, supported by voluntary contributions; and have even less certain income, than I felt sufficiently vain to return."'—*Kelly*, vol. ii. pp. 189—191.

Well done, Michael—*a brave, brave et demi*—We see the dismayed commissioners gazing on each other with dejected and embarrassed

embarrassed aspects, while Mike walks out of the room humming the *motivo* of some meditated composition—CANTAVIT VACUUS.

To be sure this was being in the case of the conjurer who could devour any quantity of fire, but was unable to procure bread to eat. But it is explained by the connection of Kelly as a composer with the celebrated Sheridan.

That comet of eccentric genius was Kelly's patron friend, sometimes partner, and often companion; and how could he thrive, in a worldly sense, with such a principal? The senator and statesman was continually bringing the poor composer into scrapes by his utter neglect of economy, and hitching him out again by ingenuity such as none but he possessed. Some of his tricks on Kelly were, however, sufficiently harmless. On one occasion, to adorn some burletta, Kelly had to sing a song, which Sheridan was to introduce by a speech; and the actor requested, as a particular favour, his part might be as short as possible. This jumped with Sheridan's humour, and the speech was accompanied by a stage-direction, enjoining Kelly to gaze for a moment at a cottage in the distance, and to proceed thus; 'Here stands my Louisa's cottage—and she must be either in it or out of it.' The audience were much amused at this sublime and solitary speech.—vol. ii. p. 63. Some other good jokes passed betwixt the wit and the melodist. When Kelly had a dangerous fall on the stage, Sheridan alleged that he exclaimed; 'And if I had been killed now, who was to maintain me for the rest of my life?' Though he allowed his friend the confusion of ideas commonly imputed to the Green Isle, he would not permit him to possess its dialect: for one night, when Kelly performed an Irish character, Sheridan called to compliment him upon his excellent English. On another occasion Sheridan was to have an audience, on theatrical business, of the late king, for which purpose his present Majesty condescended to propose carrying him down at an appointed hour to Windsor. In order that Sheridan might be near Carlton-house, and sure of keeping his appointment at twelve next day, Kelly, retiring to sleep in the country, gave up his own bed in Pall Mall to his patron. But, unluckily, Sheridan detected in Michael's pantry a cold neck of mutton, together with a comfortable reserve of five bottles of port, two of Madeira, and one of brandy, all which he consumed with a brace of jolly companions, and, busied with poor Kelly's good cheer, quite neglected, and indeed incapacitated himself for the purpose for which he had borrowed his lodging.—vol. ii. 223. A still more severe joke was his subjecting Kelly to be arrested for an upholsterer's bill with which he had no personal concern. But Sheridan on this occasion did his friend ample justice. He

not only persuaded the upholsterer to release Kelly, but, to punish the citizen for his unjust and ungenerous arrest, he borrowed two hundred pounds of him.

One more extraordinary anecdote of this singular compound of genius and carelessness, and we have done.

Pizarro was brought forward as the stay and prop of Drury; all the boxes were bespoke and the scenery prepared; and still Kelly had not been supplied with one word of the songs for which he was to compose music, and the half-distracted composer dunned the bard in vain. Some hope was afforded by a summons at ten o'clock one evening, when Sheridan carried him off from a choice party just at the sweetest hour of the night, but it was only to show him the Temple of the Sun, through the vapours of a large bowl of negus which the bard had planted in the critics' row of the empty pit. At length they got to work and a curious process it was. 'Here,' said Sheridan, 'I design a procession of the virgins of the sun, with a solemn hymn.' Kelly sung a bar or two suitable for the occasion.

'He (Sheridan) then made a sort of rumbling noise with his voice, (for he had not the slightest idea of turning a tune,) resembling a deep, gruff bow, wow, wow; but though there was not the slightest resemblance of an air in the noise he made, yet so clear were his ideas of effect, that I perfectly understood his meaning, though conveyed through the medium of a bow, wow, wow.'—*Kelly*, vol. ii. pp. 145, 146.

Cora's song Sheridan *did* supply; and Kelly got some songwright to *do* the rest after the ideas which he had collected from these 'bow, wow, wows.' By the way, the choral hymn of these same virgins, vol. ii. p. 193., the same which in Peeping Tom is set to the words of Pretty Maud, is erroneously termed by Mr. Kelly a Scotch air. It is an English ballad of the reign of George I., on the catastrophe of the celebrated pirate, beginning

'My name is Captain Kidd,
When I sail'd, when I sail'd, &c.'

At last, while Pizarro was in the act of being performed,

'all that was written of the play was actually rehearsing, and incredible as it may appear, until the end of the fourth act, neither Mrs. Siddons, nor Charles Kemble, nor Barrymore, had all their speeches for the fifth! Mr. Sheridan was up stairs in the prompter's room, where he was writing the last part of the play, while the earlier parts were acting; and every ten minutes he brought down as much of the dialogue as he had done, piecemeal, into the green-room, abusing himself and his negligence, and making a thousand winning and soothing apologies, for having kept the performers so long in such painful suspense.'—*Kelly*, vol. ii. pp. 146, 147.

Talk after this of being hunted with printer's devils, with 'more copy, sir—the press stands;' pshaw.

There

There are good anecdotes of many literary characters in this amusing miscellany. Some mistakes there must be: such, for example, is the statement that Mr. Lewis, author of the Monk, was poisoned by two favourite negroes, to whom he had bequeathed their liberty, and who became impatient for their legacy. That amiable, though odd man, died of sea-sickness as he returned from visiting his estate in the West Indies,* where it is most certain he had exerted himself to improve the condition of his slaves. The disease was aggravated by his persisting in a fatal opinion of his own, that taking emetics would remove the nausea.

There is a very diverting account of a party at Mr. Cumberland's, near Tunbridge, with Jack Bannister; how the veteran read the Men of Mirth, a new play, instead of opening a fresh bottle; how Kelly fell asleep during the reading; and what effect his snoring produced on the sensitive nerves of the poet; with much more to the same purpose.

Mr. Kelly's style of story-telling is smart and lively, a little protracted now and then, as will happen to a professed narrator. In point of propriety we have only one stricture to make: the author ought to have spared us his sentimental lamentation over poor Mrs. Crouch; it is too much in the line of Kotzebue morality. We never wish to press ourselves into the private intrigues and arrangements of public performers, but the joys or sorrows which attend such connections must not be blazoned as matters of public sympathy. There is bad taste in doing so. Mr. Kelly has told us many good stories, we beg to requite him with one of Northern growth. A young man in the midland counties of Scotland, boorishly educated and home-bred, succeeded in due time to his father's estate, and, as the *lairdship* was considerable, began to be looked on as desirable company in the houses of those prudent matrons who have under their charge one, or more than one,

"Penniless lass, wi' a lang pedigree."

One of this class, a lady of considerable rank, was, in the intervals of a formal entertainment, endeavouring to make the wealthy young cub a little more at ease by the ordinary jokes on his celibacy, and exhortations to take a wife with all speed. The interest which her ladyship seemed to take in the matter induced the sapient youth to explain his ideas of domestic convenience in these emphatic words, drawled out in the broad Angus dialect, without the least sense of impropriety, 'Na, my leddy; wives is

* 'I would give many a sugar-cane
Monk Lewis were alive again.'
Lord Byron (MS.).

fashious bargains—but I keep a missie.' We leave the application to the Signior Kelly.

A variety of persons are mentioned in Kelly's Memoirs, whose public exhibitions have given an hour of pleasure to conclude the human day of care, and who in their private capacity have enlightened the social circle, and afforded gravity itself a good excuse for being out of bed at midnight. Of these some are still labouring in their old walk; Liston, for example, whose face is a comedy, and whose mere utterance makes a jest out of dullness itself; and Charles Mathews, driven from the public stage to make way for puppets and pageants, and compelled to exert his talents, so extraordinary for versatility and inexhaustible resource, in making his own fortune instead of enriching the patentees. Others enjoy a well-won independence in the quiet shade of retirement. There is Jack Bannister, honest Jack, who in private character, as upon the stage, formed so excellent a representation of the national character of Old England—Jack Bannister, whom even foot-pads could not find it in their heart to injure.* There he is, with his noble locks now as remarkable when covered with snow as when their dark honours curled around his manly face, singing to his grand-children the ditties which used to call down the rapture of crowded theatres in thunders of applause. There is the other Jack too, who discriminated every class and character of his countrymen, with all the shades which distinguish them, from the high-bred Major O'Flanagan down to Looney Mac Twolter—he too enjoys *otium cum dignitate*. The recollection of past mirth has in it something sorrowful; the friends with whom we have shared it are gone; and those who promoted the social glee must feel their powers of enlivening decrease as we feel ours become less susceptible of excitement. Others there are mentioned in these pages whom 'our dim eyes seek in vain;' their part has been played; the awful curtain has dropped on them for ever.

ART. XI.—*The History of England, from the Invasion of Julius Cæsar to the Revolution of* 1688. By David Hume, Esq. New Edition. London. 1825.

WHATEVER opinions may be entertained respecting the faith which ought to be placed in a modern narrative of ancient history, there is, generally speaking, hardly any doubt concerning the truth of the materials from whence the composition

* This distinguished performer and best of good fellows was actually stopped one evening by two foot-pads, who recognizing in his person the general favourite of the English audience, begged his pardon and wished him good night. Horace's wolf was a joke to this.

is

is derived. Perhaps the inferences of the writer may be denied, or his arguments may be deemed fallacious, but the sources of his work are admitted, without contest, as authentic testimonies. We are sufficiently careful to guard against the errors of the *author*, particularly when the subject is such as to offer a probability of his being either deceived himself, or inclined to deceive his readers, a misled follower or a fallacious guide. Should any suspicions arise, we contest his qualifications, we examine his principles, we ask for his creed. And if we are disposed to try the history by the severest test, we compare it with the 'original authorities,' and we examine whether the *facts* which rest upon ancient evidence are fairly and faithfully recited or rendered. If the author's text and the 'authorities' which he quotes are found to agree, we are satisfied. After this investigation has been performed our inquiries end. The vigilance awakened by the modern *Historian* is rarely excited by the ancient *Chronicler*. Upon our ancestors we willingly bestow the faith which we withdraw from our contemporaries, and consider all as 'very sooth' which has the venerable sanction of grave antiquity.

Our disinclination to examine into the positive veracity and comparative value of the ancient sources of ancient history may be easily explained. The individuals who flourished in the many, long, remote centuries, which we denote by the comprehensive term of the 'middle ages,' are so essentially distinguished by language, manner and mind, from the individuals of the living age, that they seem to form but one class when contrasted with our contemporaries. All minor distinctions amongst them are lost in the general conformity. The Nun of Sion prays beside the Benedictine Monk of Lindisfarne. Mailed crusaders unite with the ranks of the gallant chivalry of the Tilt Yard. Plantagenets and Tudors meet in the same presence-chamber. The interval by which they are separated from us, appears to place all their forms at the same distance. All are equally uncouth and strange. Enveloped alike in mist and gloom, we are impressed with a vague idea of remoteness, and we do not sufficiently measure the gradations in which they recede.

Hume, in the first chapters of his history, affords a curious exemplification of the deceptions thus produced by the aërial perspective of the mind. It might be anticipated that the author of the Essay on Miracles would have prefaced his historical inquiries by carefully scrutinizing the value of his authorities. In endeavouring to establish his facts by an appeal to historical testimony, we might have expected some recollection of his own rules. We have been taught by him to attend to the character of the witnesses, to balance every circumstance which can occasion doubt,

doubt, and to mark every cause of suspicion. Such, however, is far from being his mode of proceeding, when he had occasion to practise his own maxims. Hume has not even observed the obvious rule of avoiding to adduce secondary evidence when an original witness can be obtained. At the foot of his pages we have, certainly, a cabbalistic array of names, and syllables, and figures; but this host of quotations can only betray the reader into a belief that the history has resulted from a careful comparison of testimonies. A more minute examination of the authorities will dispel our reliance on the judgment of the historian. Without any selection, any attempt at discrimination, we find the Saxon Chronicle and Florence of Worcester, William of Malmesbury, Ralph Higden and Matthew of Westminster, all considered as the vouchers for the events of the reign of the Confessor, and, apparently, with equal confidence and satisfaction. Yet, how different are the grounds upon which they are to be trusted!—The Saxon Chronicle may be considered, in this portion, as coeval with the events which it relates.—Florence of Worcester, in the corresponding sections of his Latin Chronicle, is merely a translator of the Saxon Chronicle; and his version, though of great importance in affording an assistance to the right interpretation of the Anglo-Saxon text, is without any weight if quoted as cumulative testimony.—William of Malmesbury, removed but by one generation from the Anglo-Saxon age, was enabled to consult authorities which cannot be traced in any other ancient historian.—Ralph Higden flourished towards the close of the reign of Edw. III., and his Chronicle, a new edition of a compilation formed by Roger of Chester, who wrote a few years before, consists entirely of excerpts from original writers, all of which are extant, connected by his own remarks and annotations.—Matthew of Westminster is a phantom who never existed.—If such an uncritical use of ancient authorities was made by Hume, a reasoner gifted with singular acuteness and sagacity, and trained and exercised in the very school of scepticism, we may well account for the impression usually received respecting those passages of history which are as familiar to us as household words. The authorities being all admitted to be valid, it follows as a necessary consequence that the *facts* remain unchallenged. Adventures inseparably associated to well-known names; deeds which have been recounted to us from our earliest childhood; monarchs whose grim imaginary portraitures have been presented to us so often that we recognize them as easily as the countenances of our own parents, form the popular materials and characters of popular history. Seldom do they offer themselves in such a guise as to excite any degree of hesitation. The utmost

extent

extent of our incredulity is to disbelieve that Saint Dunstan really pulled the Devil by the nose. From the Trojan war to the battle of Bosworth field, the scenes of 'ancient history' rise up successively with undiminished vividness and unimpeached credibility.

If, however, we pause, and reflect upon the nature of the sources of history, our confidence must in some measure forsake us. Every nation has passed through an heroic age, during which no evidence, in the strict sense of the term, can be preserved of historical facts. Truth maintains a perpetual conflict with fiction. The causes which stamp such an era with its distinguishing character destroy the fidelity of its records. During the various stages of incipient civilization, the might of some one individual, pre-eminent either for physical or moral power, is the main-spring of the fortunes of society. When the skill and prowess of one chieftain enables him to decide the battle, his achievements obtain a much more minute and favoured narrative than the fate of the nation whom he leads to victory. Recollections are attached to the glory of the warrior, not to the annals of the commonwealth. Giants overshadow the subject world, and beneath the colossal forms of legislators and leaders we lose all sense of the importance which belongs to the herd of human-kind.

History therefore is founded, in the first instance, upon individual biography. It is then essentially poetical. Political events mould themselves into an epic unity, and the history of the nation is subordinate to the destiny of the hero. The task of commemoration devolves upon the bard, and the exaggerations and licenses of poetry become in their turn the foundations of historical annals, in which the creations of fancy are recorded as realities without any indication of their unsubstantial origin. Even in more advanced stages of society, there may be a stream of romance concurrent with history, and which may delude us after we have emerged from the deceptive splendours of the heroic era. It requires an effort to abandon a pleasing fable. In the chroniclers of the twelfth century, there is often a strong resemblance between the Charlemagne of Turpin and the Charlemagne of Eginhart; and the epithet of lion-hearted, which we fondly annex to the name of our first Richard, can be traced to no better authority than the 'geste,' from which, perhaps, much of the chivalrous honour which we attach to his character is also to be derived.

The chronicles of the nations of modern Europe owe their origin to a class of writers produced by institutions unknown to classical antiquity, and possessing a character which will never be again revived. It is not unusual to stigmatize the 'monkish historians' as dull and credulous writers, equally devoid of taste or judgment. To enlarged and philosophical views of history, they possess

possess no claim whatever. And the very few compositions of this class which exhibit any degree of literary talent are only rare exceptions from the rule of general mediocrity. Yet, if impartially considered, they will not be perused without interest. Political discussion was unknown. The keen subtilizing spirit of the schools found sufficient employment in the mazes of the ecclesiastical commonwealth. As yet, the arcana of the state were undiscussed or undivulged. But the monks treated history as every other branch of human knowledge then cultivated was treated. They studied history in connexion with religion. Human deeds and events were not narrated as resulting from the policy of mankind, but as parts of the great scheme of Providence, revealed, foretold, exemplified. Sacred and profane history were united into one body, or rather all was sacred history. If they opened the annals of the nations they read them as the comments of holy writ. The Bible was the foundation of all faith and of all history. In each of the great monarchies as it rose and fell, they acknowledged the accomplishment of the mystic vision of the Seer. Whenever calamities afflicted a nation, they anticipated the pouring out of the vials of wrath reserved for the latter day. The blazing star announced impending vengeance. Pestilence and famine and slaughter are deplored as chastisements, not related as misfortunes. This mode of thought gave a monstrous tone and colouring to their compositions, but, at the same time, they acquire from it a degree of harmony and unity of effect which is neither unsatisfactory nor unpleasing.

The extent of information varied, of course, with the diligence and activity of each individual writer. Research and labour might accomplish mighty tasks when knowledge could be gathered from the shelves of the library; but unless the chronicler was invested with a station which placed him in the busy haunts of men, his opportunities of becoming acquainted with the history of his own times must have been limited and rare. We, who live in an age and country in which the means of locomotion and communication have been facilitated by all the power of human ingenuity and science, can scarcely imagine to ourselves the difficulty of obtaining intelligence in those regions where newspapers are unknown, and whose peaceful solitudes have never been disturbed by the bugle of the mail-coach guard. Destitute of these aids, even bad news does not fly apace; and the details of passing events, which in the course of eight-and-forty hours are transmitted from the Channel to the border, could scarcely creep the same distance in a twelvemonth, when Fame was compelled to limp with her dispatches along the primitive ruts and patriarchal bridle-paths of Watling Street and Ikenild Street, and the other renowned highways,

That

That the olde Kynges mad where thoru men may wende
From the on ende of Engel lond north to the other ende.

Epistolary correspondence was confined to a small class of the community. The Abbot returning from the synod perhaps whispered to the older brethren the particulars of the last dissension between the King and his nobles; or the monks listened to the pilgrim, fraught with the account of the wars which, some seven years before, had taken place between the Soudan and his rebellious vassals, the heathen hounds of Benamarin or Garbo. Narrations produced from such communications cannot fail to be loose, vague, and unsatisfactory. And when Montesquieu speaks of the 'faiseurs de chroniques, qui savoient à peu près de l'histoire de leur temps ce que les villageois savent aujourd'hui de celle du nôtre,' he hardly exaggerates their average ignorance.

Inaccurate in their source, the statements thus embodied must often have been deeply tinged by popular prejudices and popular passions. The period of poetical romance has its bounds, but when can we escape from the romance of faction and of party? Can we discover a conspiracy which has not become an article of faith in the heated imaginations of the one party, or a criminal whom the other faction has not venerated as a martyr? Let century be placed in parallel with century, and age with age, and the chance of our being enabled to pronounce an accurate judgment upon remote transactions may be estimated by the impracticability of affording any satisfactory solution of the historical problems whose dates are to be placed almost in our times. Mary Stuart ought never to be acquitted until Brunehault is finally condemned. Nor can this difficulty be a subject of surprize. In the most enlightened periods the uncertainty of all human testimony perpetually baffles and deludes the inquirer. The more momentous the question, the greater is the difficulty of meeting with an unbiassed and competent relator. He who best knows the truth is usually the person most tempted to distort or conceal the knowledge of which he is possessed.

To these moral causes of perplexity must be added the obstacles arising from the paucity of written records of ancient history. After Rome was reduced to ashes by the Gauls, where could the writers of the republic peruse the annals of her kings? A single manuscript has often been the sole depositary of the best and surest monuments of history, which, had it perished, would have been entirely lost. Ignorance and neglect consume the relics which have been exempted from the devastations of war and conquest. If any have escaped, they are preserved by chances almost beyond the limits of probability. Nor must we overlook the various causes which impede us in extracting the truth from those

those scanty memorials. A simple allusion, well understood by the writer and his contemporaries, but unintelligible to posterity, may destroy the sense of an entire chapter. The obliteration of a numeral, the transposition of a date, the erroneous transcription of a letter in a name, may lead the modern historian into the most baseless theories, or involve his narrative in total confusion.

These considerations may reasonably induce the inquirer to entertain a considerable degree of historical scepticism; and the eccentricity of genius, aided by the stimulus of paradox, and rebelling against the general submission to received authorities, may extend such pyrrhonism almost beyond the bounds of right reason. Hardouin may be adduced as a memorable example of learned extravagance. Listen to him, and all the authors of Greece and Rome, excepting only Virgil and Pliny, are the forgeries of the ingenious impostors of the middle ages. Not contented with annihilating the remains of classical antiquity, he extends his inexorable proscription to languages. Neither the Coptic nor the Anglo-Saxon, he maintains, have ever existed, both being, as he argues with a considerable show of plausibility, mere fanciful jargons invented in the middle ages and written in arbitrary characters.—Hardouin has left no followers, nor has he made any proselytes, but from time to time a kindred spirit has received a transient excitation. More critical modifications of unbelief have thus been shown by the ingenious writers who have occasionally questioned the probability of particular portions of history. Able reasoners have appeared who have pronounced the Iliad to have as little pretensions to historical truth as the Ramayuna; and, in the opinion of others, the blind bard himself dissolves into the airy nothingness of his heroes. Thermopylæ and Marathon have been deprived of their honours. In Xerxes, the King of Kings, the orientalist more than suspects that he discovers the vassal satrap of the Persian monarch, whom the garrulous vanity of Athens and Ionia invested with the diadem and attributes of empire. The same tone of investigation has been extended to the Roman history; and the virtues of Numa, and the crimes of Tarquin, merge alike in the mythological cycles of the erudite scholars of Germany. We do not believe that these theories, many of which have been supported with great learning and ingenuity, have as yet succeeded in persuading the multitude out of their old opinions. It will be a long time before the world at large will be convinced that the exploits of Achilles and of Humayoon the monkey rest upon the same basis. And indeed we must recollect that the acuteness of historical criticism may lead to abuse. The chief error arising from the 'vulgar' mode of

of viewing history is the admission that every thing which is possible, is true, without much inquiry respecting the weight of the evidence upon which the assertion rests. Historical pyrrhonism tends to the contrary extreme. The critic may be deceived into the persuasion that every event is false unless it can be proved by uncontrovertible and undeniable evidence. These principles thus applied to the investigation of history are, perhaps, even more dangerous than the popular absence of inquiry. The negative side is always the easiest of defence. Entrenched by contradiction, an able reasoner may easily show that the most certain event can never have happened, particularly if he calls in the aid of a supposed mythological allegory. Give full scope to allegory, and there is not a reign in the History of England whose annals could not be turned into a political parable no less perfect than Fenelon's Telemachus. A middle course between the two opposite extremes is found in the investigation of the character of the materials of history; and instead of speculating on the evidence of the witnesses it is better to examine both their competence and credibility, and to discuss their era, their origin, their transmission, and their preservation.

In considering the progress of the modern European nations, the first question relates to the manner in which any memorials of their internal history, anterior to their conversion to Christianity, can have been preserved. Cæsar and Tacitus for a short period dispel the shades of the Hercynian forest, and lead us into the wilds and fastnesses of Gaul and Britain. But the knowledge which we obtain from these mighty masters of history expires with their age; and the writers of the declining empire only afford confused and unconnected notices of the fortunes of the 'barbarians,' whose annals do not appear in any instance to have been reduced into a continuous narrative until the introduction of Christianity. In England an interval of upwards of two centuries intervened before any historian of the people arose. Until the era of venerable Bede, no work can be discovered to which the title of a history or chronicle can properly be assigned. It must not, however, be supposed, that the invading tribes usually designated under the general name of Anglo-Saxons were entirely ignorant of letters. Like all the other Germanic nations, they possessed the use of the alphabetical characters called *Runes*—a name which may be traced as high as the sixth century;—and which continued in England to be employed as a term for writing in the age of Alfred, and perhaps until the very expiration of the Anglo-Saxon language.

Though the English runes are closely allied to the runes of Scandinavia, still it is not to be concluded that they are derived from

from them. Both are to be deduced from that primeval alphabet whose forms can be discovered amongst all the Caucasian nations, and which was probably the parent of all the alphabetical characters now in use in the world. Our present mode of publication forbids us to enlarge on an hypothesis which must be supported by the characters themselves. But there is sufficient evidence yet existing to show that all the signs of sound now known to mankind are modifications of one system, the simplest form being found in those characters, which, for want of a better name, we may term the Cadmæan alphabet. The Runes of the Northmen are only sixteen in number. The Anglo-Saxon Runes are more numerous, and therefore probably include compounds and combinations of later date, but they must, nevertheless, have been invented before the nation left the shores of Germany, being identically the same with the characters which, as we learn from Rabanus Maurus, were employed by the *Marcomanni*, a name which he applies, not to the Marcomanni of the Romans, but to the heathen Saxons, then living beyond the Elbe;* and we consider this circumstance as affording the strongest inference that the Anglo-Saxon runes are authentic and original. Accident could not occasion the affinity, and no motive could have existed for imposture. Every Anglo-Saxon letter had its significant name. In the Beth-luis-nion alphabet of Ireland, plants and trees alone afforded the denominations of the characters. But the English alphabet was more diversified. Some letters were named from visible objects, others from abstract ideas. These appropriations, however, do not seem to indicate any hieroglyphic origin. It is more probable that they were given for the purpose of aiding the memory. Similar devices may be traced amongst other nations. The names given to the letters of the Sclavonian alphabet form a prayer.†

All writing was originally engraving. The runes, like the Bardic characters of the Britons, seem to have been usually engraved upon wooden wands. Of this practice, which existed within time of historical memory in Scandinavia, we have a memorial in the word *Stave*, which has been variously employed to denote a letter of the alphabet, an epistle, a line, a verse.‡

* De inventione linguarum.—Ap. Goldas. Scrip. Rer. Alem. II. p. i. p. 67.

† The English letters, with a curious poetical exposition grounded on the names, were preserved in one of the Cottonian manuscripts (since burnt), Otho, B. 10. from whence they were engraved by Hickes, Grammatica Anglo-Saxonica, p. 155. They are also found, with little variation, in many other ancient manuscripts.

‡ The ancient custom prevails without any variation in the islands of the Indian archipelago. We have now before us a poem in the Lampung character, each verse whereof is neatly cut upon a small stick or staff of bamboo cane. The Battaks use larger timber, and a distinguished Orientalist in this metropolis possesses an epic poem in their language, cut upon a club of about six feet in length.

The

The want of convenient materials for writing would necessarily limit its application, even if the knowledge had been extensively diffused. But in the earliest period much mystery was attached to the Runes. Secrecy is implied in the very name. Magical virtues were ascribed to them. Spells and charms were framed in these magical characters. They aided the lover, the rival, or the warrior. They gave unerring swiftness to the arrow in its path, and resistless keenness to the sword.

By Augustine and his followers, the Latin alphabet was introduced. Few as the individuals might be who became familiar with the new mode of writing, still it was one step towards the acquirement of the Latin language, the great medium of useful knowledge. There were two sounds, however, which could not be indicated by the Roman alphabet, and for these alone the runes were considered necessary. And the runes þ *Thorn* and ƿ *Wen*, the *th* and the *w*, still appear in the Anglo-Saxon alphabet. Yet for the first of these letters the scribes occasionally employed the Greek Θ, and by adding a diacritical line to the Latin D or d, Đ, ð, they formed a new character of equivalent power.*

Laws and charters, so far as they extend, are the materials of history least liable to suspicion. Sanctioned by the supreme authority, these monuments constitute the highest class of evidence; and if the authenticity of the instrument be established, it follows that the contents must be admitted to be true. Wilful error and individual prejudice can never be expected to find a place in these documents, which are equivalent to the oral declarations of the parties from whom they proceed. The preamble of the law and the recitals of the grant must therefore be vouched with much more confidence than the narrative of any historian, however impartial or well informed. He is but a relator, stating the matter which he has acquired from others. In the charter and the statute we are addressed by the Sovereign and the Nation.

Besides the statements which are directly gained from these public instruments, they furnish after-ages with those comments upon history which are not less important than facts themselves. Events engage the principal attention of the ancient chronicler. He dwells upon transactions. He only glances at the details of government and administration. Kings and Earls pass before us. Battles succeed to battles, and councils to councils; but unless we understand the dignity of the Chief, the duties of the Soldier, the functions of the Sages, we obtain only the most imperfect developement of the state and condition of the common-

* The characters ð and þ are used indifferently, and there is no foundation for the conjecture that the one denoted *th* hard, and the other *th* soft.

wealth. Truth is of no utility excepting when it can be turned to better account than fiction. History affords instruction, only when the pleasure derived from incident and adventure can be combined with the higher interest arising from the consideration of government and policy. When this interest is absent, the chronicle is no better than the romance. Of what consequence is it now to us to know that one petty chieftain of the eighth century obtained the ascendancy over a savage compeer, whose bones have long since mouldered into dust—that one obscure tribe discomfited another half civilized horde?—Why should we weary ourselves with recounting the 'struggles between the kites and the crows,' unless they elucidate that state of society, from whence, by a long though unbroken series of descents, our present government has been derived? But a satisfactory knowledge of the elements composing the ancient constitution can only be collected from the jurisprudence of the Anglo-Saxon lawgivers. Much of their legislation exists amongst us in principle and spirit, however obsolete and uncouth it may appear in language and form. And hence the Anglo-Saxon law must be justly considered as the best preliminary to the study of our ancient history.

One most important consequence of the introduction of the Latin alphabet amongst the Anglo-Saxons was the application of writing to legal documents and legislation. Until the Teutonic nations settled on Roman ground, the law was oral and traditionary. It was a common law, existing as the English common law still exists, in customs, whether local or national, recorded in the memory of the judges, and published by the practice of the tribunal. If any aid was required to the recollection, it was afforded either by poetry, or, at least, by the condensation of the maxim or principle in proverbial or antithetical sentences like the Cymric triads. There are many vestiges of this poetry of the law. But the rules of justice, when the law was administered by the warlike nobles in the presence of the people, were not concealed from their knowledge in the Runes, the characters of mystery. Nor can it be discovered that any of the Teutonic nations reduced their customs into writing, until the influence of increasing civilization rendered it expedient to depart from their primeval usages. It would afford a curious parallel to the modern circumstances of the English law, if the remains of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence could be divided into *Æ* or *Æwa*, customs or common law; *Asetnysse*, statutes; and *Domas*, adjudged cases or precedents. But these terms, whatever distinction may have been originally intended, are employed indiscriminately, and the first specimens of Anglo-Saxon legislation are the 'dooms,' which Æthelbyrht, king of Kent, 'established with the consent of his witan

witan in the days of St. Augustine.' Bede, who commemorates and praises this proceeding, adds that it was effected after the example of the Romans. This expression, however, can only refer to the promulgation of the law in writing, contrasted with the national customary law. Ethelbert's statute offers no imitation whatever of Roman policy. Entirely Teutonic in language as well as in spirit, it relates only to the amount of the pecuniary fines or *weres*, payable for various transgressions.

Unlike the other Teutonic nations, who employed the Latin language, the laws of Æthelbyrht are written in the *English* language, as the dialect is termed by Bede, and they afford the earliest specimens of 'barbarous' jurisprudence in the vernacular tongue. They now exist in a single manuscript, the volume which we owe to the care of Ernulphus, Bishop of Rochester; and the paragraph or section, containing the penalties imposed upon offenders against the peace of the Church and Clergy, seems to correspond in tenor with the recital given by Bede. But it is quite impossible to believe that the text of the Anglo-Norman manuscript of the eleventh century exhibits an unaltered specimen of the English of the reign of Æthelbyrht.* The language has evidently been modernized and corrupted by successive transcriptions. Some passages are quite unintelligible, and the boldest critic would hardly venture upon conjectural emendations, for which he can obtain no collateral aid. Neither have we any proof whatever of the integrity of the text. It cannot be asserted, with any degree of confidence, that we have the whole of the law. Destitute of any statutory clause or enactment, it is from the title or rubric alone, that we learn the name of the legislator.

After the interval of more than a century, Hlothære and Eadric (675–685) made additions to the laws which 'their ancestors had established before them,' and which principally relate to the singular system of pledges and warranty intended for the purpose of preventing theft and larceny, an institution which holds so conspicuous a place in the Anglo-Saxon policy. Wihtræd's laws, which were enacted at Berghamstede in the ninth year of his reign (699), are chiefly ecclesiastical, affixing temporal punishments to spiritual offences. The laws of Hlothære and Eadric and Wihtræd, though more intelligible than the laws of Ethelbert,

* The orthography of proper names adopted by Bede indicates that the pronunciation of the Anglo-Saxon language was then much harsher than in the ninth century. *Ædilberct, Oidilwald, Alchfrid,* were softened into *Æthelbyrht, Æthelwald, Ealfrith.* Appended to the Ely Manuscript of Bede is the song of Cædmon. Smith and Wanley assign the date of 737 to the manuscript. If this conjecture be correct, this fragment is the only example of the ancient Anglo-Saxon orthography, as we are not aware that there is any specimen of the language preserved in any other manuscript older than the ninth century.

still offer many difficulties, and the corruptions are equally irremediable, no other text existing except the *modern* manuscript of Ernulphus. No traces can be found of any other manuscript. And as an ancient Latin translation of the Anglo-Saxon laws, made about the time of Henry I. does not include the laws of the several Kentish kings, it is probable that they were entirely unknown to the translator.

It is foreign to our present purpose to investigate the history of Anglo-Saxon legislation; we shall therefore enumerate, without detailing, the successive statutes of Alfred, Edward the Elder, Athelstane, Ethelred, and Edgar, of which the substance is in great measure included in the capitulary or statute enacted by 'Canute, King of all England, of the Danes and of the Northmen, at Winchester, with the advice of his witan.' This monarch obtained a high reputation for his wisdom and equity; and although there is no portion of his enactments in which any positive novelty, either of form or principle, can be discovered, still they exhibit a greater degree of systematical jurisprudence and organization than appears in the statutes of the earlier English kings. On the accession of Edward the Confessor, the Anglo-Saxon monarch was required by the clergy and Baronage of the nation to promise the observance of the laws of the Danish King, a request to which he acceded, and which he sanctioned by his oath; and the older body of laws acquired the name of the laws of the Confessor, not because he enacted them, but because he renewed them. Yet this renewal was confined to England proper, for it was not till the close of his reign that the laws of Canute were promulgated in the subordinate Kingdom of Northumbria.

William the Norman followed the example of Canute the Dane, by re-enacting and confirming the statutes of his predecessors, and we must consider the laws which are extant under his name as closing the series of monuments of Anglo-Saxon legislation. We are told that the English with one accord demanded the restoration of the laws and customs known and used by them, the laws under which they were born, such as had prevailed in the days of holy king Edward the Confessor. To this demand, William assented; and a statute or capitulary, purporting to contain the laws and customs 'which King William granted to the people of England after the conquest, being the same which King Edward his cousin held before him,' has been preserved in *Romance* and in Latin. Both texts agree so closely as to show that the one is a translation from the other. The Latin text is yet in manuscript. The Romance, or French text, which was published by Selden with a Latin version, and afterwards by Lambard and Wilkins from the history ascribed to Ingulphus, has long enjoyed the

the reputation of being the original. If so, the code would be a testimony indeed both of English liberty and English servitude, for, whilst it proves that William respected the Saxon laws, it also seems to afford evidence of the plan which he is said to have formed for the extirpation of the English tongue; and it must be ranked as one of the main landmarks in the history of the French language. In the printed copies the text is evidently faulty, and the loss of the ancient manuscripts of Ingulphus, as will be seen below, seemed to prevent all chance of rendering it more correct except by conjecture. It fortunately happens that a manuscript formerly belonging to Archbishop Parker, and afterwards to Coke, and which preserves the greater part of the text of the laws repeated in Ingulphus, has recently been discovered amongst the literary remains of Holkham, and from this last mentioned manuscript, the following extracts are made:—

'Cez sunt les leis e les custumes que li Reis Will. grantad al pople de Engleterre apres le cunquest de la terre; iceles meimes que li Reis Edward sun cusin tint devant lui.—Ceo est a saver—Pais a Seinte Iglise de quel forfeit que hom fet oust, e il poust venir a Seint Iglise, oust pais de vie e de membre E si aucuns meist mein en celui ki la mere iglise requereit si ceo fust u evesque u abeie u iglise de religiun, rendist ceo qu'il aureit pris e cent souz le forfeit. E de mere iglise de parosse xx souz, e de chapele x souz. E ki enfreint pais le Rei, en Merchene-lahe, cent souz les amendes. Autresi de hemfare e de agwait purpense.'

Such, if we can believe Ingulphus, are the laws of the Conqueror in the very idiom in which they were promulgated, and according to the copy brought by him from London. That the substance of the statute is authentic may be admitted. It is abundantly proved that William allowed the Anglo-Saxon law to remain unaltered; and, judging from internal evidence, the matter is uninterpolated. But the employment of the French language in this solemn instrument is so utterly contrary to the usage and practice of the eleventh century, as at least to awaken some suspicion. At that period no law in France was ever written in the rustic and colloquial Romance language. Whether the dialect can be referred to that age, must be ascertained by comparison with documents, if there be any, whose dates can be fixed by positive proof, and not by conjecture. The forms, it is true, have an archaic cast, but the idiomatic peculiarities, and the orthography of the French language as spoken in England during the reign of Edward I., exhibit them nearly to the same extent, and if we are to found our opinions upon the language alone, we cannot place the French text of the laws in any higher period than the early part of the reign of Henry III., which also appears to be the era of the Holkham manuscript. Nor are there any external arguments which can

weaken the conjecture. We are told that 'William entertained the project of abolishing the English language; he ordered, that, in all schools throughout the kingdom, the youth should be instructed in the French tongue. The pleadings in the supreme court of judicature were in French, the deeds often were drawn in the same language, and the laws were composed in that idiom.'* But this popular notion cannot be easily supported. The example of a Norman aristocracy and a Norman clergy, aided by the literary influence of the writers of the langue d'oil and the utility of that dialect as a medium of general intercourse, ultimately rendered it almost as familiar amongst the English as their own tongue. But before the reign of Henry III. we cannot discover a deed or law drawn or composed in French. Instead of prohibiting the English language, it was employed by the Conqueror and his successors in their charters, until the reign of Henry II.; when it was superseded, not by the French, but by the Latin language, which had been gradually gaining, or rather regaining, ground. All these circumstances taken together will induce a strong suspicion, that the French text, together with the introductory statement, must be numbered amongst the passages which place the work of Ingulphus amongst the apocrypha of English history.

The style of the Anglo-Saxon laws is confused, perplexed, and elliptical. A literal translation is impracticable; there is no mode of expressing the sense otherwise than by a paraphrase. It is a remarkable proof of the difficulty attending the interpretation of the Anglo-Saxon statutes, that the ancient translator, who certainly flourished when the Anglo-Saxon was yet a living tongue, frequently errs in his version;—and it therefore can excite no astonishment, that a modern should be at fault. We pay the utmost respect to the memory of Lambard and Wilkins. Had it not been for their exertions, the civil and ecclesiastical laws of our ancestors would probably yet remain unpublished; and the praise which is justly due to these zealous antiquaries is not diminished by acknowledging the infelicity of their interpretations. The Latin language is ill adapted to render the Anglo-Saxon idioms, and the translation departs still more widely from the original, when the translator, like Wilkins, attempts to attain an air of elegance, by rejecting the technical terms and phrases of the Anglo-Saxon law, and substituting others borrowed from a foreign jurisprudence; but such mistakes are more easily pointed out than avoided. Being regulations adapted to existing customs, the Anglo-Saxon statutes are concise and technical, alluding to the law rather than defining it. The same enactments are often repeated

* Hume, chap. iv.

word

word for word, in the statutes of subsequent Kings, showing that enactments which bear, *ex facie*, the appearance of novelty, are merely declaratory. Consequently the appearance of a law, seemingly for the first time, is by no means to be considered as a proof that it is a new law, nor can we trace the progress of the Anglo-Saxon institutions with any degree of certainty from the date of the law in which we find them first noticed. All arguments thus founded are liable to the greatest fallacies. Furthermore, a considerable portion of the Anglo-Saxon law was never reduced into writing. There can be no doubt but that the laws of inheritance were perfectly well established; yet we have not a single law, and hardly a single document from which the course of descent of land can be inferred. Interspersed amongst the Anglo-Saxon Statutes in the Textus Roffensis are some few notices relating to forms, practices and legal customs, which have been quoted as authentic laws, but which have no public sanction or validity. The declaration that the Ceorl having five hides of land became a Thane, and that the Merchant who went three times over the sea with his own craft, should be promoted to the same dignity, is one of these traditionary notices or narrations. It has been thought that the latter regulation is a proof of the politic encouragement given to commerce by the Anglo-Saxon ancestors of our trading nation. This favourite quotation, which has supported many a fine theory, is, however, quite unauthenticated. It is neither the declaration of a lawgiver, nor the substance of a statute. The law, if such it be, is contained in the vague report or recital of an unknown scribe, who does not even state the law as it was in his own time, but as it had been anciently—'whilome it *was* the law of England'—at some undefined and unknown period. Whether this *had* really been the law or not cannot be ascertained, but it is evident that, in early times, great errors prevailed respecting the customs of earlier times. In the statute of Alfred, a document of unquestionable antiquity, and compiled by a Sovereign who was well versed in the history of his own people, the legislator asserts that the pecuniary commutations, or *weres*, were introduced *after* the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons, by a synod of holy Bishops and most worshipful sages, who for mercy's sake enacted that the culprit should be at liberty to purchase his indemnity, by the payment of the fines which they fixed, unless in case of treason.* It is hardly necessary to observe that there is no portion of the Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence which can be so assuredly referred to the pagan era, as the custom of accepting pecuniary compositions from criminals. And when such an error can be discovered, it is

* Wilk. Leg. Sax. p. 36.

a convincing proof that we may be deluded by ancient, and apparently trustworthy traditions.

In attempting to explain the constitutional history of the Anglo-Saxons we are involved in a perplexing labyrinth. The difficulties of understanding the text of the laws are increased by the deceitful aid which the reader receives from an inaccurate translation. Some of the most important technical terms are nearly unintelligible, and have received the most contradictory interpretations. No period or era can be defined. We can neither affirm nor deny. Positive proof cannot be obtained of the commencement of any institution, because the first written law relating to it may possibly be merely confirmatory or declaratory. Neither can the non-existence of any institutions be inferred from the absence of positive evidence. Much of the law which certainly existed was, as certainly, unrecorded and unevidenced. Written laws were modified and controlled by customs of which no trace can be discovered until after the lapse of centuries, although those usages must have been in constant vigour during the long interval of silence. Tribunals, dignities, and offices continue to retain the same names after their pristine character sustains a total transformation; or, changing their denomination, and yet continuing to hold the same place in the commonwealth, they elude us in obscurity. No labour or sagacity can entirely unravel these enigmas. We can only proceed by the comparison of probabilities. An approximation to the truth is all that can be effected or desired. And the fitness of the hypothesis framed by a modern inquirer, for no scheme of the Anglo-Saxon policy can be any thing but an hypothesis, must be judged, not only from its application to the particular page or chapter, but from its conformity to the entire system. The right exposition of the Anglo-Saxon laws may become an object of interest, not merely to the antiquary or the historian, but to the practical lawyer. Many questions of vital importance in our present form of government can only be decided by reference to laws or usages which have prevailed since the time 'whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.' The rights of the electors of a Borough may depend upon the exposition of the most obsolete passages in the laws of King Canute. Such cases have lately occurred. Should they be mooted again, the truth of the most ingenious theory by which the zealous, learned and laborious advocate attempts to deduce universal suffrage from the Anglo-Saxon or Anglo-Norman frecpledge, may be put to an easy and certain test by simply inquiring how far this political equality was possible, according to the general frame of the Anglo-Saxon or Anglo-Norman commonwealth. When any historical theory does not agree with the general structure

ture of the Constitution, we may safely pronounce it to be unfounded. We may discover the error in the same manner that Linnæus detected the ingenuity of his students, who produced to him a shrub composed of different plants so nicely adapted together, that the eye failed to discern the junction of the parts. But the factitious origin of the compound was immediately perceptible to the mind which saw that the functions, united by art, could never have been co-existent in living nature.

The laws were enacted in the Witenagemot. In these assemblies, ecclesiastical affairs were discussed and transacted, sometimes by the clergy alone, sometimes in conjunction with the lay members. No inconsiderable number of the proceedings of these great councils have been preserved in authentic transcripts, and perhaps occasionally in the original declarations or memoranda which were drawn up in the presence of the assembly, and sanctioned by the signatures, that is to say, the crosses of the enacting parties. These relate almost wholly to the affairs of the church, being either public enactments or declarations of ecclesiastical rights, or judicial decisions of cases in which the church was a party, and hence the meetings themselves have been considered rather as ecclesiastical councils than as secular senates. But civil and ecclesiastical affairs were transacted in the same assembly, though few memorials of the former have been preserved. The vigilance of the clergy induced them to record the acts which concerned their order, whilst the laity neglected this precaution, and the history of their transactions has accordingly passed away.

Under the head of public instruments we must rank the scanty relics of the international policy of our ancestors. The most curious of these documents is a compact effected between the British and Anglo-Saxon inhabitants of the ancient *Domnania*,* both of whom appear to have been known by the enchorial designation of *Defnsættas*, or *Devnsættas*. The mistake of one single letter, the permutation of the *u* and the *v*, has strangely caused this instrument to be considered, in despite of its tenor, as a treaty between the Anglo-Saxons and the inhabitants of the *Welsh Mountains*. In consequence of this error, the transaction has been referred to a district with which it had no connection, and its real importance in our national history has been entirely overlooked. In the translations given and adopted by Lambard and Wilkins, the following title is prefixed, 'Senatusconsultum de Monticulis Walliæ;' but if the Saxon original be rightly read, no doubt can be entertained respecting the meaning which is to be assigned to it.—Dis is seo gerædnysse þe Angelcynnes witan and Weal þeode

* This territory appears to have been more extensive than the modern Devonshire.

rædboran

rædboran betwox Deunsetan gesættan.*—A river constituted the boundary between the Britons and the English, and the provisions of most importance were those which protected the property of the two nations from mutual depredation. The treaty is framed on principles of the strictest reciprocity, and as it is the only document which illustrates the course by which the British tribes were gradually incorporated with the Anglo-Saxons, it is well worthy of attention. There is no allusion to any British prince in this treaty, nor is there indeed any authentic memorial preserved of any such potentate amongst the western Britons after the seventh century. When the Britons concluded this treaty their situation was nearly equivalent to the state of a Saxon Kingdom, subject to the supremacy of the *Bretwalda*. They constituted a tribe retaining many powers of self-government, but subject to the ascendancy of a ruling nation. The river, whose opposite *staiths* or shores constituted the limits of the two races, can be no other than the Exe, which continued the boundary of the Britons and English until the reign of Edgar. And the concluding stipulation of the treaty, which refers to the tribute payable from the men of Gwent, the modern County of Monmouth, to the king of Wessex, must place its date some time after 828, about which period the Britons submitted to the empire of the victorious Edgar.

The Anglo-Saxon charters may be considered as legislative documents, the sovereign's grants being promulgated in the presence of his Witan, Prelates, Dukes, and Thanes, whose concurrence and assent is expressly testified, and whose names and signs are subscribed. Cases may have occurred in which an Anglo-Saxon king could make a valid donation without the consent of the Witan: but the extreme paucity of instruments destitute of this sanction, compared with the great number in which the concurrence of the Witan is testified, leaves little doubt respecting the general rule of law. The series of these instruments begins with the charter by which Ethelbert (A. D. 605) founded the monastery of St. Peter and St. Paul, afterwards called St. Augustine's Abbey. The land was his demesne. The abuttals are accurately given, and it may be remarked that the street now called *Burgate*, named as the southern boundary of the land, retains the same identical name, without any variation, after a lapse of more than twelve hundred years.†

Charters

* The printed text, (Wilkins, 125) reads Deunsœttan and afterwards Dunsœttan; and *Dun* signifying a mount in Anglo-Saxon as well as in Gaelic, the mistranslation followed as a matter of course from the erroneous reading.

† Ethelbert's Tower has just been laid in ruins by the caprice of an ignorant mechanic; and in consequence of the culpable supineness of the Corporation, the same fate

Charters require to be examined and investigated with much care. If authentic, they are the best possible guides to history; if spurious, the most mischievous deluders. Worldly interest often tempted the monks to commit forgery, and they did not always resist this temptation so resolutely as might be wished for the honour of the order. Yet in extenuation, if not in apology, it must be remembered that their falsifications were chiefly defensive. Lands which unquestionably belonged to the Church were frequently held merely by prescriptive possession, unaccompanied by deeds and charters. The right was lawful, but there were no means of proving the right. And when the monastery was troubled and impleaded by the Norman Justitiar, or the *Soke* invaded by the Norman Baron, the Abbot and his brethren would have recourse to the pious fraud of inventing a charter for the purpose of protecting property which, however lawfully acquired and honestly enjoyed, was like to be wrested from them by the captious niceties of the Norman jurisprudence or the greedy tyranny of the Norman sword. These counterfeits are sometimes detected by the pains which were taken to give them currency. It is familiarly known that the Anglo-Saxons confirmed their deeds by subscribing the sign of the cross, and that the charters themselves are fairly but plainly engrossed upon parchment. But instead of imitating these unostentatious instruments, the elaborate forgers often endeavoured to obtain respect for their fabrications by investing them with as much splendour as possible; and those grand crosses of gold, vermilion and azure, which dazzled the eyes and deceived the judgment of the Court when produced before a bench of simple and unsuspecting lawyers, now reveal the secret fraud to the lynx-eyed antiquary. According to Ingulphus these modes of adornment prevailed long before the reign of the Confessor. The foundation charter of Croyland, purporting to have been granted by Ethelbald, is richly adorned, from whence it obtained the name of the 'Golden Charter,' and the ancient chirographs, gay with paintings and illuminations, and the charters of the Mercian kings covered with embellishments, are enumerated by him amongst the treasures which were consumed when the monastery was destroyed by fire in the year 1091.* But we can state, upon the information of the most competent living authority,

fate is preparing for the sumptuous gate-house, almost the only remaining relic of a pile whose history is coeval with the establishment of Christianity in England. The example afforded to the citizens by the Dean and Chapter ought to shame them out of their Vandalism. The restoration of the Cathedral lately effected under the direction of the Dean, *without the aid of any professional architect*, exhibits an union of architectural skill, mechanical contrivance, and correct antiquarian taste which has been seldom equalled and never surpassed.

* Ingulphus, p. 98.

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that there is no charter of this description which is not manifestly spurious. The 'golden charter' bears the impress of falsity; and unless it be supposed that all the genuine illuminated charters in England perished by sympathy when those at Croyland felt the flame, we must infer that the writer of the history of Ingulphus erred either through ignorance or design.*

Internal evidence is often sufficiently decisive. Terms and phrases borrowed from the Anglo-Norman jurisprudence are introduced, and the institutions and usages belonging to the age of the forgery, transferred to periods when they were entirely unknown. A charter ascribed to Beortulf, king of Mercia, dated at Kingsbury on Saturday in Easter-week, 851, recites that the monks of Croyland having preferred their complaint before the Prelates and Peers of Mercia concerning various trespasses, the King ordered Radbod the *Vice dominus* of Lincoln to perambulate the demesne of the monks and to return the boundaries before the King and his Council, 'ubicunque in ultimo Paschæ fuissemus;' which being done, the King, with the consent of his Prelates and Peers, confirms the privileges of the monastery. These proceedings are entirely conformable to the legal usages of the reigns of Edward I. and II.; and unless it be supposed that the proceedings of the High Court of Parliament were inherited from the Witenagemot of Mercia, the whole body of the instrument must be considered as a spurious paraphrase.† We employ these expressions, because we apprehend that the monks did not entirely trust to their powers of invention, and that, in concerting many of these fabrications, they borrowed the substratum from a genuine instrument, which they expanded and altered in such a manner as to suit the purpose required. At least we cannot otherwise account for the consistency and pertinence of the concluding clauses, appended to many charters of which the contents are entirely supposititious.

The employment of seals amongst the Anglo-Saxons has given rise to much discussion. There can be no doubt but that seals were used for the purpose of impressing the wax which closed the epistles of the Anglo-Saxons. The seal of Ethelwald, bishop of Dunwich (830–70) has lately been discovered,‡ and it will be

* The Croyland charter, in Saxon characters, in the possession of Robert Hunter, Esq. lord of the place, was shown to the Society of Antiquaries, as appears by their minutes, by Mr. Lethellier, in 1734.—(*Gough's Croyland*, Pref. viii.) In the opinion of Humphry Wanly, 'it was not much older, if any thing at all, than Henry the Second's time.' The fac-simile given by Hickes (Dissertatio Epistolaris, tab. D) does not leave the slightest doubt of the imposture.

† Ingulphus, 12, 13.

‡ This seal was dug up by a labourer in a garden about two hundred yards from the gate of the monastery at Eye, who gave it to the child of a workman employed on a neighbouring

be readily admitted that the Anglo-Saxons were acquainted with a custom so ancient and so obvious. But this discovery is very far from 'setting at rest the question hitherto in dispute touching the use of seals amongst the Anglo-Saxons.' The question remains just as it was. The point at issue is not whether seals were in use amongst the Anglo-Saxons, but whether the usage of appending a seal to a charter was considered as a legal method of executing the instrument according to the custom of Anglo-Norman times. In support of the affirmative no other proof can be adduced except a very few charters of Edward the Confessor; but it is the very essence of a legal custom that it should be uniform and constant, and consequently publicly known. It is commonly said that seals were introduced by the Normans:—still they were introduced by slow degrees. William the Conqueror frequently confirmed his charters by his *sign* or cross alone, and until the reign of Henry II. the privilege of using a seal scarcely extended to any but the greater barons.* Edward the Confessor seems occasionally to have used a seal in imitation of the continental monarchs, but it was superfluous and without legal effect, and the addition of a seal to any document of an earlier period must inevitably cause it to be stigmatized as a monkish forgery.

As the information obtained from charters, when they stand the test of criticism, is of the highest importance, it becomes necessary to use great caution before we admit their validity. At the same time, however, that we subject them to examination, we must take into consideration those circumstances which may give a character of suspicion to documents of real authenticity. There are many documents which appear to be copies of original charters, which were made long after the Conquest for use and perusal, probably to prevent the injury which might result to the ancient 'land-boc' if touched by rude or careless hands. Occasionally the calligraphist attempted not merely to repeat the words, but to represent the forms of the ancient characters, and as these imitations are easily detected by the skilful

neighbouring farm. The child threw it on the fire, from whence its mother rescued it. It was afterwards purchased by Mr. Hudson Gurney, and presented by him to the British Museum. Archæologia, vol. xx. p. 480. The seal is of a yellow metal, mitre shaped, composed of two rows of arches supported by nine wolves heads, the eyes of which were formed by small garnets. The legend exhibits a mixture of Greek and Latin characters.

SIF EDILVVALDI EP

* Gilbert de Baillol, the chief lord of the fee of certain lands contested in the Curia Regis, (temp. Hen. II.) exclaimed, during the discussion of the cause, that many chirographs in the names of his ancestors had been read in his hearing, but that the deeds were not fortified by the testimony of their seals. Richard de Luci, the Justiciar, inquired if *he* had a seal,—Baillol answered in the affirmative.—The Justiciar replied, with a smile of contempt,—moris non erat antiquitus *quemlibet militulum* sigillum habere, quod Regibus et præcipuis tantummodo competit personis.

antiquary,

antiquary, he may be induced to condemn as a forgery what was merely intended to be an innocent fac-simile. The same reasons which occasioned the clergy to make transcripts of their charters in detached schedules or membranes, also induced them to enter their muniments in chartularies or registers. Great judgment and accuracy are sometimes displayed in these collections. In the most valuable chartulary of Worcester, for instance, the transcripts which we owe to the care of Hemingius leave nothing to be desired. But the indolence of the monk would sometimes induce him to omit the subscriptions of the charter. Successive copyists modernized the language and reduced it from the pure Anglo-Saxon to the Anglo-Norman or English of the Plantagenets. Or the ignorant clerk corrupted the unintelligible document into the most barbarous jargon. In some instances a more skilful but equally injudicious scribe has destroyed the appearances of antiquity by paraphrasing the uncouth phraseology of the 'land-boc' in terms which were more familiar to his contemporaries. All these possibilities, which must be considered and weighed, add to the perplexity of a study in itself sufficiently difficult and doubtful. Lastly, all generalizations to be deduced from charters, and all the general reasonings founded upon the contents of charters, must be qualified by the recollection that those which we possess relate only to some of the foundations of Wessex and Mercia and their dependencies, together with a few gleanings from Northumbria. The devastations of the Danes will account for the absence of the documents relating to the establishments which they destroyed, but it is not so easy to explain the disappearance of almost all the charters of the Bishoprics whose seats were removed after the Conquest. Lincoln succeeded to the rights of Sidnacester, and we might have expected that the muniments would have accompanied the translation, but none can be recovered;—and with the exception of some few charters belonging to the Bishopric of Sealsey, and which were entered in a register of the church of Chichester, lost during the civil wars, hardly any traces whatever can be discovered of the muniments of those ancient foundations.

We must now consider the materials of the Anglo-Saxon chronicles. Genealogies and pedigrees seem to have constituted the groundwork of their civil history. Aristocracy, in its most harsh and rigid form, was the essential principle of the Anglo-Saxon government. The higher classes were born to command, the inheritance of the people was legal subjection, and the opinions no less than the interest of the nobility would prompt them to preserve the remembrances of their ancestry with care and fidelity. Those were the first Anglo-Saxon histories. It is not probable that

that any other written memorials ascend into the heathen period, and the brief notices attached to the name of an Anglo-Saxon Ealdorman on the staff or the tablet preserved in his hall, may be conjectured to have afforded all the authentic knowledge which the chroniclers of the Minster possessed of his achievements.

Many of the genealogies of the chieftains of the Anglo-Saxon commonwealth have been preserved in the chronicles. Others, which would have been of great importance, are lost. Of the noble family of the 'Iclingas' only the name is known. No particulars have been preserved of the descent of the Sovereigns who, under the supremacy of Mercia, governed the Hwiccian territory* for many generations. And the genealogies of the Mercian princes themselves are not clearly deduced. Most of the Anglo-Saxon names are significant, and the alliteration which was the basis of their poetry guided them in the selection of the appellations of their children. In the 'kin' of Cerdic, the same initial letter was retained for seven descents, and nearly to the same extent in a branch which sprang from the main line.† If a foreign princess married an English king she assumed an English name; Emma of Normandy became the English Elfgiva. These circumstances, apparently trivial, are worthy of notice, since they show the strong nationality of the spirit which the Anglo-Saxons evinced in the matters connected with ancestry and family.

The mythological poems of the Anglo-Saxons have perished, but the former existence of lays extremely analogous to the strains of the Scandinavian Edda may be distinctly discovered in the verse of Cædmon and his successors. Epithets denoting the power and the attributes of the Scandinavian deities are employed without scruple in the metrical versions of Genesis, and the life of Judith. The history of the Bible is narrated in the phraseology of Valhalla. The Christian poet could not have borrowed from the lays of the heathen Scalld, had they been either dangerous or unintelligible to the multitude whom he addressed. Paganism must have become entirely extinct, but the imagery anciently consecrated to its doctrines must still have been familiar. A German antiquary of considerable learning, M. Ruhs, of Berlin, has promulgated a singular theory with respect to

* These Wiccii seem to have inhabited all that tract which was anciently subject to the Bishops of Worcester,—all Worcestershire, excepting sixteen parishes lying beyond Abberley Hills and the river Tame,—all Gloucestershire on the east side Severn, and near the south half of Warwickshire, with Warwick town.—*Gibson's Camden*, 618.

† In the genealogy inserted in the Saxon Chronicle the descent of the line of Cerdic is thus given:—Cerdic, Creoda, Cyneric, Celin or Ceawlin, Cuthwine, Cuthwulf, Ceolwald, Cenred—At the beginning of the genealogy Cyneric is called, as in the history, the *son* of Cerdic. Hence we obtain a proof that the word *sunu* is not to be restricted to the first degree of descent, but that, as in biblical language, it is to be extended as a general term to descendants.

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the evident relationship of Anglo-Saxon and Scandinavian poetry. Following in some measure the path of Hardouin, he maintains that the Norwegian Scallds never existed. The wild theology of the Asi is asserted to be a gratuitous invention—the materials gathered and distorted from classical poetry and the rabbinical reveries of the Talmud. It would be less paradoxical to support a contrary theory, and to suppose that the Anglo-Saxon poetry was influenced by intercourse with Scandinavia. Northern Scallds were welcome guests at the courts of the English kings, and even in the days of Snorro, the similarity between the languages of England and Norway was so evident as to induce him to maintain their primitive identity. The historical poetry of the Anglo-Saxons appears to have embraced every possible variety, from the most fanciful romance to the mere colouring of praise and description. In the lays of Horne Childe, of Haveloke, and of Attla, king of East Anglia, all of Anglo-Saxon origin, though now existing only in versions of recent date, an historical name, or a well known locality may be discovered, but the entire superstructure is the invention of the minstrel. Not unfrequently a connexion may be discerned with the songs of the heroic age, which constituted the web both of the Teutonic 'Helden Buch' and the historical songs of the 'Edda.' Haveloke, so long lamented as lost, has lately been brought to light amongst the untouched stores of the Bodleian library.* Perhaps the 'Tale of Wade' will in like manner reappear. The local traditions respecting his castle and his grave, indicate that Wade, the Northumbrian chieftain, had been confounded with Vade, the giant of the Wilkina-Saga.

Historical songs preserved by memory and recitation were very popular. Every age added to their number. If the fleeting genealogy of song could be discovered, we should probably find that the humble ballads of the persecuted minstrels, even down to the period when they were declared by act of parliament to be 'rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars,' were often derived from these strains. One favourite ballad related to the fortunes of Gunhilda, the sister of king Canute, how she was espoused to Henry, the emperor of Almaine; how, like so many other fair Queens, she was accused of naughtiness; and how, like all such fair Queens in romance, the wicked informer was defeated and slain in single combat, the defender of the calumniated Gunhilda being the very *Mimecan*, or *Mimetan*, who had accompanied her from merry England. This tale, of which the outline is preserved

* For this discovery we are indebted to Mr. Frederick Madden, who contemplates publishing this very interesting memorial. Mr. Madden is also in possession of a *third* English version of the gest of King Horne, unknown to Ritson.

by

by 'Florilegus' and Malmesbury, is entirely lost in verse; but it is remarkable that the dwarf *Mimretand*, the 'least of men,' is the hero of one of the Kæmpe viser of the Danes, to whom Gunhillda and her fortunes seem to be entirely unknown. Malmesbury, who often appeals to ancient ballads, carefully distinguishes their authority from more faithful chronicles. Athelstane, 'the Lord of Earls, the Giver of Bracelets,' was the hero of an entire cycle. Many of the particulars of his life, as given by Malmesbury, have no other source; and his character, like that of Charlemagne, became that of a mythical monarch. Malmesbury enables us to pause before we adopt the statements derived from the tale of the gleeman. In older and less critical writers, the reader is not thus warned, and in the midst of the gravest narrations we may sometimes discover, or at least suspect, these pleasing fictions. Alfred and Anlaf, both disguised as harpers, both using the same identical stratagem for the same identical purpose, and both meeting with the same success, had probably their common prototype in some good Knight 'well taught of harp and song.'

The poems which rank above the mere ballad are entitled to a reasonable share of credit. Notwithstanding the pompous diction of the well known ode on the battle of Brunnaburgh, it betrays no falsification or inaccuracy. Beortnoth, the strenuous adversary of the Danish invaders, who holds such a conspicuous place in history, is the hero of a poem of this description. The fragments of these historical poems enable us to judge of the merit of the class, and give us reason to deplore that so small a portion has been preserved.

The information derived, more or less directly, from poetry forms an essential element of ancient history, and the use to which it can be applied must often be a subject of consideration. In the metrical chronicle or metrical biography we may find a narrative almost as veracious as plain prose, allowing only for the occasional colouring of poetical phraseology, and the urgency of the laws of verse. The more these productions approach to the rhapsody or the epic, the more will anachronisms and incongruities increase, and the greater will be the necessity of submitting the assumed facts to the rigid test of chronology. If the date of the event or the age of the individual cannot be ascertained with a reasonable degree of certainty, the battle and the hero must be expunged from the page of history. Time is the essence of history, in its true and peculiar sense; and unless the facts can be arranged in their natural order, they cease to possess their authentic warranty. How far the fragments and incidents inscribed upon the scattered Sibylline leaves of the poet can be applied in

commenting upon history, must depend in each instance upon special merits and peculiarities. Where fiction is the more predominant characteristic, as in the legend, in the romance, or in the remoter relics of mythology, evidence of opinions only can be obtained. The origin and wanderings of the race; the character of its primeval legislators and heroes; the spirit of the patriarchal customs and laws; in short, all subjects of inquiry anterior to the period of authentic history, can be susceptible of no other proof except national belief: possibly very erroneous, but still, being the only mode of proof, this must be admitted from the necessity of the case, for we cannot hope to discover a more satisfactory basis for our investigations. To this extent, the traditions of the nation, if conformable to the general course of its history, may be safely received. The least instructive method of employing ancient fictions is when the historian endeavours to develope the fables and to reduce them again into absolute truth. No department of historical inquiry has exhibited more examples of misapplied erudition and misemployed talent than such disquisitions. Mystic allegories will find as many expositions as there are hierophants; all perhaps equally plausible, all equally unsubstantial, visionary as the forms from whence they arise, but without their ghostly grandeur and awe. Under such management, the most trivial accidents and the most common expressions assume a disproportionate value. The pleasure attendant upon the solution of an enigma increases the earnestness of the writer. Names, numbers, times, seasons, all yield to his analysis, until at length he becomes persuaded that there is no difficulty which has not been conquered by his labour and sagacity. Suhm, in this manner, compiled a history of the Danish kings from the reign of Odin the First, who settled in Scandinavia exactly in the year fifty preceding the Christian era, to *Rerek Hnauggvanbaug*, the forty-fifth king of Lethra, who was killed in battle by one Prince *Amleth*, his son-in-law, who had just returned from England, A.D. 562. Founded entirely upon poetry and romance, Suhm's history, comprehending the whole of the darkest mythological and heroic periods, and yet entirely destitute of gods, demons, enchanters, wonders, proceeds smoothly without chasm or interruption; all is plain, easy, and consistent, offering neither difficulties nor improbabilities. A history of the first crusade, manufactured out of the Gerusalemme Liberata, offers but a faint idea of Suhm's production, a work equally insipid and improbable, in which fictions are deprived of the aroma which gives them worth, at the same time that there is no possibility of imparting any appearance of truth to the *caput mortuum* which remains after the destructive process. This mode of treatment is most injurious

injurious to the advancement of historical inquiry. Whilst some receive the grave and musing reveries of dull erudition without hesitation, others, offended at the manifest inconsistencies which these dreams involve, are induced to regard every ancient relic in which imagination has a share, as entirely unworthy of notice or credibility. As usual, the middle path, so difficult to be discovered, is the only path which is safe and sure. That the traditions of the early times may, if due caution be observed, afford considerable aid in explaining many difficult passages in the history of nations, will not be denied; but the sober use of the materials will alone give them real importance and utility.

Anglo-Saxon history, properly so called, begins with the treatise in which 'Gildas the Wise' laments and describes the destruction of Britain, together with the epistle which may be considered as its appendix. Legends, comparatively of late date, have given particulars of the life and virtues of this writer. From the style and tenor of his works it may be ascertained that they were composed at a period when an obstinate warfare was yet raging between the Britons and their invaders. And none of the few facts hinted rather than narrated by the British Abbot can be placed lower than the beginning of the sixth century. From hence, until the eighth century, a period intervenes in which we are entirely destitute of any contemporary guides, excepting so far as the odes of the British bards may be considered as elucidating English history. The first Anglo-Saxon chronicle now extant to which any certain date or certain origin can be ascribed is the ecclesiastical history of Venerable Bede, compiled by him in the year 731, a short time only before his decease. Bede is not only the earliest annalist of the English nation, but perhaps the most trustworthy and faithful which any country in a similar state of cultivation ever possessed. By the diligent study of classical writers he had formed his taste and matured his judgment, and the best mode of estimating the value of his work is afforded by comparing the sober dignity of his style, and the critical selection of his materials, with the rude Chronicle of Gregory of Tours. On perusing the ecclesiastical history we are convinced that the writer was thoroughly impressed with the truth of his narration; and his diligence in the search of facts was equal to the fidelity with which they are recorded. Bede removes all uncertainty with respect to materials. In the dedication, addressed to the 'most glorious' Ceolwulph, king of Northumberland, the authorities are quoted with most scrupulous minuteness. His information was derived, partly from the communications of his contemporaries, and partly from historical documents. His living witnesses were the venerable elders of the church, amongst whom Nothelm

and Daniel, the Bishops of Lõndon and of the West Saxons, and Albinus, Abbot of Tours, are particularly distinguished by name. From the latter, the disciple of Theodore of Tarsus, Bede received the most copious and trustworthy account of the conversion of Ethelbyrht and the Kentish kingdom. In Northumbria the individuals whom he consulted were innumerable; with some he corresponded, from others he received oral information. The historical muniments which he used are stated in general terms. The events anterior to the introduction of the Gospel were narrated from the writings of his predecessors. For the diplomacy of the mission of St. Augustine, he was furnished with the most authentic documents. Nothelm, a presbyter of the church of London, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, searched the papal archives, and obtained transcripts of the Epistles of Pope Gregory and other pontiffs, which he transmitted to Bede, who, by the advice of Albinus, inserted them in his work. Lastly, the actions of St. Cuthbert are taken from a life of the Saint, which Bede obtained from the monks of Lindisfairn. No mention whatever is made of any Saxon chronicles. It might perhaps be considered that such are indicated in the acknowledgment relating to the earliest portion of this history. But a considerable portion of the narrative, which begins with the landing of Julius Cæsar, is taken from Orosius; another portion may be traced to the life of St. Germanus; and the only facts relating to Anglo-Saxon and British history, the landing of Hengist and Horsa, the battles with Aurelius Ambrosius, and the Halleluja victory, are derived from Gildas the Briton. Now, when we reflect upon the critical acumen displayed by Bede, as well as his diligence, it will appear probable that the absence of any facts which can be traced to any chronicle of Saxon history, affords a strong reason for supposing that no Anglo-Saxon chronicle was then in being. Had a chronicle existed, it would scarcely have escaped his researches. No depository could have contained such a document, except a monastery, and the zeal which enabled him to explore the Roman archives would scarcely have failed to have made him acquainted with all the contents of the libraries of his own country. It may be admitted, therefore, that no Saxon chronicle bearing the character of a continuous history was in being at the time when Bede wrote: that the Saxon chronicles claiming higher antiquity which now exist, either in the original language or in Latin translations, are the productions of a subsequent age.

Every English monastery of royal foundation, according to an ancient tradition, was provided with a scribe or chronographer, charged with the task of recording all the important events of the time, both at home and abroad. At the first national council which

which was held after the death of a king, all these official historians produced their 'verdicts' before the assembly, and a committee of the wisest being appointed, they compared the statements, which were reduced into a chronicle; and the volume, thus sanctioned, was deposited in the archives of the religious houses, as an enduring and authentic memorial.* This tale, however, is an unfounded fable. It was natural that the few who could write should occasionally be inclined to commemorate the events of their times, but there is not the slightest evidence that the writers of monastic chronicles were ever invested with any public or official character.

The earliest monastic chronicles were extremely brief. A phrase, a line, a word, were considered as sufficient memorials of the birth or death of a King, the appearance of a comet, or of an eclipse, the erection of a minster, or the calamities of a storm, a plague, a famine. Events like these were alone recorded, and the transactions of centuries could be included in the vacant leaf of the Liturgy or the Bible. Some of these germs of histories, mere chronological tables, are still extant in their first naked form, without addition or interpolation. In these, from time to time, the diligence of a monk inserted other facts which he acquired by reading or by oral information. The enlarged edition was often transcribed and transmitted to a newly-founded monastery, and then again it received fresh additions, until, by degrees, the compilation began to acquire the bulk and consequence of a history. Although it is impossible to pronounce, with certainty, where the existing text of the *Saxon Chronicle* was first formed, still the evident preference which is given to the affairs of Wessex, indicates that the work originated in that kingdom or its dependencies. A biography of Archbishop Lanfranc is appended to the most ancient manuscript of the chronicle now existing. This circumstance leads to the supposition that the manuscript belonged to the church of Canterbury, and it seems most probable that the work was first compiled in the metropolitan Cathedral of all England.† The period of the formation of this parent

* Contin. Scotichronici Joannis de Fordun, p. 1348, Edit. Hearne.

† This manuscript, which belonged to Archbishop Parker, is now in the library of Bennet, or Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. Another manuscript, apparently an ancient transcript, but agreeing almost literally with the Bennet MS., was formerly in the Cottonian library. Otho. B. xi. From these manuscripts Wheloc formed the text which he has printed under the title of Chronologia Saxonica. The Bennet manuscript is continued by various hands until 1069; but after 1004 the entries are very scanty. A detailed and accurate account of all the manuscripts will be found in the preface to the new edition of the Saxon Chronicle, lately published by the Rev. J. Ingram, which comprehends all the matter of all the texts. Two valuable manuscripts, (Bib. Cott. Tiberius, B. i.) and (Tiberius, B. iv.) were not consulted by Gibson; and they afford many important additions to the other manuscripts.

text cannot be placed earlier than the close of the ninth century. When noticing the *accession* of Æthelbald (860) the chronicler proceeds—'and he reigned five years, and his body lies at Sherborn.' In the passages where such expressions are employed, the text (as it now exists) cannot be a contemporaneous narrative; but after the reign of Alfred these anticipations do not appear. Other copies are found of greater extent, all of which, however, are evidently enlarged editions of the Canterbury Chronicle, and probably copied in different monasteries when the kingdom began to recover from the effects of the Danish invasions, no manuscript being anterior to the tenth century. Of these the most ample is the copy which appears to have belonged to Medhamstede or Peterborough. Its manner betrays the method of its composition. Some passages are taken from Bede. Long fragments of historical poems are quoted without preface or introduction, their turgid style contrasting forcibly with the plainness of the other portions of the narrative. Many events are unquestionably noted down from common fame, others perhaps from the personal knowledge of the writers. Until the accession of Egbert the original narrative, except when borrowed from Bede, is extremely brief. The history of the period which closes with the reign of Offa, a period of the most obstinate warfare, and during which the Saxons spread themselves from the English Channel to the Firth of Forth and the mountains of Caledonia, offers little more than a barren catalogue of names and battles. The events relating to the kingdoms of Essex and East-Anglia seem to have been almost wholly unknown to the chroniclers. These omissions may be perhaps explained, by recollecting that there were no monasteries in these kingdoms until the ninth century. The events of Mercia are imperfectly told, except when in connection with the history of Wessex: and the narrative relating to Northumbria is extremely jejune. Yet the imperfections of the Chronicle are the vouchers for its fidelity. It would have been no difficult task to have supplied these blanks from the stores of poetical invention or the tales of mythology, disguised under the semblance of authentic history. Such eras of ancient wars and conquests are those in which the chroniclers of most countries have thought it almost a duty to raise up long successions of shadowy forms and glorious visions, for the purpose of ministering to national pride or individual vanity. But the compilers of the Chronicle seem to have exercised the most conscientious caution in the selection of their materials, and the narration bears ample testimony to their judgment. With the exception of the notice of certain 'fiery dragons' at a period before the conquest, and of the apparition of the 'wild huntsman' afterwards, the work does not contain a single statement which can be considered

considered as improbable or fictitious, or as subjecting the writers to the charges of invention or credulity. After the accession of Egbert, a striking change is observable in the manner of the Chronicle. Minuter details are related, and the style becomes more historical and flowing, but still the absence of matter relating to the eastern and northern parts of the kingdom remains obvious. Continued, from time to time, by various writers, in the manner before indicated, the texts conclude at different periods. In that manuscript, which is usually designated as the Peterborough Chronicle, the narrative is continued till the accession of Henry II. The dialect gradually loses the peculiarities of the Saxon language and softens into English, and the narrative becomes more diffuse, until it breaks off abruptly at an era which, in fact, is the real termination of Anglo-Saxon history.

The works of which the materials are more or less derived from the Saxon Chronicle, which appears to have been considered as the primary source of English history, must now be considered. While we find traces, in all these, that there were other texts then existing more ample in particular eras than the chronicles now extant; yet, at the same time, it is evident that they were all founded upon the same basis, differing only in their respective additions and interpolations. The first, in point of date, of these derivative histories, is the history of the life and actions of Alfred, by his friend and contemporary, Asser, bishop of Shirburne. But Asser's composition by no means answers to the title prefixed by modern editors. It is not a life of Alfred. It is a history of English affairs from the birth of Alfred, in which are inserted some particulars respecting the life and conversation of the English king. Many of the historical notices correspond exactly with the Saxon Chronicle; others, which are not found in the existing text, are evidently taken from another a little more ample, but entirely agreeing in character. The particulars stated by Asser, from his personal knowledge, are extremely curious and valuable; but they must not be confounded with the interpolations of later date. The much contested passages concerning the dissensions of the University of Oxford cannot easily be defended by her sons; and we must expunge also, though with much more reluctance, the well-known anecdote of the monarch and the wife of the neatherd. This incident is borrowed from the life of St. Neot, a legend written at least one hundred and fifty years after Alfred's death; and which may be justly characterized as a tissue of legendary garrulity entirely undeserving of credit.* The life of St. Neot begins by stating that

* This legend has been published by Mr. Gorham in his History of St. Neot's. The following extract will exemplify our remarks. The translation was communicated to

that the 'holy man repaired to Glastonbury in the days of St. Alphege, the holy bishop, by whom he was ordained.' Now the bishop died in 951, and St. Neot in 877. This anachronism entirely destroys the supposition that the legend could have been founded upon authentic documents.

In the history compiled by the noble Ethelweard we have a very abridged translation of the Saxon Chronicle. The author was a descendant, perhaps a grandchild, of King Æthelred, who lived in the reign of King Edgar. In the first three books, or rather sections, it contains a condensed summary of the Saxon history, from the arrival of Hengist and Horsa, to the reign of Ethelwulf: the last and fourth section treats upon the history of his successors until Egbert. Ethelweard's style is so inflated and turgid as to be frequently unintelligible. The extreme corruption of the text, of which no rectification can be expected from critical sagacity, the only MS. having perished, has evidently increased the obscurity of this writer, who may almost always be characterized as an abridger of the Saxon Chronicle.

Besides the foregoing chronicles, which may be considered as Anglo-Saxon authorities, there are several writers who flourished after the Conquest, whose works, so far as they relate to Anglo-Saxon history, must be considered in great measure as borrowed from Anglo-Saxon chronicles. Florence of Worcester, who wrote in the reign of Henry I., translated the Saxon Chronicle, generally from the existing text, with the most scrupulous fidelity. These translated passages he engrafted on the universal chronology usually ascribed to Marinus Scotus, who, descended from a collateral relation of venerable Bede, was professed in a monastery in the kingdom of Burgundy.

Mr. Gorham by a very able hand. 'It happened one day that the holy man went secretly in early morning to his pool of water, and there performed his devotions and psalm-songs in the water with naked limbs, as his custom was. Then heard he suddenly a noise of many horsemen; and with much speed he hastened from the well, for he would not that his devotions should be known to any earthly man in his life-time; but only to the One who ruleth over all. And, in his way, he dropped one of his shoes; and he brought the other with him to his oratory. And when he had finished his psalms, and his reading, and his prayers with all carefulness, he bethought him of his other shoe, that he had lost it by the way. He called to his servant, and bade him fetch his shoe. And he was obedient to the bidding of his father, and readily went to the pool. And there, by the way, a wonderful circumstance he met with: that is, that a fox, which is the most crafty of all beasts, running over hills and dales, with eyes wondrously sharp looking hither and thither, chanced to come suddenly to the place where the holy man had bathed his feet; and he lighted upon the shoe, and thought to run away with it. Then the Lord of righteousness looked thereupon, and would not that his servant should be molested even in so small a thing. And he sent a sleep on the fox, so that he gave up his life, having the thongs of the shoe in his ugly mouth. The servant then approached thereto, and took the shoe, and brought it to the holy man, and told him all that had happened. Then the holy man greatly wondered at this, and charged the servant that he should tell this to no one till his life's end.'

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Where the Chronicle of Asser begins, Florence deserts the Saxon Chronicle, and transcribes the work of the British prelate, almost without alteration, returning to the Saxon Chronicle as soon as Asser concludes. Some notices are extracted from Bede. The facts, of which the original sources cannot be ascertained, are very few, but important, and occur chiefly in the early part of this history. They are generally of that class which we may suppose to have been derived from the Saxon genealogies. Though the great mass of information afforded by Florence is extant in the Saxon Chronicle, still his work is extremely valuable. He understood the ancient Saxon language well—better, perhaps, than any of his contemporaries;—and he has furnished us with an accurate translation from a text which seems to have been the best of its kind.

Another writer, whom we shall designate by the epithet which has been given to him of 'Florilegus,' composed his work by enlarging and interpolating another universal chronicle similar to that of Marinus Scotus, so as to make it a history of England from the period when its memorials, real or suppositious, could be found. This edition having been again interpolated and continued by other unknown writers, it becomes impossible to ascertain the person by whom any of the insertions were made, or to fix the original date of the compilation; though, from the consideration of detached passages, it may be inferred that the parent text was compiled before the first half of the twelfth century. This chronicle is usually ascribed to *Matthew of Westminster:* this personage, as we have already observed, never existed, and the choice of the name seems to have arisen from a confused lemma or colophon relating to the well-known Matthew Paris, of whose chronicle the latter part of the work now under consideration is an abridgment. Thus circumstanced, the chronicle must evidently be received with caution. The copious additions from Geoffrey of Monmouth, and from the lives of the Saints, may, for the present, be put out of the question; but, rejecting these romantic tales, there will remain some facts relating to Anglo-Saxon history not extant in the existing Saxon chronicles. We are inclined to consider most of them as genuine relics of antiquity. Indeed we are rather inclined to believe that he is anterior to Florence, and that certain passages in the latter, not found in the Saxon Chronicle, were borrowed by him from Florilegus. Florilegus has retained and quoted a sufficient number of Anglo-Saxonisms, and of Anglo-Saxon phrases, to show that he was in possession of Saxon materials, which he consulted to the best of his ability. He has not used them with the fidelity of Florence of Worcester, for his knowledge of the Anglo-Saxon language was imperfect, but still he is not guilty of any intentional falsification,

falsification, and, therefore, when he narrates probable facts it is fair to conclude that he is equally veracious, although the Saxon original of his chronicle be not extant.

It is important to establish the character of Florilegus with respect to such insertions, because he comes before us in a questionable shape, and he is sometimes considered as a mere copyist of Florence of Worcester; but there are many parallel passages to show that Florilegus translated from *a* Saxon chronicle, and that he did not copy from Florence. We do not say that he translated from *the* Saxon Chronicle, because his text was probably not one of those which we now possess, though in many paragraphs it agreed with them without variation; and several passages can be pointed out which show that the chronicle of Florilegus is an independent translation. The translation is intended to be literal: and the errors are incontrovertible testimonies that the writer had at least the merit of original research.

Simon of Durham, the precentor of the Cathedral, and to whom we owe the preservation of the history of the see, seems to have been nearly contemporary with Florence of Worcester. His 'chronicle of the deeds of the English kings' commences with the death of Bede, and is continued to the death of Stephen. Simon was peculiarly attentive to the history of the kingdom of Northumbria, and he has inserted various particulars of the events and revolutions of that turbulent state which are absent in other chronicles. In no part of the island did the Danes effect so thorough a destruction of the church establishment as in Northumbria. And after the age of Bede the history of the kingdom, except when connected with the events of Mercia and Wessex, is almost entirely lost. Jarrow, and Durham, and Lindisfarne, the ancient seats of religion and learning, were plundered and destroyed, all their libraries perished, and the few, but important, details of internal history given by Simon were probably preserved only by their entry in the blank leaf of some sacred volume which a monk was enabled to bear with him in his flight from the scene of desolation. The passages to which we allude are so minute and particular as to leave no doubt of their authenticity, and at the same time they are so scantily dispersed in the text, of which the greatest part is translated from the Saxon chronicle or borrowed from Asser, as to convince us that they cannot have been extracted from any ample and perfect chronicle.

All the foregoing works are strictly chronological, the events are narrated in the natural order without any artificial system or arrangement. A more ambitious attempt is made in the history of Henry, Archdeacon of Huntingdon. Abandoning the simple plan of his predecessors, he divided his history into books, treating

ing distinctly upon each of the kingdoms of the Heptarchy until their union under Edgar. Huntingdon states that, taking Bede as his basis, he added much from other sources, and borrowed from the chronicles which he found in ancient libraries. His descriptions of battles are often more diffuse than in the Anglo-Saxon chronicles. It has been supposed that because these scenes and pictures are not warranted by the existing texts, they are mere historical amplifications; but we find no difficulty in believing that the researches of a writer, who was considered as a most learned antiquarian, should have enabled him to discover a chronicle lost to us, and which contained more fragments of poetry or poetical prose than the chronicles which have been preserved. It has been remarked that 'when Henry of Huntingdon is not transcribing Bede, or translating the Saxon annals, he may be placed on the same shelf with Geoffrey of Monmouth;' and the passage describing the battle of Burford (752) has been considered as 'replete with absurdities,' such as the mention of 'Amazonian battle-axes;' but why should not the battle of Burford have been sung like the battle of Brunnan Burgh? The inappropriate application of a classical phrase may display the want of skill in the translator without throwing any discredit upon his fidelity.

Huntingdon indicates that he had consulted some chronicle of the kingdom of Essex.

H. H. p. 180. 'Regnum Estsexe, id est, orientalium Saxonum, incipit, quod primus (ut putatur) tenuit Erchenwin, secundum quod ex veterum scriptis conjicere possumus, qui fuit filius Offæ, filii Biedcan, filii Sigewlf, filii Spoewe, filii Gesae, filii Andesc, filii Saxnat.* Post Erchenwin vero regnavit Slede filius ejus qui, ducens filiam Ermerici regis Cantuariorum sororem scilicet Ethelberti, genuit ex ea Siberctum qui primus regum Estsexe conversus est ad fidem.'

This passage is the only memorial of the foundation of the kingdom of Essex, and affords the most important explanation of the Saxon chronicle. Ethelbert, it is related in the chronicle, appointed his nephew, the son of his sister Ricola, to be king of Essex;† but from this language it could never be inferred that Sebyrht was already entitled to the kingdom by hereditary right, and as the lawful son of the late King. Ethelbert, the *Brætwalda*,

* Saxnote, who appears at the head of this genealogy, was one of the three great deities of the old or continental Saxons. In the capitulary 'apud Liptinas,' A.D. 743, the form by which the convert renounced idolatry is given. He renounces 'all the devil's works, and all the devil's words—Thunaer, Woden, and Saxnote.' Thor and Woden or Odin are sufficiently explained by the Scandinavian mythology, but who is Saxnote? The German antiquaries are puzzled, and with their usual spirit of conjectural criticism, propose various emendations and distortions in order to compel the unlucky devil's word to assume a meaning. It would be better to acknowledge that we know nothing about the matter.

† Saxon Chron. p. 29.

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the emperor, or supreme sovereign of England, did not transfer the crown to a branch of his own family as a conqueror; he merely confirmed the possession of the rightful heir. Great light is hereby thrown upon the occurrences of the same nature where equivalent expressions are employed in the Saxon chronicle.

William of Malmesbury possessed a more critical spirit than any of his predecessors.* He was an excellent scholar. All the stores of Roman literature were familiar to him; nor was he less diligent in the investigation of the antiquities of his own country. But the literature of Malmesbury, which embellishes his narration, has deprived it of much of the interest which it would have possessed had his taste been less elegant and cultivated. His fastidious ear is shocked by the barbarous appellations of English provinces and English kings. He suppresses such details lest they should offend the reader, and attempts to mould his matter into classical uniformity, or, as he expresses his plan, to adorn the English history with 'Roman art.' This refinement, perhaps, is the chief defect which can be remarked in Malmesbury, whose just appreciation of the duties of an historian place him deservedly at the head of the writers of his age. Like Huntingdon he considered Bede as the foundation of his work. He glances at the Saxon chroniclers, condemns Ethelward, and praises Eadmer. A poem which narrated the life and actions of Athelstane in Latin hexameters is quoted by him. But besides these authorities, which he acknowledges, he occasionally abridges the chronicle of Florilegus, which he never names, in such a manner as to leave no doubt of the obligation.

We have hitherto considered the chroniclers and historians possessing a greater or lesser degree of literary relationship. But there are others, which cannot be classed with precision, and whose pretensions require individual examination. If the era in which *Nennius* is placed by his editors could be considered as the real date of the work, the British writer would be equal in age, if not in authority, with Gildas the Wise, but the writer himself gives the positive date of 858 as the year of the composition of the work, in a passage which, as we are informed, is found in every good manuscript; and it is difficult to discover any possible reason which could induce the supposition of higher antiquity.

* William of Malmesbury is generally supposed to have died in 1143, 'though it is *probable* that he survived this period some time, for his modern history terminates at the end of the year 1142, and it appears that he lived long enough after its publication to make many corrections, alterations and insertions in that work as well as in the other portion of his history.'—(*William of Malmesbury translated by the Rev. John Sharpe*, London, 1815, Pref. p. viii.) Mr. Sharpe's translation is a valuable addition to the English historical library.—Why has he not fulfilled his promise of translating William of Newburgh?—His labours would surely be amply rewarded.

Nennius

Nennius appeals to the historical monuments of his countrymen, but they appear to have consisted chiefly of oral traditions, and he accounts for the absence of written monuments by supposing that the calamities of war and pestilence frustrated the endeavours of the 'teachers' as well as of the transcribers. Isidore, Jerome, Prosper, and Eusebius, and the Roman annals, together with the histories of the Scots and Saxons, are enumerated amongst his authorities, a display which would lead us to expect a more ample production than is comprehended in the sixty-five chapters, or rather paragraphs, of which the 'apology' is composed.

In this limited compass, however, Nennius includes the remains of the earliest history and earliest fables, both of the Britons and of the Anglo-Saxons. From the traditions of his own people, Nennius probably derived the tale of the settlement of England by Brutus and the Trojans, the birth and prophecies of Merlin, and the battles of the mythic Arthur. Instead of the brief notices of the arrival and victories of the Saxon chiefs, preserved in the chronicle, Nennius affords a romantic narrative of the prowess and wiles of Hengist, the charms of his daughter, and the weakness of Vortigern. Amongst other events he relates the slaughter of the Britons' chiefs, when the dread signal of bloodshed '*Nimed eure Saxes*,' was given by the Anglo-Saxon chieftain.—This portion seems to indicate an Anglo-Saxon authority. Appended to the history are some curious Saxon genealogies, interspersed with very brief historical notices. Nennius adapts the British orthography to the Anglo-Saxon names, and his style is extremely barbarous. But the uncouth phraseology of the work adds to its value by proving its antiquity; and without determining the extent of the admixture of fiction, we may confidently receive the rude and romantic compilation as exhibiting the history of Britain in the manner in which it was believed by the British countrymen and contemporaries of the author.*

Geoffrey of Monmouth repeats the narrative of Nennius, but with portentous additions. The faint and evanescent outline brightens into a complete picture. Brutus and his honoured successors Lud, Bladud, and Belinus, Leir, and Cassibelan are presented in awful majesty, and Arthur appears as the rival of Alexander, the conqueror of a wider empire than ever was ruled by the Roman eagle.

Geoffrey inscribes his work to Robert, Earl of Gloucester, and relates the mode of its compilation. He had oftentimes re-

* Nennius will be read to the greatest advantage in the edition published by the Rev. W. Gunn, (Lond. 1819,) from a Vatican MS. with copious illustrations from British sources.

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flected on the silence observed both by Bede and Gildas respecting the early and brighter periods of British history. The deeds of the Kings who ruled in Britain before the Saxon invasion, were unrecounted by them, nor had they commemorated the exploits of Arthur and his successors, though worthy of immortal praise. Whilst such thoughts yet occupied his mind, he was fortunately enabled to supply the deficiencies. Walter, archdeacon of Oxford, deeply learned in foreign history, offered to him a very ancient chronicle, written in the British language, and including the deeds and annals of the British kings, from Brutus the grandson of Æneas, to Cadwallader, the son of Cadwallon. Such is Geoffrey's account of his own work, which was assailed on its first publication with the most bitter criticism.—William of Newburgh points out all the wild impossibilities of Arthur's history, and not contented with exposing the 'figments of the Britons,' he maintains that Geoffrey falsified the falsities of the original, and that the work called the history of the Britons is a tissue of 'impudent and impertinent lies.'—In spite, however, of this severe attack, Geoffrey's history succeeded completely. Translated first into the Norman dialect by Master Wace, and again into English by Layamon, the 'Brut' became equally familiar in the castle and the cloister, in the bower and in the hall, —the foundation alike of the minstrel's tale and of the national history. When Edward I. asserted his claim as 'superior lord' of Scotland, the supremacy of the English crown was traced to the first division of the island between the three sons of Brutus, Locrine, Albanact, and Camber. From Locrine the kingdom of Loegria or England was derived, and the provident father having settled the pre-eminence upon the eldest of his progeny, it followed as a necessary consequence that the vassal states of Scotland and Wales, allotted to the two juniors, Albanact and Camber, were to be subject to the supremacy of his representatives. A confirmation of that seigniory was deduced from the prowess of Arthur, who, after chastising the Scottish rebels, bestowed the Kingdom upon Anguseles. And when Arthur held his court at Caerlon and the vassal king attended to grace the festivity, Anguseles performed the grand serjeantcy due for Scotland, by bearing the sword before his sovereign liege Lord. The Scottish ambassadors, without in the slightest degree impugning the credibility of these statements, of which on the contrary they fully admitted the truth, deduced *their* title from the second settlement of Scotland effected by Gathelos and Erk, the husband and the son of Scota, the daughter of Pharaoh, King of Egypt.—And though Arthur did subdue Scotland for a time, was he not slain by Loth, son of the lord of Lothian, in a battle which restored the country

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to its pristine liberty?*—Little stress can be laid upon the Scottish traditions, though it is probable that the name of Arthur had been long familiar to the inhabitants of Lothian; but the history of Caledonian Britain has been investigated by Sir Walter Scott with such acumen and ability as to render it unnecessary to bestow any further discussion upon that question.

Geoffrey of Monmouth was, as he asserts, merely the translator of a British chronicle. According to the uncivil accusations preferred against him both in ancient and modern times, he enlarged and improved the meagre fables of the British bards; and his assertion is little better than a fiction. A satisfactory investigation of the subject can only be effected by those who are conversant with the ancient British language. We shall therefore content ourselves with observing, that the statement made by Geoffrey does not involve such improbabilities as to raise a vehement suspicion of its fidelity. The non-existence at the present day of the alleged British original does not convince us of the falsity of the story. We will not contend that the volume in the possession of the archdeacon of Oxford was *very* ancient or very authentic. No term is applied with greater latitude than that of 'ancient.' Supposing that in the age of Geoffrey the manuscript was but two centuries old, this degree of antiquity would probably be sufficient to induce him to select the epithet which he has employed. The classical genealogy of Brutus may perhaps cause us to suspect that the history has been thus adorned by monkish erudition.—Nennius, it may be answered, attests that the belief of the Trojan origin of the Britons was at least as old as the ninth century, and it is difficult to prove that such a belief may not have prevailed amongst the Britons. We are apt to consider this and similar traditions as bearing the impress of the spurious erudition of the dark ages, but perhaps without sufficient reason. If the ancient Teutons traced the wanderings of Ulysses to the borders of the Baltic; if they boasted of the city which he had founded; if they pointed out the altars which he had raised: it was surely possible that the fame of the Trojan heroes might in like manner have reached the island of Britain, whose shores were so much more accessible to the natives of the south than the inhospitable wilds of the Hercynian forest. The wish to flatter the prejudices of the Romans might even have induced the Britons to favour a legend which proved their relationship to their masters.

William of Newburgh's criticism was rendered more venomous by national feeling. The Cambro-Britons maintain that the 'Saxon' was also incited by personal pique. 'It appears,' saith

* Fordun, lib. xi. cap. 40, 41.

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Dr. Powell, 'that this William put in for the bishopric of St. Asaph upon the death of the said Geoffrey, and being disappointed, fell into a mad humour of decrying the whole principality of Wales, its history, antiquity, and all that belongs to it.' But without determining how far the disappointed hope of preferment urged his attack upon the British worthies, it appears doubtful whether he was fully qualified to pronounce his stern anathema. His acquaintance with the work of Gildas was the result of accident, not of research. The book was very rare; the style of the British author was so rude and insipid that few persons cared to keep the composition in their libraries, or to bestow on it the labour of transcription. British antiquities being thus neglected, the English writer could not easily obtain the information which was necessary to enable him to pronounce on the textual authenticity of a British history.

Geoffrey's History may be divided into three distinct portions —the succession of the British kings from Brutus to Vortigern— the wars with the Saxons, and the adventures of Arthur—and the events from the reign of Arthur until the death of Cadwallader, the Saxon Ceadwall, who is claimed by the Britons as a British King.—Geoffrey, though guilty of many gross anachronisms, affords a plausible if not a convincing mode of reconciling the conflicting statements. Ceadwalla, or Cadwallader, the son of Cadwallon, was descended, by the mother's side, from the Kings of Wessex, and he united in himself the rights of two hostile races.* In the Saxon authorities, there is a remarkable obscurity about the early history of Ceadwalla. He acquired his kingdom by force, and the details of his actions seem to be studiously avoided. Nor is the British origin of Ceadwalla disproved by the genealogy given in the Saxon chronicle. The Saxon genealogies are deduced through males only, omitting any intermediate descent of females; no female name ever appears in them; and, according to their genealogic phraseology, which is expressed only by patronymics, Ceadwalla might be truly called the descendant of Coenbyrht, though two generations of females were interposed.† Great obscurity prevails respecting the mode and manner of the English conquests of the British territory; and we may suspect that the progress of the Anglo-Saxon dominion was facilitated by alliances with the British sovereigns, for we cannot otherwise explain the

* Mater ejus fuerat soror Pendæ, patre tantum: Matre vero diversa ei nobili genere Gewisseorum edita fuerat. Galf. Mon. lib. ix. c. 6.

† Ceadwalla was Coenbyrhting; Coenbyrht Ceadding; Ceada Cuþaing; Cuþa Ceawnling; Ceawlin Cynricing; Cynric Cerdicing.—Sax. Chron. p. 55. Florence omits the genealogy, and calls him, Ceadwalla juvenis strenuissimus de regio genere Gewisorum, following Bede, who employs the same expressions.

appearance

appearance of British names in the family of Penda the Mercian sovereign.

It has not been remarked that Geoffrey, besides preserving the British fables, contributes his share of English romance. Nennius relates the loves of Vortigern and the fair deluder: but Geoffrey is the first writer who records the name of *Ronix;* nor is there any other chronicler who notices the well known salutation of the maiden—'Liever King Wacht heil,'—the origin of the joyous Wassail cup. From whence did Geoffrey derive this incident? The tale bears the character of poetry; it might be suspected that his authority is some Anglo-Saxon ballad. But Nennius, though less diffuse, has equally the outlines of the story.

There is, perhaps, no English author who appears at first with greater claims of authenticity than INGULPHUS, the venerable abbot of Croyland. '*Il avoit tout vu, en bon connoisseur,*' say the learned editors of the French historians, '*et ce qu'il rapporte il l'écrit en homme lettré, judicieux et vrai.*' He does not veil himself in the uncertainty of anonymous composition; but, addressing the reader in his proper person, he relates the fortunes of his house, adducing the best authorities. His materials are collected from the monastic archives. And whilst these facts were transmitted to him from his predecessors, he indites his own memoirs with every appearance of candour and sincerity. From the foundation of the monastery in 616 to the 34th year of Edgar, he abridges or transcribes the monastic chronicle which was compiled under the direction and authority of Abbot Turketul—of whom more hereafter—by Brother *Sweetman*, from the relation of the oldest members of the monastery. Abbot Egelric the younger, the kinsman of Turketul, composed the life of that abbot, which constitutes the most important episode in the history of the monastery; and Ingulphus himself continued the work from thence to his own time.

Let us now briefly analyze these component portions; and, first, with every possible respect for Brother Sweetman's care and industry, it must be recollected that he depended principally upon oral information. Croyland had been entirely subverted by the Danes in the year 870. After profaning the relics and rifling the tombs of saints and kings, the robbers burnt the 'immense library' of sacred volumes; innumerable charters shared the same fate, and the buildings were reduced to a heap of ruins.* Nothing was saved except some articles of value, and the charters of Ethelbald, and the confirmations by subsequent kings, which the monks bore away with them in their flight. The few members of the monastery, who returned to their old home, constructed an humble

* Ingulph. 22, 23.

oratory amidst the fire-scathed walls of the church; but Beorred, King of Mercia, seized their lands,* some of which he retained, and others he granted to his knights; and, until the restoration of the abbey under Egbert, the community struggled for existence in a state of the greatest poverty and depression. The new foundation was effected by the exertions and piety of Abbot Turketul in 980; and in the last years of his life (his death happened in 975) he directed the history to be compiled by Brother Sweetman from the testimony of the five emperis who had witnessed the destruction and rejoiced at the restoration of the monastery.† Clarembaldus, the oldest of these patriarchs, attained the age of one hundred and sixty-eight years. Swaringus died in 974, 'aged one hundred and forty-two years.' And in the same year died Brunne and Aio; their exact ages are not recorded, but Aio was 'learned in the law,' and had been well acquainted with the charters of the ancient monastery: assuming, therefore, that his legal education could not have been perfected before his majority, the salubrious air of the fens must have prolonged his life at least to the age of one hundred and twenty-five years. Last and least, died Father Thurgar, who, a child ten years of age when he was rescued from the Danish murderers, was only one hundred and fifteen years old when he died in the fifteenth of King Edgar.‡ All the facts were thus derived from the information which the five venerable elders afforded to their secretary. And although the extraordinary prolongation of the lives of five contemporary members of one small community is not ascribed to the intercession of St. Guthlac, yet it is difficult, without a miracle, to believe in longevity so much exceeding the average duration of sublunary existence.

Turketul, the son of Ethelward or Ailward, the youngest child of Alfred, was born, as Ingulphus relates, in the year 907.§ On the death of his father, he obtained livery of his inheritance from King Edward his uncle, who used every endeavour to persuade him to select a wife from the noble and youthful beauties of the kingdom. But Turketul would not be seduced by their charms; he had resolved upon celibacy, and Edward, prudently yielding to his pious inclinations, allowed him to take holy orders, and repeatedly offered to him the most splendid preferment. Turketul disclaimed the mitre with as much constancy as he had refused a consort. It is mentioned in particular that the Bishopric of Winchester, proffered on the death of Dinewulph, was strenuously rejected. Plegmund, archbishop of Canterbury, then instantly suggested that the Bishopric of Dorchester should be bestowed upon the reluc-

* Ingulph. 49. † Ingulph. 48. ‡ Ingulph. 51.
§ He died in the year 975, aged sixty-eight years. Ingulph. 51, 52.

tant

tant Turketul, but he continued his denial with unabated pertinacity. The King was now thoroughly convinced that Turketul was sincere in contemning all worldly riches and vanities; and, as a reward for his disinterestedness, appointed him to the office of *Chancellor*, an office, it seems, equivalent to that of prime-minister. All the temporal and spiritual affairs of the Kingdom were guided by the advice and counsel of this high officer, and the first act of the administration of Turketul was to advise the selection of seven Bishops to fill the seven vacant sees of Wessex and Mercia. Frithestane, the foster-brother of Turketul, and Ceolwulph, his chaplain or clerk, respectively obtained the sees of Winchester and Dorchester; and Werstan, Athelstan, Athelm, Adulph, and Bernek, were respectively assigned to the dioceses of Sherborne, Cornwall, Wells, Crediton, and Selsea.*

A much fuller account of this election of the seven Bishops may be found in Malmesbury and Florilegus. By them no mention is made of Turketul, in their narrative of the transaction, neither could he well be introduced in it, as the date of the synod or council itself in which the Bishoprics were conferred is 905, just two years before Turketul was born.† There are such difficulties in the history of the promotion of the seven Bishops, as to throw great doubt on the narrative altogether. Ingulphus therefore merely engrafts an impossibility upon an improbability. But the Saxon Chronicle places the death of Dinewulf in 909, and the succession of Frithestane in 910, and these dates alone are sufficient to falsify the whole legend of the early life of Turketul the Chancellor, who, according to the legend of Ingulphus, must have solicited the Bishopric for his foster-brother, when they were both in the nurse's arms.

The account of Turketul's life does not increase in probability as we proceed. We shall not stop, on this occasion, to inquire into the history of the Chancery. It is sufficient to observe, that, if a 'Cancellarius' existed amongst the officers of the Anglo-Saxon court, he was nothing more than a notary or scribe, entirely destitute of the high authority which Ingulphus bestows upon him.

Turketul is afterwards introduced as a warrior, leading on the Londoners and the host of Mercia at the battle of Brunnanburgh. Though he mainly contributed to the victory, his exploits were bloodless—he was so fortunate as to avoid killing or wounding any of the enemies whom he defeated.‡ Lastly, he appears as the restorer of the ruined monastery at Croyland, of which he became the Abbot. His regulations for the government of the monastery are given at full length. He divided the community into three classes. Until the monks had been professed

* Ingulph. 36. † Malm. 26. Matt. West. 181. ‡ Ingulph. 37.

for twenty-four years, they shared in every labour of the cloister; and in all the duties of the choir. During the next sixteen years, they were relieved from some of the minor devotions, but still they were considered as 'juniors;' and forty years profession elapsed before they attained the 'senior' degree, in which they were excused from participating in all offices of bodily fatigue and responsibility. After fifty years' profession, the monk became a 'sempecta;' he obtained a separate chamber, an attendant was assigned to him, and every privilege was allowed which could ensure the enjoyment of bodily and mental ease, until the termination of his life.* These curious details are unluckily destitute of extrinsic confirmation. The monastic degree of the sempectæ cannot be traced in the history or records of Croyland, or of any other monastery in Christendom. The name barely occurs in Palladius, a Greek writer of the fifth century. But by Palladius it is used in a sense diametrically opposite; not as signifying the monk or solitary, but the young disciple who attended upon him. And the employment of the term in Ingulphus may induce the suspicion that the writer stumbled upon the strange sounding word without apprehending its proper application.†

In the portion of the work which Ingulphus claims as his own, many long and important charters of Edgar and his successors are incorporated in the narrative. A second conflagration, the effect of accident, destroyed the ill-fated monastery, which was built almost entirely of timber, in the year 1091; and, although the charter-room was strongly vaulted with stone, still the intense heat of the fire reduced its contents to ashes. Ingulphus, however, easily accounts for the preservation of the documents which he sets forth. The monks had not only duplicates, but even triplicates of many charters. These had been separated from the rest by Ingulphus: they were delivered by him to Fulmar the chaunter, in order that the younger monks might become acquainted with the Saxon character; and, having been secured in a coffer which was deposited in the cloister, they were fortunately preserved.‡ This statement, however, derives no support from the charters which the author has used. The Norman phraseology in which they are clothed, though it shows at once that Ingulphus only presents the reader with *modernized* paraphrases, is not entirely inconsistent with the existence of Saxon originals: but this admission cannot be extended to charters entirely founded upon Norman customs of which no traces are found in Saxon

* Ingulph. 48, 49.

† The discussions respecting this term may be consulted in Mr. Gough's Additions to the History of Croyland, p. 273, to which we refer the curious reader.

‡ Ingulph. 96, 97.

times.

times. We may quote the grant made by the convent, and which purchased the protection of Norman, the son of Earl Leofwine. At his demand a *demise* was made to him of the manor of Baddeley, for the term of *one hundred years, to be holden of St. Guthlac, by the rent of a pepper-corn*, payable on the feast of St. Bartholomew in every year.* No other instance was ever found of a demise for a term of years before the conquest; and it does not appear possible that the charter recited by Ingulphus could have even been grounded upon any Saxon grant.†

Towards the conclusion of the work, the adventures of the writer form a considerable and amusing portion of the history. Ingulphus was born of English parents, in the city of London. From his earliest years, he received a learned education. Beginning his studies at Westminster, he continued his labours in Oxford. Surpassing his contemporaries in his knowledge of the philosophy of *Aristotle*, he was equally versed in the rhetoric of Cicero. When he approached towards the age of manhood, he began to despise the humble home of his father, and, haunting the palaces of the great, he affected the dress and imitated the manners of a courtier. At this juncture, 1051, William, 'Earl' of Normandy, visited his cousin of England with a splendid train of followers. Ingulphus gained the favour of the future conqueror, and being retained in the service of the Earl, he returned with him to Normandy. There he rose most rapidly in power and dignity. Appointed secretary to William, he governed the court with unlimited power. Fortune depended upon the smiles or frowns of Ingulphus, the English favourite. It being announced in Normandy, that many of the Prelates and Barons of the Empire intended to proceed to the Holy Land, Ingulphus, and thirty others of the Norman court, determined to join the pilgrims. Seven thousand were assembled under the Archbishop of Mentz, who, after a long yet prosperous journey, arrived at Constantinople, where, according to the ceremonial of the Byzantine court, they 'adored' the Emperor Alexius. At Jerusalem they were received with great kindness by the Patriarch Sophronius.‡ We have not space to pursue our recital of the adventures of Ingulphus, and it is only necessary to mention, that in the year 1075, he was instituted as abbot of Croyland, where he continued till his death.

Anachronisms which merely impeach the accuracy of the histo-

* Ingulph. 57.

† Grants for one or more life or lives were not uncommon, and there are instances of conventions for the occupation of land for an indefinite term, which in practice were equivalent to grants for life. But demises for long terms of years are of subsequent introduction. The earliest demise given by Maddox (Formulare Anglicanum, p. 180.) is of the 7 Ric. I. and that is for a term of thirty years.

‡ Ingulph. 73, 74.

rian are entirely fatal to auto-biography. The passage respecting the education of Ingulphus long since roused the suspicion of Gibbon; and it still remains to be proved, that Aristotle formed part of the course of education at the university of Oxford, at a time when his works were studied in no other part of Christendom. An admission that some of the treatises of the Stagyrite were known to the curious few in imperfect translations or meagre abstracts, will not by any means confirm the assertions of Ingulphus. Language like his plainly implies that a proficiency in Aristotelian lore excited the emulation and rewarded the exertions of the Oxonian students.

But a more serious and insuperable error yet remains. The pseudo-Ingulphus, for we can no longer give any other name to the writer, does not state the exact year of his journey to Jerusalem. It took place, however, not long after his official promotion, and the mention made of the Patriarch Sophronius fixes the event between the years 1053 and 1059.* But the accession of Alexius I. did not happen till 1081,† long after Ingulphus was settled at Croyland. There is no possibility of explaining away this proof of falsification, unless by supposing that the name of *Alexius* is an erroneous reading for *Michael* or *Isaac*, but if this solution be adopted, what reliance can be placed on manuscripts which are so depraved?

Do we then *bonâ fide* consider the history of Ingulphus as being little better than an 'historical novel'? We must decidedly give an affirmative answer to the question. We believe it to be a mere monkish invention; and the object of the compilation may perhaps be guessed. It was intended to support St. Guthlac's title to the lands and possessions of which the deeds were lost, and to give a sterling value to the base metal of the 'golden charter.' After the dissolution, the manuscript which had the reputation of being the autograph of Ingulphus, continued in the church of Croyland, where it was preserved with great care in a chest, locked with three keys, which were entrusted to the churchwardens of the parish. Selden endeavoured, but in vain, to obtain access to the treasure; and when Fulman made inquiries, he ascertained that it could no longer be found. Three ancient copies of this manuscript are known to have existed. One, in the possession of Marsham, was the basis of Fulman's edition, and appears to have been the most complete.‡ Another, from whence Selden published the laws of the Conqueror, existed in the Cottonian

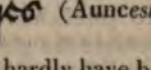
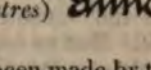
* Art de Vérifier les Dates, vol. i. p. 267.

† Gibbon, Decline and Fall, vol. ix. c. 48.

‡ Scriptores Rerum Anglicarum, Oxon. 1684. This volume is quoted as the second volume of Gale and Fell's collection.

library,

library, but it was burnt with the other manuscripts; and let it be observed, that the presses which contained the most valuable historical documents, were those which suffered most from the spiteful flames. A third manuscript was used by Sir Henry Saville:* we have no account of this codex, but it was imperfect, ending with the passage where the French text of the laws of the Conqueror is introduced; and, together with Marsham's copy, it has long since disappeared.† Whilst the documents thus evade our inquiries, a curious accident enables us to pronounce upon the age of the Croyland 'autograph' with tolerable certainty. Spelman states, that he consulted the 'autograph' manuscript, from whence he has transcribed the first five chapters of the Norman laws.‡ Now, in his transcript, this eminent antiquary has fallen into an error which renders his misprint *equivalent to a fac-simile of the characters of the manuscript*. For the word *Euesqes*, he reads *Euestres*. The cause of this mistake will be easily understood when it is observed that in the current handwriting which prevailed during the reigns of Edward I. and II., the syllables '*esqes*' bear so near a resemblance to the syllables '*estres*,' as scarcely to be distinguishable from each other, as may be seen by inspection of the following examples, which are faithfully traced from a manuscript of that age:

(Euesqes)  (Auncestres) 

But the mistake could hardly have been made by the transcriber,

* Scriptores Rerum Anglicarum post Bedam, Lond. 1596.

† The fate of Marsham's manuscript has not been ascertained. Bishop Gibson, writing July, 1694, to Dr. Arthur Charlett, Master of University College, says, 'Sir John Marsham's collection must be considerable. There is a curious Ingulphus in your library, which, as his family says, Obadiah Walker stole from him. I told him what they lay to his charge: his answer was, that Sir John gave it to him; and that as an acknowledgement he presented him with some copies of the Ingulphus printed at Oxford. It is very probable, though Sir John did not design to part with the books—nay, he used to be complaining of Mr. Walker for using him so unkindly. But the old gentleman *has too much of the spirit of an antiquarie and a great scholar to think stealing a manuscript any sin.* He has ordered me not to discover where it is lodged—' (Gough's Additions to Croyland, 283). Though it has often been suspected that *collectors* do not consider themselves under a strict obligation of obeying the eighth Commandment, yet we never heard this doctrine so plainly expressed and confessed. We are informed that the most diligent search has been made in the library of University College for the manuscript, but without success. Some other 'antiquarie and great scholar' may have followed the example of Obadiah, and acted with equal 'spirit.'

‡ Adjiciendum censeo aliud specimen quarundam prædictarum legum, ut Normannico habentur idiomate inter cæteras Confessoris leges ab Ingulpho, Abbate Croylandiæ datæ et post excidium illius monasterii in veterrimo M.S. ab ædituis superstitis illic ecclesiæ sub tertia clave conservatæ. Posuit has in lucem V. C. Johannes Selden in suis ad Edmerum notis, versionemque adjecit, quam jam accuratiorem exhibemus; sed leges ipsas *ex ipso designavimus archetypo*, castigatiores paululum, quam in impresso codice.—*Concilia*, vol. i. p. 313.

if the original manuscript had been written in the hands which prevailed in the age of Ingulphus; and we doubt whether the compilation was of much older date than the manuscript, that is to say, about the end of the thirteenth, or the first half of the fourteenth, century. In none of the chronicles anterior to that age can we trace a single line that is borrowed from Ingulphus. If the work had existed, it could scarcely have been neglected by these inveterate compilers. And subsequently to that period, the only work which exhibits a paragraph agreeing in substance with Ingulphus, is the Chronicle of Peterborough, compiled or interpolated by Robert of Boston, in the reign of Edward III. It is extremely probable that some history of Croyland existed in the archives of the abbey. Ordericus Vitalis, in his Ecclesiastical History, has given an abstract of the history of Croyland, perhaps deduced from genuine materials. Turketul is simply described as 'a certain clerk of London, of royal descent, a relative of Orketel Archbishop of York.' Had the biography consulted by Ordericus mentioned the name of Ethelward, he would scarcely have identified the 'clerk' by noticing the remoter and more obscure consanguinity; nor is it likely that the dignity of the chancellorship would have been omitted in the narrative. The deposition of Abbot Ulfketel, and the promotion of Ingulphus, are briefly told. Either Ordericus, or the documents used by him, may have furnished the outline of the romance published under the name of the reverend abbot. But to separate the gloss from the text, and the embellishment from the fact, is a task almost impracticable. The pseudo-Ingulphus, if quoted, must be quoted only in those passages where relations, not improbable in themselves, are uncontradicted by surer authorities. 'Ingulphus,' saith Dr. Henry, 'published an excellent history of the abbey of Croyland, from its foundation, A.D. 664 to A.D. 1091, with which he had introduced much of the general history of the kingdom, with a variety of *curious anecdotes* that are no where else to be found,'—but it is exactly these curious anecdotes which must be unsparingly rejected.

Much might be added respecting the treatment and interpretation of these ancient authorities. Their chronology in particular requires great attention. Years, amongst the heathen Anglo-Saxons, were reckoned by winters, and diurnal revolutions by nights. The winter began on the 'mother-night,' the festival of Yule. Their lunar calendar required the correction of an intercalary month, which was inserted in the summer season. The Roman missionaries certainly introduced the Roman calendar, but the period when it came into general use is unknown; and it is possible that the old national calendar may have been long retained

retained for civil purposes and in popular computation. All the Anglo-Saxon charters express their dates; the year of the King, of the Incarnation and the Indiction, are generally specified. But it is frequently difficult to reconcile the dates of these instruments to the chronicles, and the dates given by the chronicles as frequently offer discrepancies and varieties. Obvious as the convenience of denoting dates by a consecutive series of numbers may appear to us, this practice was by no means universal. Ethelweard reckons from event to event, and this rude and insecure chronology was probably the only mode of computation prevailing among the Anglo-Saxons before their conversion. There are even monastic chronicles in which the dates are entirely omitted. Instead of expressing the year, some scribes contented themselves with repeating the word 'annus,' without note, numeral, or particular of any description, and the date can only be supplied by conjecture. When the year of the incarnation is distinctly stated in an ancient chronicle, many perplexing difficulties still remain. On what day does the year begin? The year may begin either from the fixed feasts and days of Christmas, the kalends of January, the Annunciation, or Michaelmas—or else from the moveable feast of Easter. All these modes of computation prevailed. To increase the confusion, some chroniclers advanced upon their contemporaries by an entire year. If the year of the reign is to be calculated, our task will hardly be easier. It may have been reckoned from the king's accession, or from his consecration, and the date may *change*, not on the anniversary of the event from which it is reckoned, but with the beginning of the calendar year, whenever that beginning may have been reckoned.* The indiction

* In all regal tables and histories of England, the years of the reign of John are made to begin with the 6th April, 1199, the day of the death of Richard I. But John, notwithstanding the acknowledgment of his inchoate right, was only Duke of Normandy, until he was crowned as King of England, with the assent of the Baronage. In the period which elapsed between the death of Richard and the coronation, John had not the style of King, he exercised no acts of royal authority, nor did he become entitled to receive the royal revenue. His reign began with his coronation, which took place on the Ascension day (27th May, 1199), and he was then let into the receipt of the revenue. The years of his reign are calculated from Ascension day to Ascension day; and, as the date changes with the moveable feast, each year of his reign is of different length, and begins on a different day. Consequently, all the documents whose dates fall between the 6th of April and Ascension-day, in each year, have been referred to the wrong year of the reign, by those writers who have not noticed the ancient mode of calculation. A mistake of the same description has been made with respect to the reign of Edward I. which is usually calculated from the 16th November, 1272, the day of the death of Henry III. Edward's reign really commenced from the 20th November, 1272, when he was proclaimed at the New Temple, and upon that day the date of the year of his reign was changed. Full proof is afforded of this assertion by the date of the charter of homage executed by John Balliol, 'apud Norham die Jovis in festo Sancti Eadmundi Regis et Martiris (20th November) anno Incarnationis Dominicæ millesimo ducentesimo nonagesimo secundo et regni ipsius domini nostri Edwardi

tion also, which ought to change on the 24th of September, is sometimes ascribed to the whole of the current year. In addition to these sources of error, the historian must contend with the corruptions of manuscripts, the blunders of transcribers and of printers, the drowsiness of editors; and oftentimes the only result of his anxious labours will be a greater conviction of their unprofitableness and uncertainty.

The bulk of the massy folios, both in print and in manuscript, on paper and on vellum, in which the chronicles are comprized, may seem appalling; but, on examination of their contents, our annals anterior to the conquest will shrink into a narrow compass.

The information which has been transmitted to us respecting the Kingdoms of the Heptarchy, will be found to be distributed very unequally. Of the acts of the early kings of Northumbria, the inestimable history of Bede furnishes us with details which are equally authentic and interesting. But, after the termination of his narrative, the history of that state becomes extremely broken and obscure. With respect to Bernicia, and the states which it included, only a few details are preserved, and until we arrive at the cession, as it is termed, of the Lothians to the Scottish King, we have not a single notice concerning that extensive territory which then became finally separated from the English crown. Nor are the chronicles more ample with respect to the northern and western portions of the dominion subjected to Northumbria. Occasionally, we have notices of the Britons of Strathclyde and the Cumbrian kingdom; but before the reign of Edgar, we cannot give even the name of any Burgh, River or Mountain in the modern counties of Cumberland, Westmoreland or Lancaster. These tracts are blank spaces in the Saxon map as well as in the Saxon history. Legends and fables constitute the East Anglian annals. Of Essex some few events are mentioned; but the extent of the chronicles will be estimated by remarking that the period of the conquest of London by the Anglo-Saxons is entirely unknown; and from their silence on so important an event we may judge of their deficiencies. The earlier annals of Mercia do not form any connected series. Kent and Wessex offer the most complete succession. But even here we are interrupted by lamentable chasms; and a chronicle composed by the juxtaposition of all the facts which we possess and collected from every source would show that, in truth, mere wrecks and fragments of Anglo-Saxon history have been preserved.

Edwardi *vicesimo finiente* et *vicesimo primo* incipiente.—*Fœdera, N. E.* vol. i. p. 781. Although there is not the slightest pretence for asserting that the English monarchy was elective, still this practice shows that, according to the theory of the constitution, the title of the heir required the recognition of the Baronage.

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ART. I.—1. *Britton's Cathedral Antiquities.*
2. *A Brief Memoir of the Life and Writings of John Britton, F.S.A. F.R.S.L. &c.*

IF you ask a well-educated American when he visits England, what objects in the mother-country have impressed him most, he will answer—its cathedrals. He is not surprized at the activity and enterprize which he finds among us, for these are characteristics of his own countrymen not less than of ours. The wealth, the domestic comforts, the refinements and the elegances of life, which have extended themselves to the remotest parts of the island, excite in him pleasure rather than admiration, because for these also he is prepared, and may have seen them existing in as high a degree, only not so generally diffused, in the better part of the United States. In these things, as in our arts and science and literature, he sees, if not what the Americans are, what they may hope to be; while in whatever relates to national resources and national power, the comparison may call forth a sense of ambitious anticipation, perhaps of rivalry. But place him in York Minster, or Westminster Abbey, and he no longer thinks of comparing England with America; the *religio loci* makes itself felt; it awakens in him an ancestral feeling of which he was before unconscious, and he then begins to understand that, in the thoughts and emotions which carry us back to past ages, and connect us with the generations which are gone, there is something more soothing, more salutary for the heart, and more elevating also, than in all the anticipations with which a young and emulous nation looks onward to the future. We have heard more than one American say that it is worth crossing the Atlantic to see some of our cathedrals.

The pride with which we now regard these stately monuments of antiquity is one proof of national improvement in feeling as well as in taste and knowledge. There was a strange insensibility to their beauty as works of art till the last reign: but this was not peculiar to England. When the *Délices de la Grande Bretagne* were published, at the beginning of the last century, York and Canterbury were the only cathedrals which were allowed a place among the numerous prints in that work, though a whole volume is filled with bird's-eye views *des belles et magnifiques maisons de*

campagne. The book is the more valuable for this, because it has preserved perishable features, most of which have already past away. But the taste of the age is curiously exemplified when such edifices as Lincoln and Wells and Lichfield are overlooked, and a plan given of Marshal Tallard's garden at Nottingham, with its parterres of turf cut into squares, circles, semi-circles and ovals, *et ce qui fait dans son tout ce qu'on appelle Gazon-coupé*, and variegated by divisions of red sand, yellow sand, pulverized shells, pulverized coal, dust from the lead mines, and gravel walks of every procurable variety of colour! In an age when the court of France gave the law in taste, when the Isola Bella was the admiration of travellers, and when Marshal Tallard's garden was represented to foreigners as one of the beauties of England, it is no wonder if there were little feeling for the sublimities of art, and less for those of nature. The cathedrals in Roman Catholic countries were crowded with tinsel and trumpery, as incongruous to the character of the edifice, as to the spirit and letter of the Gospel. In England they were not, indeed, disgraced with dolls as large as life, in full dress, and with waxen representations of legs, arms, and other less-mentionable parts, hung up beside them in honour, *ex voto*, of their wonder-working virtue; but they were disfigured in other ways. Whatever was done, either to repair, or with the intention of improving them, was equally inconsistent in design and inferior in execution. When a seat, or monument, or screen, was put up, the saw and the hammer were employed to remove any inconvenient projection, however beautiful or curious. Sometimes a smooth surface was produced by plastering over the most elaborate sculpture; and the parts which were not thus effaced were covered with coats of white lime, varied occasionally with a colouring of red or yellow ochre, till the old work of the chissel was half filled up with repeated incrustations. Every improvement was in the spirit of those times when alterations of Shakspeare were perpetrated, not merely with impunity, but with applause, by Shadwell, Nahum Tate and Colley Cibber. The debasement, indeed, of our ecclesiastical architecture which immediately ensued upon the Reformation, is only less disgraceful than the destruction to which so many venerable edifices were condemned by the brutal rapacity of their lay possessors. That glorious and elevating art had attained its highest perfection, and no degradation was ever more rapid or more complete. But the Reformation was not in any degree the cause of this; it was produced by the spirit, or rather the taste, of the age, and was shown as decidedly in those kingdoms where the papal religion maintained its ground, as in England and the other reformed countries. The new churches and convents which were erected were in the basest style;

style; and, when any alterations were made in a cathedral, they proved, abroad as well as at home, that the architects, while the finest models were before their eyes, were not only incapable of imitating, but of understanding, and even of admiring what they saw.

Our cathedrals had, however, by the mercy of God, been rescued from the Puritans, who, if their reign had continued and their wishes had been fulfilled, would have reduced them to the state of Elgin, and St. Andrews, and Melrose: their proper service was duly performed in them; their establishments were filled with becoming respect to character and attainments; and it must not be supposed that all feeling connected with the edifices themselves was confined to the Jack Daws, the Tom Hearnes, and the Browne Willises. Those highly-gifted minds which can resist the contagion of false taste are few in any generation; but there are whole classes who are not within the sphere of its influence. While the Town and the Wits, as they called themselves, regarded all the works of the dark ages (those of architects, chroniclers and poets alike) as altogether barbarous, these classes were in a healthier, and therefore a more gracious state: their opinions were unsophisticated; they regarded these works of their forefathers with admiration and reverence; and, instead of exalting their own times above all preceding ages, they were conscious of the humiliating truth that they should leave no such monuments to posterity. The temper of mind which leads men to depreciate and vilify what they ought to admire is an acquired sin. Admiration is like devotion, a natural as well as a generous feeling; and men must be corrupted before they become vain, and fastidious, and irreligious.

There is an anecdote related of Philip II., that, observing one day at mass a person who behaved with great irreverence, he said the man must be either a Jew or a Sacristan. If Philip had asked himself wherefore such indevotion characterized the Sacristans, it might have induced a train of thought little favourable to that system of priestcraft which he was supporting by armies abroad and autos-da-fe at home. It was not familiarity with the place, nor with the ceremony, which occasioned this want of respect, but the knowledge of what was behind the scenes. They whose business lies with observances and ceremonials are prone to exaggerate the importance of the forms in which their lives are past, attaching significance to the veriest trifles of punctilious performance. This is one effect of those avocations which contract the mind; and Philip would have had no difficulty in detecting the counteracting cause, if he had ventured to investigate it. The natural effect of local habitude is to produce local attach-

ment. Every one knows how strongly this is exemplified by those who have grown old in the service of great families, or great establishments of any kind. And in great churches we have seen vergers so conformed to their place and office, that, if some miracle had transmuted them into stone, they might have taken their station in a niche or upon a monument with perfect fitness, and would have deemed it, had consciousness been left them, a sort of humble apotheosis to be there.

But such edifices produce a wider influence, operating in various ways upon different dispositions. The impression which they make upon a thoughtful and hopeful mind in early life has undoubtedly determined many to that course of study whereby they have elevated themselves to high stations in the English Church, while they fulfilled their duty to their own and to succeeding generations. Westminster Abbey was the ultimate object of Nelson's ambition; it was in his thoughts whenever he went into battle, as the last home of all his earthly hopes. Chatterton would have been a poet, wherever he might have been born and bred, but it was Redcliff Church that made him call up the ghost of Rowley; and in that mood which local circumstances fostered he composed all those pieces by which he will be remembered. If the same influence, acting upon aptitudes of a different kind, has not created architects also, to rival the works which they admire, it is because the present state of society affords no opportunity for them. Otherwise the same feeling which induces and enables antiquaries to describe and artists to delineate the great monuments of elder times would assuredly take this direction; and it would be found that, in this also, the most magnificent of the arts, we are not inferior to our forefathers. As far as opportunity has been given this has been shown.

The humble passion of the antiquary, into which little or no ambition enters, but where patience and labour bring with them their own reward, is awakened and fostered by the same circumstance. Browne Willis, the first person who undertook a detailed and general survey of the English cathedrals, acquired his love for this pursuit by passing many of his idle hours in the Abbey when a Westminster boy. That abbey was open to the boys till of late years, when they were deprived of a liberty which produced some injury to the monuments, and some annoyance to the visitors and showmen. Browne Willis, who became one of the oddest of all odd men, had his share of peculiarities as a boy. The monuments were his books, and before he left school he imbibed there a love of churches and church antiquities which fixed the bent of his after-life. He was a great repairer of churches and steeples, attended cathedrals and churches, whenever he could so time his visits,

visits, upon their dedication days; and when he went to Bath would lodge no where but in the Abbey-house. A lively lady described him as having, with one of the honestest hearts in the world, one of the oddest heads that ever dropt from the moon. He wrote the worst hand of any man in England: it was more unintelligible than if he had learned to write by copying the inscriptions upon old tombstones. He wore three or four coats at once, each being of a different generation, and over them an old blue cloak lined with black fustian, all of which were girt with a leathern belt, giving him the appearance of a beggar, for which he was often taken in the course of his enthusiastic wanderings. His weather-beaten wig was of a colour for which language affords no name; his slouched hat, having past the stage between black and brown, was in the same predicament as the wig; and the lower part of his equipments had obtained for him in his own neighbourhood the appellation of Old Wrinkle-Boots, for, during the wear and tear and repair of forty years, the said boots had contracted as many wrinkles as their quantum of calf-skin would contain, and consequently did not reach half up the legs which they once covered. Being far too deeply engaged with past ages to bestow any portion of his thoughts and cares upon the present, he suffered a fair fortune to be deteriorated by neglecting his worldly affairs. And having lived long enough to hold a distinguished place among antiquities himself, he left behind him the character of a diligent and faithful antiquary, in which he will long continue to be remembered. Reputations of this class are not like those of fashionable authors, which come like shadows, and so depart; they keep their place, and make up in duration for what they want in extensiveness.

Browne Willis did not complete his Survey of the Cathedrals. The work became the property of Osberne, the bookseller whom Johnson immortalized by knocking him down with a folio. Osberne advertised it as comprehending accounts of all, and the author, considering this as an unwarrantable artifice, exposed the puff by a counter-advertisement. The task which he left imperfect has been undertaken by Mr. Britton, who has contributed more than any other person to the illustration of our architectural antiquities. In what manner he was led to the pursuit of these studies he has explained in a singular fragment of auto-biography, interesting enough to make us wish it had been upon a more extensive scale. The circumstances of his early life were as unlikely to give his persevering and enterprizing disposition such a direction, as those in which Browne Willis was placed were likely to foster a passion for such pursuits in a temper which was predisposed for them. Born in a Wiltshire village, and with the

strongest desire to learn, having been taught nothing more than to read, write, and cipher at some wretched schools, at the age of fourteen the misfortunes of his family threw him upon the world, and he was apprenticed for six years by an uncle to a wine-merchant in London—a destination in which his comfort, health and interest seem to have been as little consulted as his inclination and talents.

'These six years,' says he, 'were dragged on as a lengthened and galling chain; for my health, always weakly, was greatly impaired by constant confinement in damp, murky cellars. My occupation was a continued series of bodily labour, without mental excitement or amusement. Every succeeding day presented only a dull monotonous repetition of the former; there appeared nothing to learn, and no prospect of reward or advancement beyond that of a common servant. The porters in the business learnt as much as the apprentice; yet they were rewarded by annual or weekly salaries. I felt my situation irksome and miserable, and ventured to remonstrate with my master and uncle, but without any remission of labour or improvement in comfort. My health becoming more and more reduced, with scarcely a prospect of recovery, my master at length gave up about half a year of my service, presented me with two guineas, instead of twenty, which he had engaged to do, and sent me into the world to shift for myself.'

During the term of what he calls legal English slavery, his daily business was to bottle off and cork a certain number of dozens of wine; and the only reading in which he could indulge was in the cellar by candle-light, at occasional intervals, not of leisure, but of time abstracted, or rather won, from this employment. In order to gain this time, and compensate for it, it was necessary for him to labour with more activity, and devise the most rapid modes of getting through his task, which, with all his exertions, generally required from ten to eleven hours, and he had then three or four for reading. In the morning too he 'stole an occasional half-hour between seven and eight o'clock to look at the sky, breathe a little fresh air,' (that is, fresh in comparison with the under-ground atmosphere in which his days were past,) and visit two book-stalls, which fortunately happened to be near the subterranean scene of his diurnal immurement. Book-stalls are among the things to be regretted of which modern improvements are depriving us; and this is felt by many a lover of books, who used to direct his course in the streets of London, not by the shortest line, but so as to take in the greatest number of them in his round. Their diminution is a less evil to the mere collectors, and even to those collectors of a better class who value a volume not for its rarity but for its intrinsic worth, than it is to those persons whom Milton denominates *stall-readers*. To poor scholars and poor lovers of learning they were as tables spread in the wilderness.

derness. Mr. Britton's reading was of course irregular and miscellaneous. The perpetual sense of ill-health led him to medical and anatomical books; and he is inclined to think that he learnt to understand his constitutional tendencies to disease, and to combat or manage them successfully, by studying Cornaro on Long Life, Tissot's Essay on the Diseases incident to sedentary People, Cheselden's Anatomy, Quincy's Dispensatory, Buchan's Domestic Medicine, and sundry Treatises on Consumption. It is well for him that he escaped any serious injury in the process, physical books being the most dangerous that any person can take to perusing—except metaphysical ones;—for it is indeed a less evil to injure the constitution by ignorant treatment, and to induce valetudinarian feelings and habits, than to sophisticate the understanding and to poison the mind.* Our cellar-student possessed in his cheerful and hopeful temper a counteracting principle; and he had healthier studies also. Derham's Astro-and-Physico-Theology and Ray's Wisdom of God manifested in the Works of the Creation, gave his thoughts and sentiments a natural and beneficial direction. He became familiar with Dr. Dodd's Thoughts in Prison, which, out of prison, could not have been read in a more appropriate place than a London cellar by candle-light; and for lighter reading, in the intervals of bottling and corking, he had Smollet and Fielding, and Sterne.

For the use of many of these books he was indebted to a friend with whom he fortunately became acquainted in his morning walks. This person, whose name was Essex, obtained a respectable livelihood by painting the figures on watch faces; an occupation which, while it constantly employed his hands and eyes, left his mind at full leisure either for conversation or for listening while another read. He seems to have been one of those rare men whom it is useful to know, or even to hear of, who evince that the love of true knowledge is not incompatible with humble industry, and that its tendency is to make us contented and happy in our station. Mr. Britton was beholden to him for both friendly offices and salutary advice; and at his shop he became acquainted with Dr. Towers and with Mr. Brayley. With the latter, now well known as an antiquarian and topographical writer, he commenced his literary adventures by publishing, as a partnership concern, a song of Mr. Brayley's composition upon the hair-powder tax, then just imposed. The Guinea Pig was its title. Relying upon the popularity of the subject, they printed it on fine wove paper, priced it one penny, being double the usual cost, and entered it at Stationers' Hall. The precaution was of no avail, as the laws do not execute themselves. One Evans, a

* Goethe has well said, 'he who thinks too much of his body becomes sick; he who does the same by his mind becomes mad.'

noted printer of ballads in Long Lane, *pirated* this property, and boasted, whilst the sale was yet rife, that he had sold upwards of seventy thousand copies. The fact is not less remarkable than certain, that although the business of a bookseller and publisher is, when properly conducted, the most liberal of all trades, as it might be supposed and ought to be, there is no other trade in which so much open and impudent rascality is practised by the lower members.

Mr. Britton speaks playfully of this piracy, and may now indeed very well think the anecdote worth what it cost him; but the injury was no slight one when it was inflicted. The little prize which he had gained in the lottery of publication, and of which he was thus robbed, would have been a most seasonable aid for one who, when released from his indentures, found himself adrift upon the world with a *viaticum* of two guineas as his remuneration for five years and a half of candle-light service in the wine vaults. He had, however, hope, ardour, enterprize, frugality, and perseverance, the best qualifications for acquiring wealth, or, which are better than wealth,—independence and contentment.

'The vicissitudes which I experienced,' he says, 'after being released from my cell,—the privations I endured,—my pedestrian journey from London to Plymouth and back,—my predilection for theatrical amusements, reading, and debating societies,—and my occupations in wine-cellars, counting-houses, and law-offices, would collectively afford a series of not uninteresting events, and subjects both for reflection and for description.'

The fear of being thought trifling or egotistical has withheld him from entering into the details of these his struggles in life. But we may remind him that details of this kind carry with them an interest to which no fiction can attain; and that the memoirs of a man who, from such circumstances and through such difficulties, has made his way to a station of comfort and respectability in life, is one of the most useful lessons that could be put into the hands of the young.

While leading this unsettled and hazardous life, the desire of employing his pen more agreeably than in counting-houses and law-offices, a desire which has proved ruinous to so many an unfortunate adventurer, led him almost by accident into the path for which he was best qualified, not indeed by acquirements, but by the disposition and patience and tact which would supply their want. An essay which he had written for the Sporting Magazine was the means of introducing him to Mr. Wheble, the proprietor of that journal. Wheble had, in the year 1784, at Salisbury, where he then lived, issued proposals for publishing the Beauties of Wiltshire, in two volumes, embellished with engravings, the price to be ten shillings, and half the money paid at the time of subscribing.

subscribing. Removing to London, and being fully occupied in business there, he had never found leisure to discharge an engagement which, in fact, he was little able to perform; but he had received a few subscriptions, and therefore felt himself bound to the performance. And upon falling in with Mr. Britton and finding that he was a Wiltshire man, as if that were sufficient qualification, he urged him to undertake the task in his stead. 'I had neither studied the subject,' says Britton, 'nor was I acquainted with any person to whom I could apply for advice or assistance, yet without either rudder, compass, or chart, I was hardy enough to put to sea; and was more indebted to the flowing tide of chance, and to the fair wind of indulgence, that I ever reached a safe port, than to any skill or talents of my own.' Wheble had never obtained any material information for the undertaking, and the only printed materials with which he furnished him was the account of Wiltshire in the Magna Britannia, which the aspirant found not only wholly uninteresting but almost unintelligible. Shortly afterwards Mr. Hood, then a publisher in the Poultry, engaged him to write or compile, for the publisher was indifferent which, the Beauties of England and Wales;—with so little regard to the qualifications of the persons employed on them, or to the quality of the work which they may be expected to produce, are such undertakings projected and executed. We could mention works of greater pith and moment, concerning which the speculators have been as imprudent, or rather as careless, in their choice—and not so fortunate.

The young author was more scrupulous than his employers. Notwithstanding the buoyancy of his spirits, and that confidence which he owed to a happy temper, and without which the execution of such a work must have appeared to him utterly impossible, he was conscious in himself that an apprenticeship spent in bottling and corking wine was not the best course of preparation for a topographical writer. Pratt's Gleanings and Mr. Warner's Walks in Wales were at that time new and popular books, and he had read also the Travels in England of Moritz, the Prussian, who relates, with such pleasant simplicity, his perils in travelling on the outside of a stage-coach, and his sufferings when, for the sake of securing himself, he got into the basket. These books made him emulous of what he admired, and with the view of qualifying himself for the task which he had undertaken, he past the summer and autumn of 1799 with his friend Mr. Brayley, who was to be the associate of his literary labours, in a pedestrian tour from London, by way of the midland and western counties, into North Wales, through that part of the principality, and home by Cheshire. On their return their first business was to fulfil the engagement

engagement with Wheble; the Beauties of Wiltshire accordingly were published in two volumes, executed in a very different manner and upon a different scale of expense from what the original proposals had promised. Two volumes, however, did not complete the survey of the county, and five and twenty years had elapsed before Mr. Britton found leisure to compose and publish a concluding volume, as superior to the former in all respects as these were to what had been projected in 1784. They then began the Beauties of England and Wales, and having seriously begun the work, began also for the first time to apprehend the difficulty and the importance of the task which they had undertaken. The publisher cared nothing for this, and urged them to hasten the performance. He only required the Beauties, he said; much original matter was not necessary for such works, and there were plenty of books which they might copy or abridge. But Britton and his associate were actuated by a better spirit; they could not satisfy themselves as easily as they might have satisfied their employer, who only wanted a work that would sell; it was not enough for them to do their work unless they could do it satisfactorily and creditably to themselves; they had attached themselves to literature as their vocation, so they felt that they had a character to attain and support; and, somewhat to the surprize of the bookseller, they came to the conclusion that places ought to be visited before they were described, and that it was the duty of an author to make himself well acquainted with the subject upon which he intended to write. They therefore set about their work diligently and in the right way, and as they acquired knowledge acquired also a love of the pursuits wherein they had engaged.

This brought on another difference of opinion with the unfortunate publisher. The book was likely not only to be better than he had bargained for, but also of a different kind. His authors were for introducing antiquarian subjects and views of our architectural antiquities; but the publisher opined that the Beauties of a country consisted in picturesque scenes and gentlemen's seats, and that antiquities and natural curiosities ought not to be introduced. The title of the work was the 'Beauties of England and Wales,' and what had Antiquities to do among Beauties? On their parts it was pleaded, that antiquities were necessarily included in the other part of the title, which promised 'Delineations, topographical, historical, and descriptive.' This was not a mere difference of opinion *de gustibus*, which being proverbially said to be not disputable, is nevertheless eternally disputed; it was a practical question. Differences, in the angry sense of the word, 'and even warm contentions,' arose between the parties, and the result was, that Mr. Britton planned his work upon

upon the Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain; found publishers to engage with him in it upon his own views,—and in the course of nine years produced the most beautiful work of its kind that had ever till then appeared. That work led to his Chronological and Historical Illustrations of the Ancient Ecclesiastical Architecture of Great Britain, and to his series of Cathedral Histories, eight of which have now been published, and which is still in progress.

When Browne Willis published his Survey of the Cathedrals, the arts of design and engraving were in a low state in this country; France and Holland at that time greatly excelling us in both. In his days it would have been thought impossible that the graver should be able to represent the picturesque forms and effects of such edifices, so as to convey no inadequate representation of the place, and something even of the feeling which the church itself would impress. Even in a later generation, when the task of delineating the ruined castles and religious houses in this kingdom was undertaken by Grose, mere fidelity was all that was attempted in his delineations. The surprizing improvement which has been made in both these arts could not be more strikingly exemplified than by a comparison of those works with the corresponding ones of Mr. Britton, in which the designs are as much more faithful as they are more beautiful, (so far have the artists been from sacrificing exactitude to picturesqueness,) and the engravers have shown that the utmost strength and richness of effect are compatible with the utmost precision and minutest accuracy. This is not said for the purpose of depreciating men whose meritorious labours have well entitled them to our gratitude; and one of whom has preserved for us the forms of very many interesting objects, which, in the short lapse of less than half a century, time has in some instances sadly injured, and in others totally destroyed. In many cases their destruction has been accelerated by that brutal temper which chooses to exercise the right of property in defiance and contempt of public feeling. Within the memory of man part of the most venerable pile of ruins in this island has been pulled down for the worthy object of employing the materials in mending the turnpike road! In another place it was thought cheaper to erect some new buildings with the spoils of a ruined castle, than to purchase stones for them from the quarry. One of the walls of the castle was therefore thrown down, and there it lies at this day, the cement having been found so firm as effectually to disappoint the perpetrators of this mischief.

Mr. Britton, in the Preface to the Cathedrals, compares the feelings of an author upon commencing and concluding a great work,

work, such as the one which he has undertaken, with those of an architect upon laying the foundation of a great edifice, and upon seeing it completed. Should it be a mournful or a consolatory thought that the book may easily outlast the building? He has seen a notable exemplification of this in his own account of Fonthill Abbey; before it had been published three years down fell Vathek's Tower. But we were thinking of structures which cannot so well be spared. Since the commencement of the present century Westminster Abbey has been endangered by fire, and the cathedral at Rouen seriously injured by the same cause. The most remarkable church in Portugal, as connected with the history and antiquities of that kingdom, has been burnt by the French, under special orders from their commander Massena, when he was determined to inflict every evil in his power upon a people whom he was unable to subdue. Many other churches and convents were destroyed by the same spirit of ferocious barbarity in Spain, and among others the monastery of S. Juan de la Pena, which was the burial-place of the kings of Navarre. In our own country, where, by God's blessing, we have been so long preserved from all the immediate calamities and devastations of war, time is making itself felt by these venerable monuments of former ages, and what time has spared has in some cases been destroyed by presumptuous alterations. 'It cannot but be regretted,' Mr. Britton says, 'that these national objects are fast mouldering away, or so much changed by modern innovations, that in many instances their original features can scarcely be ascertained.'

Few poetical conceits have made their fortune so well as Joachim de Bellay's upon the Tiber and the ruins of Rome:—

'*Rome de Rome est le seul monument,*
Et Rome Rome a vaincu seulement.
Le Tybre seul, qui vers la mer s'enfuit,
Reste de Rome. O mondaine inconstance!
Ce qui est ferme, est par le temps destruit,
Et ce qui fuit, au temps fait resistance.'

It has been better expressed by Spenser* in English, and by Quevedo† in Spanish, than it is in the original. A greater poet than Bellay might have been proud of two such translators. The conceit would hardly have been thus popular, unless it had sprung from a feeling so natural that all must recognize it in themselves. Man himself is not more short-lived when compared with some

* Rome now of Rome is the only funerall,
And only Rome of Rome hath victory;
Ne ought save Tyber, hastening to his fall,
Remains of all. O world's inconstancy!
That which is firm doth flit and fall away,
And that is flitting doth abide and stay.'

† *Solo el Tybre quedò, cuya corriente,*
Si Ciudad la regò, ya sepultura
La llora con funesto son doliente.
O Roma en tu grandeza, en tu hermosura,
Huìò lo que era firme, y solamente
Lo fugitivo permanece, y dura.'

of

of his own material works, than the most durable of those works are in comparison with the great features of nature,—which, perishable as they themselves are, assume nevertheless a character of duration and even permanency, when measured by the short span of our mortal existence, or by the oldest and proudest monuments of human power. To how many casualties are those monuments liable! The lightning shatters, and the earthquake overthrows them. Lightning sets a cathedral in flames: or the same catastrophe is produced by a plumber's kettle, or a heap of shavings, the carelessness of a base workman, or the villainy of an incendiary when actuated by mere malignity, or seeking an opportunity of plunder. In the wars of former ages such edifices, even when not held sacred, were safe from any other injury than might be inflicted in forcing their doors; but bombs and rockets are not discriminative; and in the employment of these dreadful means, injury is done which the very besiegers regret after their success, and even at the time would gladly not have committed, had it been in their power to choose.

But a worse danger than that of foreign war, or of all other injuries whether arising from natural or accidental causes, is from the madness of the people. When the idolatry of the Romish church, and the impudent impostures of the Romish clergy provoked the reformation, the reformers, on the first eruption of their zeal, contented themselves with demolishing the images and shrines which were the objects of superstitious veneration. The impulse which hurried them to this *storm-beeldery*, as the Flemings, among whom it began at Ypres, call this iconoclasm of the sixteenth century, was purely zealous, and the demolition proceeded no farther. Other passions soon mingled themselves with zeal—other purposes were covered under its semblance, and thus, with the pretext of doing the Lord's work, that havoc was committed which did so much serious injury to the Protestant cause, and entailed upon it the undeserved reproach of having produced excesses and crimes, for which it only afforded the occasion. Fearful proof has been given in our own days how easily that disposition for destruction and sacrilegious plunder may be excited among the multitude, even in countries which are apparently the least prepared for it. It is but to cross the Channel, and we may see ruins at St. Omers which shall induce more melancholy thoughts than the sight of Melrose or Malmsbury, for this devastation was the work of yesterday; and however the spirit which produced it may seem to be allayed in France, it is strong in other parts, where its operations may affect us more nearly. Throughout that country, and throughout the Catholic Netherlands, where certainly the Romish religion has the strongest hold upon the people,

people, that spirit found nothing to impede its free course during the first years of the French Revolution. The traveller may now look in vain for the Chapel of the Sangreal at Bruges, for the Cathedral Church of St. Lambert at Liege, and for those religious houses in the Low Countries, whose names occur so frequently in the history of the middle ages. The monasteries which formerly adorned the banks of the Rhine, now, with the unsightliness of violent, recent, and naked ruins, deform the scene which they once embellished. Sculptured fragments from demolished churches and convents are in many places to be seen by the wayside; in others, elaborate tombstones have been laid down as pavement in the streets, or converted into tables in public pleasure-gardens! If Mabillon and his followers had delayed their searches half a century, the invaluable records which they collected would have perished with the buildings wherein they were preserved. It is now too late to wish that artists as well as antiquaries had been employed in those most useful missions; and that edifices of such importance in the history of civilization and of the general church, had been preserved in such delineations as those which are now lying before us of the English cathedrals.

In a survey of our cathedrals the arrangement must needs be arbitrary, for there would be as little advantage in chronological as in alphabetical order. It was, therefore, reason enough for beginning with Salisbury that Mr. Britton was a Wiltshire man. The history of any one will show how many interesting and important circumstances have occurred in relation with these venerable structures, and as Salisbury comes first in this beautiful series, we will take Salisbury for our example.

As in the first ages of Christianity among the Anglo-Saxons, the limits of a parish were those of the estate in which the church was founded and endowed, so the dioceses were of the same extent as the respective kingdoms of the Heptarchy: and in the frequent changes to which those petty and turbulent states were liable, the title and privileges of royalty seem to have been assumed by any chieftain who had a cathedral in his dominions. Winchester was the original see among the West Saxons: this was divided and subdivided, and Wiltshire is believed to have been included in the diocese of Sherbourne for some two centuries, when, in pursuance of Alfred's intentions for restoring order in ecclesiastical affairs, a synod was held under Edward the Elder; and the two bishoprics of Dorchester (in Oxfordshire) and Sherbourne were divided into five. One of these was for Wiltshire: the seat of the bishop was unsettled, and is said to have been alternately at Wilton, Sunning, and Ramsbury, near Marlborough. The savage Odo, who bears so conspicuous a part in the tragedy

tragedy of Edwy and Elgiva, held the see while it was in this state, before he was promoted to Canterbury. Herman de Lotharingia would have removed the episcopal seat from Wilton to Malmsbury. Edward the Confessor consented to this, which indeed appears to have been a fitting measure; the monks of Malmsbury, however, were not disposed to be under any episcopal governance. Earl Godwin, for weighty reasons it may be suspected, exerted his all-commanding influence in their behalf, and Herman retired in disgust to St. Bertin's monastery at St. Omers, which was during many ages the general asylum for all disgraced or turbulent English prelates. Here, whether from pious or politic motives, he took the habit himself, and being thus connected with the powerful body against which he had found how difficult it was to contend, he returned to England, and was instrumental in two great changes; one was the union of his diocese with that of Sherbourne, the other was the removal of the combined sees to Sarum.

This was done in pursuance of a canon made with Lanfranc's authority in the ninth year of the Conqueror's reign. And at Sarum, Herman began a cathedral, which was completed by his successor Osmond, 'for the salvation of the souls of King William and his queen Matilda; of his son William, king of the English, and also (he says in the charter) for the salvation of his own soul.' Osmond, who was Count of Seez in Normandy, had accompanied William the Conqueror in his invasion, and partaking largely of the spoils of England, had been made Earl of Dorset, and held the high office of chancellor. Normandy, also, it is said, was at one time chiefly governed by his authority and advice. Romish writers represent him as flying naked out of Egypt, carrying with him nothing of its desires or spirit into the sanctuary, choosing to become poor in the house of the Lord; and as being forced from his beloved obscurity and solitude to take the bishopric of Sarum. Naked, however, he had not retired, for he retained his ample possessions; and it is probable that his being appointed to the see was in accordance with his own wishes and intentions, that he might be in a situation to dispose of them with the best effect according to his heart's desire, and exercise his talents with the advantage of authority in the church as he had heretofore employed them in the service of the state. He completed the church which his predecessor had begun, and endowed the see with those ample estates which had fallen to his share in the conquest. He collected thither men of learning from all parts, and retained as well as invited them by his liberality. He formed a library, such as libraries then were, and enriched it literally with the works of his own hands, transcribing books for it, and binding them himself.

And

And he compiled that ritual so well known in English Church history as the Use of Sarum.

St. Osmond (for he was canonized in the fifteenth century) had a most unsaintly successor in Roger, who obtained Henry Beauclerc's favour by the rapidity with which he got through a mass; that prince saying no man could be so fit a chaplain for soldiers as one who performed his work with such dispatch. It appears from Villanueva's Memoirs that this accomplishment has lost none of its value in later times; that in Spain, immediately before its revolution, a mass of twenty minutes was thought intolerable, even by persons who had the reputation of respecting the ceremonies of their church: there were some who got through the service in twelve minutes, others in nine; and two priests who, aspiring to greater perfection, hurried it over, the one in seven minutes, the other in five, were proceeded against for irreverence. Roger was more prudent: chance had thrown this opportunity of recommending himself in his way, Henry, serving under his brother William, happening to enter his church near Caen, as it lay on his road. And when the royal youth, says William of Newbury, said 'follow me,' he adhered as closely to him as Peter did to his heavenly Lord uttering a similar command; for Peter leaving his vessel followed the King of Kings; he leaving his church followed the prince, and being appointed chaplain to him and his troops, became a 'blind leader of the blind.' The old historian might have added that many men who have attained high stations by better deserts have not employed their wealth and power so well; for this prelate, though literally of the church militant, was a magnificent person; and among other works of the same kind rebuilt the church at Sarum, which had been injured by storms and fire, and beautified it so greatly, that it yielded to none in England at that time. His fortunes are as illustrative of his age, and as tragic, as Wolsey's. Having served Henry ably and faithfully, bringing into order the affairs of his household, when prince, and of his treasury when king, and possessing the full favour and entire confidence of that monarch, who seldom misbestowed either, he sided with the usurper Stephen, in violation of his duty and of his oath; became one of the castle-builders of that turbulent and miserable reign, and received the righteous reward of unprincipled ambition. Stephen seems to have dealt with him as Turkish governors with the Jews when they let the sponge fill before they squeeze. 'By God's birth,' the usurper said more than once to his companions, 'I would give him half England if he asked for it: till the time be ripe, he shall tire of asking before I tire of giving.' When the time was ripe, he took advantage of an accidental quarrel between the bishop's retainers and those of the

the Earl of Britany concerning quarters, to seize Roger and his nephew the Bishop of Lincoln, and the chancellor, who, though called his nephew, is significantly said to have been something more. The castles which he had built at Malmsbury and Sherbourne, and that which he had strengthened at Sarum, were surrendered to the king; but that which he had erected at Devizes was defended by another member of the episcopal family, his nephew the Bishop of Ely. There are two statements concerning the means by which he was reduced to give it up; one is, that Roger voluntarily declared he would take no food till the castle was surrendered to the king, thinking that, for natural compassion and gratitude, the prelate would overcome his own haughty spirit, and make the sacrifice which was required. But this, though upon the highest contemporary authority, is less consistent with the circumstances and character of all parties, and therefore less probable than the statement that Stephen ordered Roger and the Bishop of Lincoln to be kept without food till the castle should be given up, and moreover threatened to hang the chancellor. The Bishop of Ely must have very well known that his uncle would not, like a Bramin, commit suicide in this manner, and in that knowledge he might safely have held out. But if the threat were from the king, Stephen, though less cruel than many of his contemporaries, was yet a man to keep his word in such a case; and, therefore, after they had been three days in this fearful fast, he surrendered to save their lives. Roger, however, was broken hearted, and when, in the course of a few months, he died, his fate was ascribed not to the inveterate ague from which, in Malmsbury's words, he escaped by the kindness of death, but to grief and indignation for the injuries he had received. This remarkable man had then cause to wish that he had performed the service deliberately and devoutly when Prince Henry entered his church, and that he had employed his life in laying up treasures for himself, not upon earth, but in heaven, where thieves do not break through and steal. The plate and money which had been saved from the king's rapacity, he had hoped to convert to his own use in the other world, by obtaining credit for its amount in due form, according to the Romish belief, upon the celestial treasury: and having devoted it to the completion of his church at Sarum, he placed it upon the altar, in the hope that Stephen might be restrained by fear of sacrilege from laying hands on it. But of this also he was plundered, and his last earthly affliction was to see himself disappointed in this last hope of salvation. 'To me,' says William of Malmsbury, 'it appears that God exhibited him to the rich as an example of the instability of fortune, in order that men should not trust in uncertain riches. Was there any thing

Old Sarum, or in the valley two miles distant. But it was of great importance to the clergy of that church that they should be settled where there was no divided authority; and to the country also it was of great moment that the cathedral should be fixed where a city might grow round it, which the want of water rendered impossible at the former site. Wherefore then had the former site been chosen? The reason, though it has not been assigned, may with much probability be conjectured. The cathedral at Sarum was founded soon after the conquest, when the government, which depended solely upon its own strength, was far from secure, and the people, suffering grievously under their new lords, were at any time ready for revolt if a leader had arisen. Herman, the founder, had connected himself with the Norman government; and his attempted usurpation at Malmsbury may have made him as unpopular with the monks in that country, as this connection had made him with the West Saxons. It seems likely therefore that the site was chosen for the sake of protection from that castle, the vicinity of which became afterwards a sufficient reason for abandoning it. The natural disadvantages of the spot must have been well known, but disregarded for the sake of security. That motive had ceased to operate; the local inconveniences were irremediable, even if the adventitious ones had been obviated; and the removal therefore was effected, the Pope, as has been seen, reserving to the people of Old Sarum their rights, one of which is pretty remarkable at this day.

A full account of the new foundation was drawn up by the dean William de Wanda. It was the foundation of Salisbury as well as of the cathedral; and as we have no other record so circumstantial of the origin of an English city, the detail possesses more than a local interest. The site to which they removed could not have been better chosen in all respects; the land was part of the bishop's temporalities, a broad vale where the Wily and the Bourne join the Avon, and lose their names in that clear and beautiful stream. The soil is a fine black mould resting on a substratum of gravel; so that, with all the advantage of being well watered, it is at once dry and fertile, and near enough the Downs to enjoy the benefit of that salubrious air, which renders Wiltshire eminently one of the healthiest counties in Great Britain. Attracted by these advantages, persons enough had already settled there to form a village at Harnham, now a suburb. The canons and vicars engaged to contribute each one-fourth of his income, for seven years, toward the expenses of erecting the new cathedral. But this was not the only share of the burden which they took upon themselves; their own habitations were also to be built upon an agreement, that the heirs of the first builders only,

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as well canons as vicars, should receive two parts of the just value of what should actually be built, the third part being yielded for the land. The appointment and collation of these houses, after the first vacancy and sale, was to be the bishop's; but the relations of the deceased to whom he should have assigned his two-thirds were to remain in possession till they received payment. But for the church they reckoned largely upon eleemosynary aid; preachers were sent about to solicit contributions, and all who should contribute, either in gifts or labour, toward the work, were rewarded with indulgences, that is to say, drafts payable in Purgatory. In the days of Romish darkness these were carefully deposited in the coffin with those who were rich enough to purchase them, just as the Russian priests used to provide a corpse with testimonials, 'to the end that St. Peter, upon sight of them, might not deny the bearer the opening of the gate to eternal bliss.' During the sacrilegious spoliation under Somerset's protectorate, caskets full of such papers were found in the graves!

A piece of ground, called Merrifield, having been chosen for the site, the first business was to erect and consecrate a wooden chapel for temporary use, and then to consecrate a cemetery adjoining. The primate, the young king Henry III., and all the other chief persons of the realm, were invited to attend when the foundation should be laid, as at an event which was not unfitly deemed to be of national importance. It appears, however, that the former were not present, but a great concourse assembled from all parts. Mass was performed by the bishop in the temporary chapel, after which he went to the ground barefoot, in procession with the clergy, singing the litany. There, after consecrating the ground, he addressed the people, and then laid the first stone in the name of the Pope, the second in that of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the third for himself. The fourth was laid by William Longspee, Earl of Sarum; the fifth by Ela de Vitri, his wife. Then the nobles who were present laid each a stone; and after them the dean, the chanter, the chancellor, the treasurer, and the archdeacon and canons of the church of Sarum, in their turn, 'the people weeping for joy, and contributing thereto their alms with a ready mind, according to the ability which God had given them.' Several nobles on their return from Wales (where the king was then concluding a treaty with Llewellyn ap Jorwerth) repaired to Sarum to partake in the merit of the work which was going on, and laying each a stone, bound themselves to some special contribution for seven years. In the course of five the building was so far advanced that all the canons were cited to be present at the first celebration of mass. On the eve preceding,

a previous ceremony was performed by the bishop in the presence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, (that Stephen Langton who acted so noble a part in obtaining Magna Charta from the King, and maintaining it against the Pope,) and of Henry, Archbishop of Dublin. The bishop consecrated an altar in the east to the Trinity and All Saints. At this altar the mass of the Virgin Mary was to be sung every day from that time forth, for which service he offered two silver basons and as many silver candlesticks, the bequest of the noble lady Gundria de Warren; they are supposed to have been removed from the church at Old Sarum, having been the bequest of a daughter of William the Conqueror. And on his own part, he gave thirty marks of silver yearly to the priests who should officiate, and ten marks for the lamps which should be kept burning there. He consecrated also an altar in the north part of the church to St. Peter, the prince of the Apostles; and one in the south to St. Stephen, the proto-martyr, and All Martyrs. On the morrow, being Michaelmas day, Archbishop Langton preached to a great assemblage of persons; then went into the new church and performed the first mass there. Otto the nuncio being present, the Archbishop of Dublin, and the Bishops of Durham, Bath, Chichester, Rochester, and Evreux in Normandy.

In the course of the week the young king arrived, with the justiciary Hubert de Burgh; and Henry, after hearing the mass of the Virgin, offered ten marks of silver and a piece of silk; and Hubert made a vow that he would give a gold Text for the service of the altar, with certain precious stones, and more precious relics of divers saints, in honour of the blessed Virgin. The Text was a copy of the four Gospels, for the service of the altar; in the richer churches it was sometimes elaborately adorned with gold and ivory, and, as appears to have been the case in this instance, written in letters of gold. This gift of the justiciary produced from the young king the offering of a ruby ring, that both the gold of the ring, and the stone might be employed to adorn the covers of the Text; at the same time he gave a gold cup weighing ten marks. The said Text was presented first by proxy for Hubert, and afterwards offered by himself in person on the altar, with great devotion. At this time the bishop obtained leave that the oblations made there during the next seven years should be appropriated to the building, except such as might expressly be given for the perpetual ornament and honour of the church: after the expiration of that time the oblations of all the altars were to be applied to the common use, according to the ancient custom of the church of Sarum. It appears also that the plate and other valuables which had been offered were to remain in his custody

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for those seven years, after which they were to be given up to the treasurer; but it is not apparent for what reason he should have chosen to have them in his keeping during this time. The king confirmed by charter to the new church all the liberties and privileges which had belonged to the old cathedral, as the pope had done, and granted some fresh immunities. The charter declared that New Salisbury should be for ever a free city, and that its citizens should be quit, throughout the land, of toll, pontage, passage, pedage, lastage, stallage, carriage, and all other customs, being thus invested with the same privileges as the citizens of Winchester. The bishop and his successors were authorized to enclose the city with competent trenches, for fear of robbers, and to hold the same for ever as their proper domain, saving to the crown the advowson of the said see, and all its other rights as in other cathedrals. They were empowered also to levy tallage upon the citizens whenever the king exacted it in his domains. The liberties and free customs of a weekly market were granted, and an annual fair of eight days, from the vigil to the octave of the Assumption inclusive, for the benefit of the church. And the citizens were prohibited from selling or mortgaging their burgages or tenements to any church or religious house, without the leave of the bishop.

William Longspee, who laid the fourth stone, (the first which was laid by lay hands,) was the first person whose remains were deposited in the new church; a man unhappy in his parentage, conspicuous in his life, and unfortunate in his end. He was the son of Henry II. and of a mother, whose very name bespeaks favour for her, and whose true penitence may excite as much sympathy as the tragedy which poets have feigned of her death. Fair Rosamond's son was not unworthy to be Cœur-de-Lion's brother; and in that turbulent or heroic age, few persons were more remarkable for their exploits by land and by sea, and for their hair-breadth escapes: but he is supposed to have perished, as his mother is fabled to have done, by poison. There was a report that he had perished by shipwreck, on his return from Bourdeaux, in a storm which had been so violent, that his baggage was thrown overboard. Hubert, the justiciary, instigated his kinsman, Raymond, upon this report, to marry the Lady Ela, and obtain the earldom of Salisbury in her right, pretending some hereditary claim to it on his part, to facilitate his object. Henry III., who was always lightly persuaded by those who had any influence over him, gave his consent, and Raymond, being thus encouraged, urged his suit without regard either to the honour or the feelings of the lady; she, who was a high-spirited and virtuous woman, told him, that had she been indeed a widow, she would never have

condescended to marry with one so much beneath her, but that letters and messages had arrived from her husband, assuring her of his life and safety. When the earl returned he demanded protection of the king, not against Raymond, whom perhaps he considered too much beneath him, but against Hubert, the justiciary, threatening, if justice were not granted him, to exact it for himself, though he should throw the kingdom into confusion in the pursuit. Hubert confessed and excused his conduct, and purchased a reconciliation by costly gifts. On the earl's part it was sincere; he accepted an invitation from Hubert to a dinner at Marlborough, and it was supposed that poison was then administered to him in his food; a supposition which easily arose and obtained credit, because of the general dislike with which the justiciary was regarded. The earl, from whatever cause, was immediately taken ill; he returned to his castle of Sarum, and dying there, was interred in the unfinished cathedral, where only eight weeks before he had been welcomed on his return from Bourdeaux, with a procession from the church, and with every other demonstration of public joy for his escape. The Lady Ela, who was left with nine children, executed the office of sheriff for Wiltshire three times after her widowhood, and then purchased, for 200 marks, the custody of Sarum Castle for her life. But growing weary of the world, she founded a monastery at Lacock for Augustinian nuns, and retiring thither herself became the abbess.

William Longspee is said to have lived in habitual neglect of his essential duties as a Christian, till he was converted by hearing a sermon, and conversing afterwards for some hours with the preacher, who was canon and treasurer of the new cathedral. That person, who, from this station was raised to the primacy and afterwards canonized as St. Edmund of Canterbury, flourished then at Salisbury in the latent odour of sanctity, and his history, as written by his companion and secretary Bertrand, Abbot of Pontigny, (not as weeded for the use of English Roman Catholics,) is curiously characteristic of those times, and of the system of the Romish church. Reynold Rich, his father, was a tradesman at Abingdon, who, with his wife's consent, retired from the world and became a monk at Evesham. This son was named Edmund, because his mother was engaged in prayer at King St. Edmund's shrine when she felt the first indication of his existence; and on that saint's day he was born, with the happy augury of an immaculate birth, coming into the world in such perfect purity as not to spot or stain the linen wherein he was wrapt. His education was in conformity to this portent: for his mother trained him to observe a bread and water fast regularly on Fridays, by promising and giving him little rewards for the observance; and when

when she sent him with his brother to pursue their studies at Paris, she gave them each a haircloth shirt, charging them to wear it next the skin twice or thrice a week. This mother, Mabylia, who is called in her epitaph the flower of widows, trained her children up in the way which she went herself, being a woman of heroic and iron virtue. As soon as her husband had separated himself from her, she assumed a dress which, by its outer appearance and inner materials, might arm her against temptation: the under garment was of haircloth, reaching to her heels; and over this, that the bristles might be pressed to the skin and felt there, she wore a coat of chain-mail of equal length, in which two plates of iron were inserted for the more discomfort. These were the material arms which she used in her spiritual warfare.

Miserable as those ages were in so many respects, they were favourable to poor scholars. The widow of a tradesman at Abingdon could send her two sons to Paris to pursue their studies, with money enough only to maintain them frugally for a short time, but in full confidence that if they proved themselves deserving, they might rely upon Providence for support. What friends Edmund found there, and how he distinguished himself, as he must have done, his biographer has not thought worthy of record; but he relates that, being troubled with continual head-ache, his mother supposed the cause to be that his clerical tonsure had not been made large enough, and accordingly the razor which enlarged the mystic circle, effectually removed the pain. He tells us also that our Saviour had appeared to him when a boy, and enjoined him every night to trace with his finger the words Jesus of Nazareth upon his forehead, a practice which, it was added, would secure any person from sudden death. And he informs us, which there is no reason to disbelieve, that when Edmund made a vow of chastity before an image of our Lady, he espoused himself to our Lady by putting a ring upon the finger of her image! From that day, his biographer assures us, the Virgin took him under her special protection, *et erat ei in umbraculum diei ab æstu tentationum.* This was experienced when the devil, performing that office which a heathen poet would have assigned to Cupid, made him find favour without seeking it in the eyes of his landlady's daughter. Weary of repelling the advances of one who is compared to Potiphar's wife, he at length appointed her to come at a certain hour in secret to his chamber; she was true to the assignation, but when at his desire she had taken off some of her upper garments, he flogged her severely with a rod which he had prepared for the purpose, and accompanied the flogging with a lecture, which, according to his own account, made her virtuous for the rest of her life,—*vexatio intellectum dedit, et gratiam apposuit.*

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This was a coarse mode of conversion, to be employed by one who had miracles at command; for Edmund could forbid the rain to fall, when he was preaching in the churchyard, or bid it fall as it listed around on all sides, so that not a drop fell upon him or his numerous congregation. He could light a lamp by pronouncing the name of the Virgin, cure a carbuncle upon his own foot by making upon it the sign of a cross, and translate swellings from his pupil's arm to his own. But if he had recourse to so severe a method, it was in conformity to the severe system in which he disciplined himself. The Abbot of Pontigny, who had lived with him, has accurately described his whole armour of faith, which was not after the pattern of St. Paul's. It consisted, first, in drawers and stockings of haircloth; next in a haircloth shirt, not of the ordinary texture, but knit in knots after a manner of his own devising, wherein he had succeeded in obtaining the perfect uneasiness which he desired. This he bound close by a horse-hair rope, which was put so often round his body, from the shoulder to the loins, and fastened so tight, that it was scarcely possible for him to bend his back. This was the secret armour in which he went clad by day, for his warfare with the powers of the air. When it was taken off at night, the neck and the hands, which, because his good works might not be seen by men, escaped all torturing in the day, were disaccommodated with a haircloth tippet and haircloth gloves. He never entered his bed, nor even lay down on it. His utmost indulgence was to recline his head there, when he slept on a bench beside, but sometimes he lay on the ground. He cared little for washing either his head or his body, being, we are told, satisfied with keeping his heart clean. (*De corporis seu capitis sui non curabat lavacro, satis esse arbitrans si inesset mundities cordi suo.*) It is accounted, therefore, among the miraculous circumstances belonging to his sanctity, that in the linen clothes which he wore over his Romish panoply, there were very few vermin.*

It was as much a matter of course that a saint of this complexion should frequently see the devil, as that a knight-errant should meet with adventures when he sallied forth to seek them. Once it happened that the enemy took him at advantage. He had made it a rule to meditate upon the cross and other instruments

* *Hoc etiam pro miraculo advertimus, quod in vestibus lineis, quibus ad occultandas asperitates interiores solebat superindui, cum eas deponeret, fere nullius generis vermes pe erant ab ejus cubicularibus inventi. Constat equidem homines ciliciis etiam simplicibus utentes assiduè hujusmodi vermibus plus hominibus ceteris abundare: ipse vero qui non simplex, sed ut ita loquor, multiplex assiduè cilicium detulit, vermes hujusmodi ex suo corpore nullos, vel ut audestius dicam, rarissimos procreavit. Nec immerito istud descripsimus pro miraculo, cum vix ullus, vel certe nullus hoc probro careat vel tormento.*—Martene et Durand, Thes. Anec. t. iii. 1802.

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of the Passion, some time in every day or night. One holiday, however, he had been so busily and fully employed, that there had been no leisure for this; when night came, there was a lecture to prepare for the morrow; night was far spent before this was done; and then, though he was sensible that he had not observed the usual rule, the fear of inducing a head-ache, which might disable him for the next day's duties, if he contended longer against the sense of weariness, induced him to lie down. No sooner had he done this, than the devil in all his dreadful ugliness appeared. The terrified saint raised up his right hand to protect himself with the sign of the cross; but inasmuch as he had neglected to impress that sign that day upon his heart, the enemy, having power to prevent him from making the outward and visible sign, caught his hand. He raised the left hand for the same purpose, and in like manner the devil caught that with his right, and having both hands thus in his hold, fell upon him then like a sack. The saint's strength forsook him, but he retained his presence of mind, and called upon the Lord in spirit with such effect, that the devil, as if plucked off him by some mightier arm, fell between the bed and the wall. Upon this, Edmund sprang up, and becoming the assailant in his turn, took him by his horrible throat, and made him tell by what adjuration he was most annoyed, before he disappeared.

Such are the exploits and the virtues which are recorded of the Canon of Salisbury, who is said to have been the first person that taught Aristotle's logic at Oxford. Neither Canterbury nor Salisbury possessed any relics of this saint, in whom both churches might claim a part. The monastery of Pontigny, which from him was called St. Edmund's, was literally enriched by them, the offerings which were made at his shrine amounting, it is said, to more than four times the expense which the monks had incurred by entertaining him and his predecessors, Langton and Becket, during their exile. Salisbury Cathedral had, however, a respectable collection of relics, containing no less than two hundred and thirty-four specimens, arranged under the four classes of apostles, martyrs, confessors, and virgins. Among these treasures were the breast-bone of St. Eugenius, a jaw-bone of St. Stephen, a tooth of St. Macarius, a tooth of St. Anne, a toe of St. Mary Magdalene, and the identical chain with which St. Catharine bound the Devil! The church was so far completed in the course of thirty-eight years, that a grand festival was then held for its more solemn dedication; the expenses of the building up to that time are said to have amounted to 40,000 marks. About a century afterwards the spire is believed to have been added, when Robert de Wyvile was bishop, a prelate of whom this ugly character

racter has been transmitted to posterity, that it was hard to say whether he was more dunce or dwarf, more unlearned or unhandsome. While he held the see, a mandate was obtained from Edward III. for taking down the walls of the former cathedral at Old Sarum, and of the houses there which had belonged to the bishop and the chapter, that their materials might be applied, as the king's gift, to the improvement of the church at Salisbury.

Not only the spire but the two upper stories of the tower were added when these improvements were made. This was so bold an undertaking in the architect that nothing but success could justify it. Michael Angelo's conception of hanging in the air the dome of St. Peter's did not imply a stronger confidence in his own skill than was manifested in this ambitious design of raising one of the loftiest spires in the world upon a building where the foundations had already received the load which they were calculated to support. The old wall of the tower, though strong enough when it was the summit of the pile, was slight in relation to the weight which it was now to bear. Half its thickness was occupied by an open gallery, and moreover it was perforated by eight doors, eight windows, and a staircase at each of its four angles. For the purpose of strengthening it, the windows were filled up; an hundred and twelve additional supports were introduced into this part of the tower, exclusive of iron braces; and three hundred and eighty-seven superficial feet of new foundation were formed. It is presumed also that at this time the arches and counterarches were raised across the small transept. The difficulties were so evident and so great that it has been said they were 'enough to have frightened any man in his senses from pursuing so rash and dangerous an undertaking.' It has, however, withstood the storms and the sap of more than five centuries, and we are told that, if carefully inspected, it may remain twice five centuries to come. Two stories of the tower were evidently raised at the time when the spire was added. From the centre of the tower the spire rises; four of its sides (for it is octangular) resting on the walls of the tower, and four on arches raised at the angles. The wall of the tower is there five feet thick, two of which are occupied by the base of the spire, two by a passage round, and one by the parapet. The wall of the spire gradually diminishes till, at the height of about twenty feet, it is reduced to nine inches, of which thickness it continues to the summit.

It is a remark of Mr. Fosbroke's (we believe) that architects should be cautious how they raise ponderous additions to old buildings, for who can say that the original builders may not, in many places, have stopt short in despair of completing their designs with safety? The spire of Redcliff church was evidently left incomplete

incomplete because of such an apprehension. A steeple which Browne Willis had contributed to repair or to re-edify at Buckingham, fell down in little more than twenty years, and Pennant narrowly escaped being crushed in its ruins, having providentially gone out of the church just before it fell. The recent catastrophe at Fonthill is a nearer and more memorable example: there, as at Salisbury, there had been no intention of such a superstructure in the original design, and consequently no adequate foundation prepared for it; and, when that hasty elevation, which had been half hurried up by torchlight and midnight labour, as if to show what wonders could be performed by the wantonness of wealth, tottered to its fall, one might fancy that the Weathercock on the cathedral clapt his wings and crowed in honour of the old architect whose work, after the lapse of so many centuries, was standing in its beauty and its strength.

A settlement took place in this beautiful structure, it is believed, soon after its completion, at the western side, or rather in the piers, or clustered columns, under the north-western and south-western angles of the tower. Such methods as were deemed best have been employed at different times to counteract the danger. At the top of the parapet of the tower, the tower declines nine inches to the south, and more than three to the west; but, at the capstone of the spire, the declination is twenty-four inches and a half to the south, and sixteen and a quarter to the west. In such an elevation this is not perceptible to the most practised eye, the height being 404 feet, according to the most approved measurement. That of Strasburg is 456; that of Vienna, which exceeds all others, 463: but Salisbury is the loftiest stone building that has ever been raised in this island. The spire of old St. Paul's, which was 520 feet in height, was constructed mostly, if not entirely, of timber and lead. But in such edifices, a wooden spire or a wooden roof (as at York) detracts much, and not without good reason, from the general impression which the structure would otherwise produce. The beholder has no longer the same sense of munificence in the undertaking, grandeur in the conception, difficulty in the execution, and durability in the work. His admiration is abated: the truth which is expressed in a homely proverb concerning silk purses is exemplified upon a great scale, and the reflecting mind is made to feel that, where the impression of richness or of grandeur is intended, the materials must be such as not to disparage the work. Salisbury spire is the great work of human power which it appears to be, and therefore excites even more admiration in an instructed than in an ignorant mind. Mr. Britton, looking at it with a severer eye, says of it that, 'although it is an object of popular and scientific curiosity, it cannot properly

perly be regarded as beautiful or elegant, either in itself, or as a member of the edifice to which it belongs.' That the edifice might be complete without it is certain; but would Salisbury Cathedral be admired as it is; would it be so beautiful, so impressive an object, either in the near or in the distant view, if that 'silent finger pointing to the sky' were wanting? Whoever has seen it by moonlight, or in the silence of a clear morning, will not hesitate how to answer.

A small yearly sum, for the reparation of the spire, was bequeathed by Bishop Mitford in the succeeding reign. It was a weak reign, and, in proportion as the kings of England were weak, the papal authority exerted and strengthened itself: bishops whom their respective chapters had chosen, and the sovereign had approved, were set aside by the popes, and others by this foreign tyranny appointed in their stead. A case of this kind occurred at Salisbury under Richard II. Henry IV. was a prince whose pleasure carried with it more weight, and, in deference to his will, Robert Hallam, whom the Pope had named to the archbishopric of York, was placed at Salisbury instead. Of all the prelates who held that see before the Reformation, Hallam is the most distinguished. He was deputed to the Councils of Pisa and of Constance, and in both represented his country and maintained its character with ability and firmness in an occasion where both were called for. An odd dispute had arisen, whether the English were entitled to rank as a nation, and vote in the Council accordingly. An Aragonese ambassador started the objection, which was resented so warmly by the English prelates and ambassadors that the sitting became tumultuous, and the Spaniard found it prudent to withdraw. But the question was taken up by the Cardinal of Cambray, Pierre d'Aillai, who thought it for the honour and interest of France to disparage England. Upon an intimation that he meant to enter upon this subject in a sermon before the council, Hallam, through the Elector Palatine, required him to forbear from that topic in that place; of this Aillai complained as an insult upon the liberty of the council. The cardinal learnt also that some of the English suite, in case he persisted, were preparing to take part in the dispute with such sharp arguments as swords, daggers, arrows and bills. To avoid disturbance and danger, and yet maintain his objection, he was for referring it to the College of Cardinals; other members of the council, who had no concern in the issue, would have persuaded both parties to let the matter drop, as sure to interrupt and possibly to frustrate the object of the assembly; but the English properly insisted that the affair had been made too public now to be quietly past over,

over, and they would have it brought fairly and fully before the council.

The arguments on both sides were not a little curious. The French protested that they had not the slightest intention of offering any offence to England, having only in view the welfare and union of the church, the happy progress of the council, the general advantage of Christendom, and the particular interest of France. But it was most unfitting, they argued, that England should, on this occasion, vote as a fourth or fifth part of Christendom, thus making its voice equivalent to that of all Italy, or all France, or all Spain, or all Germany, each of which nations contained within it kingdoms and nations equipollent to England. When Benedict XII. divided the pope's obedience, as it was called, into four nations, he reckoned England with Germany as one. When the same pope divided Christendom into provinces, for the purpose of regulating the chapters of the Benedictines, he allowed in that division six provinces to France, and only two to England, to wit, those of York and Canterbury. Evidently, therefore, there was no justice in setting England upon a par with France, which surpassed it so far in the number of its provinces, cathedrals, bishoprics and archbishoprics, universities, and all other characters which distinguish a nation. It was contrary to justice, they maintained, that so small a part of Christendom should have a voice equal to France, much less to Germany, Italy and Spain; and they required either that England, renouncing her pretensions to be a separate nation, should be reckoned in subordinate connection with the German nation, or that the other nations should be subdivided into several, proportioned to the English, or that the council should vote not by nations, but by persons;—the mode for which the Popes and those who were opposed to any effectual reform in the church, always strenuously contended.

The English began their reply by premising that it was not their intention ever to refer a right so indisputable as theirs to arbitration; and that they answered merely to prevent ill-disposed persons from taking an advantage of the silence which they had hitherto observed for the sake of peace. The argument concerning the number of provinces they proved to be futile, showing that the distribution in question was made solely for the convenience of the prelates in their visitations, and for holding the chapter of the Benedictines. Then as to the antiquity and extent of their nation, they argued that Wales, Scotland, and Ireland ought to be accounted with England, just as Provence, Dauphiny, Savoy, Burgundy, Lorraine, and other provinces, which did not obey the king of France, were nevertheless included in the French nation. Eight kingdoms, they averred, were comprized in the English

English nation: England, Scotland, and Wales, composing Great Britain, were three; Ireland four; and for the four others they went to the Orkney Islands, which they said were sixty in number, evidently including under that appellation the Shetlands, as well as all the other Scotch islands, and the Isle of Man. Even in extent, they said, England, which extended 800 English miles from north to south, that is forty days' journey, exceeded France; and it contained 52,000 parish churches, whereas France had not above 6,000. As to the antiquity of their respective churches, the memorialist gave sufficient credit to both: for while he claimed Joseph of Arimathea for the first apostle of England, he allowed that Dionysius, the Areopagite, stood in the same relation to France. But England could boast the honour of having given birth to Constantine, the greatest benefactor of the church of Rome; England could boast its constant submission to that church, never from earliest times having been involved in any schism; and England enjoyed the privilege of having two perpetual legates *a latere*. One language only was spoken within the French dominions, and in the English, there were, besides its own, Scotch, Welsh, Cornish, Irish, and Gascon. But they rested, finally, upon an argument creditable to that moderation from which the English government has never departed in its conduct towards other nations. If it were deemed necessary, they said, for the purposes of the council that Christendom must be divided into four parts, a geographical division, according to the four quarters of the world, was the most commodious, as well as the most natural: in this the east should comprize Hungary, Bohemia, Poland, and Germany; the west, France and Spain; the north, England with its dependencies, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway; and the south, Italy, with those countries who were of the Pope's obedience, as the inhabitants of Candia and Cyprus. A fourfold division could not be made by languages, there being so many; nor by kingdoms for the same reason; and if four kingdoms were preferred, the distinction would be arrogant and ambitious, and must produce ill feelings, if not ill consequences. For themselves they would consent to any arrangement, provided no wrong were thereby done to any nation or kingdom, and that they voted by nations, not by persons, as those would have it to be who had neither the reformation, nor the peace and union of the church at heart.

The English carried their point in this dispute, having not only reason on their side, but the authority of the Emperor also, who was very much influenced by the Bishop of Salisbury. That prelate is said to have been his right hand in all the measures of reformation which he began and seriously intended, but which then,

then, as in earlier and later councils, were effectually baffled by the intrigues of papal policy. Hallam died shortly after this decision, and was buried in the cathedral of Constance with such honours as have seldom been paid to any one in a foreign land,—the Emperor, the princes, the cardinals, and all the clergy attending his funeral. If this English prelate was well qualified both by his ability and moderation for the service in which he was employed, the Castilians had among their representatives a person not less eminently endowed with another qualification, less episcopal indeed, but which he found occasion to display at the expense of one of the English ambassadors. The Englishman happened to be diminutive in stature, whereas the Spaniard, D. Diego de Anaya, bishop of Cuenca, was a person of great bodily strength, in whose hands a battle-axe would have seemed more appropriate than a crosier. These persons one day disputed at the council for precedency, high words ensued, and the bishop put an end to the contest by taking his adversary round the waist, carrying him like a child to the lower end of the church, and then throwing him into an open grave. Well pleased with what he had done, and yet not satisfied with it, as soon as he had returned to his place he said to his colleague, D. Martin Fernandes de Cordova, 'As a priest I have just committed the ambassador of England to the dust. See you to what remains as an hidalgo and a knight!' This bishop might have been characteristically employed in smiting the Moors for the love of charity; but as a person who was to partake the gift of infallibility, and receive his part of that inspiration by which the errors of the Christian church were to be rectified and its troubles composed, he seems to have been oddly chosen.

Bishop Hallam's mission to Constance is remarkable in literary history, inasmuch as the first dramatic piece which is known to have been exhibited in Germany, was represented under the direction of him and his colleagues, by the persons of their retinue, before the Emperor. It was a Mystery, comprizing the various events of the nativity, the arrival of the wise men of the East, and the massacre of the Innocents. This was fourscore years before Reuchlen's Latin imitation of the farce of Patheline, which has been supposed to be the first dramatic exhibition in Germany, was represented at Heidelberg.

William Aiscough, the third bishop in succession after Hallam, was one of the victims who perished in Jack Cade's insurrection. The populace at that time broke loose in many parts of the kingdom, and this prelate, then residing at Eddington in Wiltshire, was dragged from the high altar of that collegiate church when he was celebrating mass, and murdered. The cause

of his unpopularity is said to have been, that, being clerk of the council and confessor to the king, he was so much occupied about the court as to neglect his see. Lionel Woodville, his second successor, died more pitiably of a broken heart. This member of a conspicuous and unhappy family was brother to Edward the Fourth's queen, the most unfortunate in English history. His fortunes (being a churchman) were not overthrown in the wreck of that family, but he was unable to bear up against such repeated and cruel bereavements, and when Buckingham, who had married one of his sisters, was beheaded in the market-place at Salisbury, the bishop did not long survive the grief of this last affliction. His successor, Thomas Langton, was a man for whom it had been better if he had lived earlier or later, before the principles by which the Reformation was brought about began to work in this country, or after that great and happy change had been effected. For with a disposition to employ his wealth munificently and beneficially in adorning his churches, and in the encouragement of literature, we find him bearing a part, whether willingly or not, in the prevailing system of persecution. Allix, one of the many eminent men who have been beneficed in that cathedral, has preserved, from an old register, the abjuration of six persons 'greatly noted, defamed, and detected' for heretics in the diocese of Sarum, made before the bishop as their ordinary and judge, and the sentence which he past upon Augustine Stere, who appears to have been considered the most guilty. The said Augustine had said, that the church was made a synagogue and a house of merchandize, and that the priests were but scribes and pharisees, not profiting the Christian people, but deceiving them. He had denied that the very body of our Lord was in the wafer, and had, moreover, said that the priests might buy thirty such gods for one penny, and would not sell one of them under two-pence. Harry Bennet, another of these unlucky men, confessed that he had not stedfastly believed in the sacrament of the altar, and had justified his unbelief by this argument, that if there were three hosts in one pix, one of them having been consecrated, and the others not, a mouse would just as readily eat the transubstantiated wafer as those which were mere flour and water, which he thought the mouse could not possibly have done if the actual body of our Saviour had been there. Gage, the Dominican, tells us that an accident of this kind which he witnessed, led him first to doubt the truth of this monstrous doctrine, and, finally, to withdraw from the Romish church. The illustration, however, was commonly used among the early reformers, and afforded them an argument which it was easier to silence by faggot and fire, than to confute. He maintained also that those persons who spent their money in performing pilgrimages might

might have employed it better at home; that if a sinner repented heartily before God, he might be saved as well as if he had been shriven by a priest; and that as for the guidance which they could get from their priests, it was as if blind William Harper should be leading another blind man to Newbury,—they might both fall into the ditch.

These poor men, rather than be burnt alive for maintaining their opinions, (which was the alternative proposed to them,) confessed them to be contrary to the common doctrine and determination of the universal church; acknowledged themselves to have been learners and teachers of heresies, errors, opinions, and false doctrines, contrary to the Christian faith; and

'Forasmuch,' they were made to say, 'as it is so that the laws of the Church of Christ and holy canons of saints be grounded in mercy, and God wol not the death of a sinner, but that he be converted and live; and also the church closeth not her lap to him that wol return, we therefore, and every one of us, willing to be partiners of this foresaid mercy, forsake and renounce all these articles;—and now contrite and fully repenting them all,—judicially and solemnly them forsake, abjure, and wilfully renounce for evermore; and not only them, but all other heresies, errors, and damnable doctrines contrary to the determination of the universal church of Christ. Also that we shall never hereafter be to any such persons, or person, favorers, counsellors, maintainers, or of any such, privily or openly; but if we know any such hereafter, we and every one of us, shall denounce and disclose them to you Reverend Father in God, your successors, or officers of the same, or else to such persons of the church as hath jurisdiction on the persons so faulty, so help me God and all holy Evangels; submitting us, and every of us, openly, not coacte, but of our free will, to the pain, rigour, and sharpness of the law that a man relapsed ought to suffer in such case, if we, or any of us, ever do or hold contrary to this our abjuration in part, or the whole thereof.'

The record appears to have been imperfect, but it contains the sentence passed upon Augustine Stere *in parte pœnitentiæ suæ.* Bare-headed, bare-legged, and bare-footed, in his shirt, cloak, and linen drawers, he was to do penance with a faggot on his shoulder, and a firebrand in his hand, at Windsor, Reading, Newbury, Salisbury, Cerne, Milton, Abbotsbury, Abingdon, and Sherburne, on market-days and Sundays, when there was the greatest concourse of people, before whom he was to read his abjuration, after having been marched in procession, as a public spectacle, in this plight. Every day of his life he was to repeat the Pater-noster and Ave Maria five times, and the Creed once, before the crucifix kneeling; and he was never to go to Newbury, (the place of his former residence,) nor to any place within seven miles of it, without the bishop's license. This, it must be remembered, was part

only of his penance,—and this was the mercy of the Romish church.

A scene more painful to humanity, and yet more consolatory, was exhibited at Salisbury in the same reign, but whether it were under the same bishop is uncertain, the year not having been specified. Laurence Ghest was burnt alive in that city, after two years imprisonment, during which neither persuasions nor endeavours had been omitted for inducing him to profess that he believed as the church taught concerning transubstantiation. He is described as a tall and comely personage, having a wife and seven children, and not unfriended. His wife and children were brought to him at the stake that they might urge him to abjure his opinions, and preserve his life. In that case he must have been branded in the cheek, and have worn a faggot worked in his coat, to be a mark of infamy and suspicion as long as he lived; but even this alternative, his poor miserable wife, having the immediate prospect of seeing him suffer such a death before her eyes, intreated him to accept. He, however, 'being firm in his purpose as in his faith, exhorted her to patience, and besought her not to be a block in his way, for he was in a good course, running toward the mark of his salvation;' and in that resolution he accomplished his sacrifice in the flames, bearing testimony to the truth. Well may our fine old church historian exhort us, when he winds up the story of our martyrs, 'that we glorify God who had given such power unto men, in and for their patience; that we praise God that true doctrine at this day may be professed at an easier rate than in their age; and that we defend that doctrine which they sealed with their lives, and as occasion may be offered, vindicate and assert their memories from such scandalous tongues and pens as shall traduce them.'

While this martyr was in the flames, one of the bishop's men, in that ferocious spirit which such spectacles were sure to produce or foster in those who thought the punishment not more than the crime of heresy demanded, threw a firebrand at his face. The brother of the sufferer was present, and with his dagger would have killed the ruffian upon the spot, if he had not been withheld by others of the spectators. There are no subjects which could be treated with surer or finer effect by a painter, than those which the history of our own martyrs may supply,—none which could affect the heart more deeply, without bringing forward any of those revolting horrors, which neither the painter nor the poet who understands the true principles and scope of their respective arts will ever present to the eye or offer to the imagination. All that ought to be expressed, all that the most ambitious genius could hope to express, might be found in the situation of the martyr himself

himself at the scene of his suffering and his triumph; of the friends and relatives, some of whom are there to confirm, and some in the miserable hope of shaking his purpose,—the spectators who are assembled either to have their secret faith confirmed, or their inhuman spirit of bigotry gratified by the sight; the official attendants, some of whom unwillingly perform their office, while their hearts belie the composure which they must needs assume; and lastly those who, though bearing an inferior part in the day's tragedy, are yet deserving of most pity, the unhappy persons who are brought there to bear a faggot, to be branded on the cheek, and to witness the perseverance, the agony, and the triumph of their fellow believers, whose frame of mind they envy, though they have not strength enough of body and of spirit to encounter the same terrible fate.

The persecution in Henry the Seventh's reign, and during the first years of his son's, served only to extend the opinions which it was designed to extinguish, and to hold forth the martyrs of that age as burning and shining lights to the next generation during the fiery trial through which the fathers and founders of our church were called upon to pass. The diocese of Sarum appears not to have been the scene of any such tragedies after Ghest's martyrdom till the Marian persecution. During ten of the intermediate years the see was held by Cardinal Campeggio, one of those persons who, without acting any important part in history, hold a conspicuous place in it, by the accident of being employed in great and influential transactions. His reception, when he arrived in England for the first time as legate, is described by Wolsey in a letter, of which part only has been preserved. No visitor was ever received in a foreign country with greater honours. At Sandwich where he landed, he was met by the Bishop of Chichester and the nobles, knights, and gentlemen of Kent, and by them escorted to Canterbury *miro ornatu, splendore incredibili, summâque cum celeritate et pompâ.* There the archbishop, the bishop of Rochester, and the abbot of St. Augustine's received him in the cathedral, and having sprinkled him with holy water, and fumigated him with incense, conducted him to the apartments prepared for him and his suite, where he remained two days, the chief persons of the country waiting on him, and bringing him presents. Some five hundred horse accompanied him to Sittingbourne, where they dined, after which they proceeded to the Abbey of the Holy Cross, and were there entertained for the night, the whole costs on the road being provided by Wolsey. The next day they found a splendid dinner ready for them at Rochester; after which the archbishop took them to one of his seats at a place called Hetford. There their train being increased to about a thousand horsemen, including many

persons of high rank, they proceeded toward London, and being met on Blackheath by the Bishop of Ely and the foreign ambassadors, were conducted to the king's Golden Tent, which had been pitched for this occasion about two miles from London. The first persons of the realm were waiting them there; and the legate then put on his pontificals, that his entrance might be made in due form. From St. George's to London-bridge the road was lined on either side by all the monks and friars of the metropolis and the adjacent parts, and a great multitude of secular clergy; the latter were in their richest vestments; no fewer than sixty crosses of gold or silver were displayed in the ranks as so many standards: they received him singing hymns *propemodum divino ex more,* and, reverencing him as he passed, fumigated him with frankincense, and sprinkled him with holy water. There were four thousand horsemen in his train, and the procession extended two miles in length. At the foot of London-bridge two prelates awaited him in their pontificals, and presented him some relics to kiss, and such salutes were then fired, *ut multi aërem ipsum ruiturum opinarentur.* With such honours Cardinal Campeggio made his first entrance into this kingdom, where his second coming was, in its consequence, to deprive him of his bishopric, and bring about our deliverance from the bondage of Papal superstition and priestcraft.

Shaxton was his successor, and the most honourable hour of his life was that in which he resigned the see rather than subscribe the law of the Six Articles—happy if his after-conduct had corresponded to this magnanimous and virtuous action. John Capon was then translated to Salisbury from Bangor, a time-serving and unprincipled man, who qualified himself for this promotion by assenting to those bloody articles; held it by conforming to, and feigning to approve the principles of the Reformation under Edward VI.;—and continued to hold it by becoming an actor in the Marian persecution. He sat in judgement upon Hooper; and at Newbury, says Fuller, 'he sent three martyrs to heaven in the same chariot of fire.' One of these was Julius Palmer, who having been so zealous a Romanist, that he incurred expulsion from Magdalen College in Edward's reign, was so impressed by witnessing the death of Latimer and Ridley, that he began to search the Scriptures in order to ascertain the ground of that faith for which they had been content to suffer; and the result of that search was that he acknowledged the truth, and bore witness to it in the same manner. Capon's chancellor, Dr. Geffery, was more violent in carrying on the persecution than the prelate himself. It is said that he did not wait for the legal niceties of calling in the aid of the secular arm, but, when the

the point of heresy was proved, hurried his victims at once to the stake. This man was cut off by sudden death the very day before that on which he had appointed more than ninety persons to be examined by inquisition.

Upon Capon's death there was a contest between the pope and the queen concerning the next presentation. It was terminated by the happiest event for these kingdoms which it ever pleased God to dispense to them in his mercy, the death of Mary; an event of such transcendant importance to the Protestants, that it is recorded one man died of joy at the tidings, and another, being desperately diseased, was instantaneously restored to health. Elizabeth never made a worthier promotion than when she appointed Jewell to the vacant see. This excellent person had been qualified for such a station in such times, as well by the circumstances of his life, as by severe and methodized studies from his youth up. Parkhurst (afterwards Bishop of Norwich) whose portionist and pupil he was at Merton College, said of him at an early age, 'Surely Paul's Cross will one day ring of this boy!' It was his custom to begin his studies at four in the morning, and continue them till ten at night; his very recreations being studious, and his mind of that strength that it could bear continual tension, without losing its elasticity. His collections from what he read were digested so methodically, that the stores of his knowledge were always at command, but they were written in a short-hand of his own invention, which rendered them useless to others after his death; he had also, by some self-devised system of mnemonics, assisted his memory, which was by nature strong. 'Whosoever,' says Fuller, 'seriously considereth the high parts Mr. Jewell had in himself, and the high opinion others had of him, will conclude his fall necessary for his humiliation.' Jewell had shrunk from martyrdom; but when he had escaped beyond sea to a place of safety, he did not shrink from publicly confessing his contrition for having, in a moment of human infirmity, signed the Popish articles; he pronounced his recantation in the pulpit at Frankfort, and saying, 'it was my abject and cowardly mind and my faint heart, that made my weak hand to commit this wickedness,' he asked pardon of God and of his church.

On Jewell's return to his own country, after the accession of Elizabeth, he was appointed one of the commissioners whom the queen sent into different dioceses to root out superstition, and plant the religion of the Gospel in its stead. When the commission was discharged, he accepted, not without much reluctance, the see of Salisbury, often saying in the words of the Apostle—'he who desireth a bishopric desireth a work.' A work, indeed, he made it, and literally spent his life in its per-

formance. His persecuting predecessor had so impoverished the see, that there was scarcely a living left to it sufficient for the maintenance of a learned man. 'The Capon,' he used to say, 'has devoured all.' To supply the want of able ministers thus occasioned, he travelled through his diocese, preaching in all parts, with exertions greater than his constitution could support. This service was needful in those times; but it was only when Jewell addressed all Christendom from his study, that his great abilities and sound learning were adequately employed. Not Paul's Cross alone, according to the prediction of Parkhurst, who lived to see his prediction verified, but all Europe also, rang from side to side, with the challenge which he delivered at that Cross in his famous sermon, calling upon the Romanists to produce any evidence that the Romish doctrine concerning the mass and the monstrous superstition connected therewith, were known during the first six hundred years of the church. That challenge was accepted, but to the utter discomfiture of his opponents: and at this very day the champions of our church may find weapons of proof ready for their use in Jewell's armoury.

When this great man was dying, he called his household about his bed, and said to them—confessing then a second time that strength had failed him in the hour of trial—'It was my prayer always unto Almighty God, since I had any understanding, that I might honour his name with the sacrifice of my flesh, and confirm his truth with the oblation of this my body unto death, in defence thereof; which, seeing he hath not favoured me in this, yet I somewhat rejoice and solace myself, that it is worn away and exhausted in the labours of my holy calling.' Speaking too, at that solemn hour, of his works, he said, 'I have contended in my writings, not to detract from the credit of my adversary, nor to patronize any error (to my knowledge), nor to gain the vain applause of the world; but according to my poor abilities, to do my best service to God and his church.' He had not completed his fiftieth year, but when his attendant, praying in the last hour beside his bed, came to the words 'Cast me not away in the time of age,' he made this application to himself; 'he is an old man, he is truly grey-headed, and his strength faileth him who lieth on his death-bed.' The 'comprehensive elegy' upon Jewell in Abel Redivivus has been erroneously ascribed to Fuller; the compiler, and in part only, the author of that volume. Some of the poetry, he tells us, was written by Quarles, and indeed these verses bear his stamp.

'Holy learning, sacred arts,
Gifts of nature, strength of parts,

Fluent

Fluent grace, an humble mind,
Worth reform'd, and wit refin'd;
Sweetness both in tongue and pen,
Insight both in books and men,
Hopes in woe and fears in weal,
Humble knowledge, sprightly zeal,
A liberal heart and free from gall,
Close to friend and true to all,
Height of courage in Truth's duel,
Are the stones that made this Jewel.
Let him that would be truly blest
Wear this Jewel in his breast.'

But Fuller has, in another work, not less characteristically, pronounced his eulogy in prose: 'So devout in the pew where he prayed; diligent in the pulpit where he preached; grave on the bench where he assisted; mild in the consistory where he judged; pleasant at the table where he fed; patient in the bed where he died; that well it were if in relation to him *secundum usum Sarum* were made precedential to all posterity.' But the Romanists, with their wonted charity and their wonted truth, reported that the eloquence and power of argument which he had used to the bane of so many souls, was derived from a familiar devil, whom he kept in the shape of a favourite cat! What a contrast does the life of Jewell afford to that of St. Edmund!

The Church of England is beholden to Jewell, not for his own works alone, which were of such excellent service in his own time, but for that great work of Hooker also, which is for all ages. Hooker must have been apprenticed to some poor trade, if Jewell had not allowed a pension for his maintenance and education seven years before he was qualified for the university, and then placed and contributed to support him there. Few of our readers can be unacquainted with the instance of his playful and fatherly kindness to 'good Richard,' as he called him, which is so beautifully told by Izaak Walton, and which, to those who understand what these men were, and what the debt we owe to them, is perhaps the most touching recollection connected with Salisbury Cathedral;—

'More sweet than odours caught by him who sails
Near spicy shores of Araby the blest,
A thousand times more exquisitely sweet,
The freight of holy feeling which we meet
In thoughtful moments, wafted by the gales
From fields where good men walk, or bowers wherein they rest.'

Hooker was not the only object of this proper episcopal bounty. Bishop Jewell maintained several students at the university; and had, moreover, always in his house some six or more boys taken from

from humble life for their promising parts and good dispositions, to be brought up in learning. He foresaw too surely what consequences must result from the impoverishment of the church, and the consequent ignorance of the clergy, and in his own person did all that an individual could do, both by precept and example, toward averting the evil.

It would have been fortunate for Hooker if Jewell's life had been prolonged to a good old age, and it had been fortunate for the see also, which was grievously injured during Elizabeth's reign, when, through her favour, Sir Walter Raleigh despoiled it of the castle, park, and parsonage of Sherbourne; a transaction of which that remarkable person had the sin and the shame without ever enjoying what he had so unworthily obtained. 'He got it,' says Sir John Harrington, 'with much labour and travail, and cost, and envy, and obloquy, to him and his heirs, *habendum et tenendum*—but ere it came to *gaudendum*, see what became of him!' Bishop Coldwell, who consented to this spoliation, is called by his contemporaries 'the second party delinquent in this plain sacrilege,' and seems to have been tempted to such betrayal of his trust by habits of reckless expenditure, no bishop of Sarum having died so notoriously in debt. His friends even buried him 'suddenly and secretly,' *sine lux, sine crux, sine clerico*, as the old by-word is, 'lest his body should be arrested.' The alienation was confirmed by his successor Bishop Cotton, who is excused because he must otherwise have incurred the evil of a tedious suit against a powerful enemy. He was remarkable for having nineteen children by one wife, whose name was Patience—upon which Harrington takes occasion to say, 'the name I have heard in few wives, the quality in none.'

Fuller has not stated which bishop of Salisbury it was, who, when he held the small living of Hogginton, had to deal with 'a peremptory anabaptist.' This stiff personage said to him, 'it goes against my conscience to pay you tithes, except you can show me a place of scripture whereby they are due to you.' The doctor returned, 'why should it not go as much against my conscience that you should enjoy your nine parts, for which you can show no place of scripture?' To whom the other rejoined, 'But I have for my land deeds and evidences from my fathers, who purchased, and were peaceably possessed thereof, by the laws of the land.' 'The same is my title,' said the doctor, 'being confirmed unto me by many statutes of the land, time out of mind.' 'Thus he drove that nail, which was not of the strongest metal, or sharpest point, but which would go best for the present.' It was *argumentum ad hominem* fittest for the person he was to meddle with, who afterwards peaceably paid his tithes unto him.' This may

may probably have been Bishop Davenant, who was a Cambridge man, and was raised to that see on his return from the synod of Dort. Davenant left to his college a rent-charge of thirty-one pounds ten shillings, for the founding of two Bible clubs, and to purchase books for the use of the college.

During the calamitous years of the Great Rebellion the see was held by Duppa, who proved himself alike worthy of his station in prosperous and in adverse times. Among the many legacies which he bequeathed for charitable and religious purposes, was one of £500 to be expended in the repair of Salisbury Cathedral. The sum appears to have been ill-spent in what Mr. Britton notices as some 'material but not very tasteful alterations' in the choir. There was no want of munificence in the bishops of that age. During the short time that Exeter was held by the villainous Gauden, he, in his impatience to be translated to a richer see, left both the Bishop's Palace and the Cathedral as he found them; the former in possession of a sugar-baker, and 'put to the sweet use' of that trade; the latter divided between the Presbyterians and Independents, and disfigured in the manner of a Scotch cathedral. And there were shops in it! That base impostor was not permitted to enjoy the fruits of his wickedness. Soon after his departure the leases fell in unexpectedly, (for he had complained 'that neither rent nor fine were expectable for a long time in any such proportion as could support him;') and his successor, Seth Ward, from the funds which were thus at his disposal, expended nearly £25,000 upon the cathedral. Bishop Ward carried with him the same spirit when he was removed to Salisbury. There he employed Sir Christopher Wren to survey the cathedral, and repaired both it and the palace at his own expense. There too he built and endowed his College of Matrons, for the support of ten clergymen's widows. A college he named it, and used to express his dislike if at any time he heard it called an hospital; for, said he, 'many of these persons are well descended, and have lived in good reputation. I would not have it said of them that they were reduced to an hospital, but retired to a college, which has a more honourable sound.' There was the grace as well as the virtue of charity in this—qualities which man has too often put asunder, when they never ought to be divorced.

Ward just lived till the Revolution. Of the bishops who have held the see since that epoch, it is sufficient to mention Burnet, Hoadley, Sherlock and Douglas, as names which must always be conspicuous in the history of the English church, and in English literature. To these the name of Burgess may now be added. It has been our fortune to differ in opinion from this exemplary prelate upon certain disputed points of criticism; but with far greater satisfaction

satisfaction do we bear testimony to his erudition, his beneficence, and that regard to the interests of his diocese, which will long be remembered and felt in the diocese of St. David's. The records of every English cathedral are not less rich in the names of men, who having ably and well discharged their duties while they lived, have in like manner left their works and their example to posterity—a reflection of which Englishmen might well be proud, if gratitude were not the emotion which we ought to feel toward that Providence under which the Church of England has been cleared of Romish superstitions, and delivered from Romish tyranny; raised from its ruins when it had been overthrown by sectarian madness; and from that time upheld in peace, to the blessing of these kingdoms.

Concerning the alterations in Salisbury Cathedral, which were made when the late excellent Bishop of Durham held that see, and which called forth so much discussion some thirty years ago, Mr. Britton has rather intimated than expressed his opinion. This good has arisen from the injury which was done there, that in subsequent undertakings of the same kind, the architect has come to his work with greater respect for the structures upon which he was employed, and a mind more embued with the principles of Gothic architecture. A beautiful example of this may be seen at Winchester, where every thing that has been done is consonant to the character of the building. Nevertheless it should seem that these *national* monuments, for such pre-eminently they are, ought, as such, to be under *national* superintendence. Most of them have funds for keeping them in repair; there is now little danger that these funds should be diverted from their proper purpose, (as they sometimes have been in former times,) nor that, when directed to the use for which they were appropriated, they should be injudiciously and injuriously applied. But these funds do not exist in every instance, nor are they always adequate to the required expenditure; and moreover there are other churches, originally of the same class, which when they lost their rank, were despoiled of their revenues also, and which are now suffering from time so greatly, that if their decay remain much longer unremedied, it must become irremediable. There is Hexham, for example, which for our own honour, as well as in becoming respect to our forefathers, ought to be preserved, while it is yet possible to preserve it. May we not then venture to suggest that these monuments of elder piety and of surpassing art, have a claim upon that national liberality which, not with the assent merely, but with the approbation of all parties in the state, has of late years most worthily been displayed in enriching our national collections with those treasures which it becomes a great nation

nation to possess? and that government would consult the interest, and deserve the thanks of future ages, by appointing a commission to examine into the state of these national edifices, with the view of taking adequate measures for preserving what no expenditure could possibly replace?

There is one class of men, indeed, by whom any such measures would be opposed; and the temper and the capacity of that class have been admirably illustrated by Berkeley, when he represents himself as walking in St. Paul's, and meditating on the analogy between the building itself and the Christian church in its largest sense.

'The divine order and economy of the one,' he says, 'seemed to be emblematically set forth by the just, plain, and majestic architecture of the other. And as the one consists of a great variety of parts united in the same regular design, according to the truest art and most exact proportion; so the other contains a decent subordination of members, various sacred institutions, sublime doctrines, and solid precepts of morality digested into the same design, and with an admirable concurrence tending to one view—the happiness and exaltation of human nature. In the midst of my contemplation, I beheld a fly upon one of the pillars; and it straightway came into my head, that the same fly was a free-thinker; for it required some comprehension in the eye of the spectator, to take in at one view the various parts of the building, in order to observe their symmetry and design. But to the fly, whose prospect was confined to a little part of one of the stones of a single pillar, the joint beauty of the whole, or the distinct use of its parts, were inconspicuous; and nothing could appear but small inequalities on the surface of the hewn stone, which in the view of that insect seemed so many deformed rocks and precipices.'

It was said by a man of genius, that Westminster Abbey is part of the constitution. We cannot conclude better than by leaving the reader to reflect upon the serious truth which is conveyed in that lively expression.

ART. II.—*Lives of the Novelists.* By Sir Walter Scott. 2 vols. 12mo. Paris, Galignani. 1825.

A FEW years ago there appeared at Edinburgh ten volumes in succession of a collection entitled Ballantyne's Novelists' Library, to which Sir Walter Scott supplied prefatory memoirs of the various authors whose works the publication included. The book had the additional recommendations of handsome type and paper, and careful printing—yet it does not seem to have met with success; at least we are at a loss to account otherwise for its sudden suspension, in a state of obvious incompleteness. In the meantime, Mr. Galignani has taken the liberty to detach Sir

Sir Walter's Memoirs from the bulky tomes in which they lay buried; and we hope our notice of his publication may induce those of whose property he has availed himself to imitate the shrewdness of his example. These essays are among the most agreeable specimens of biographical composition we are acquainted with: they contain a large assemblage of manly and sagacious remarks on human life and manners—and much ingenious criticism besides; and, thus presented in a compact form, must be considered as throwing a new and strong light upon a department of English literature, perhaps the most peculiar, certainly the most popular, and yet, we cannot help thinking, among the least studied of all that we possess.

It is acknowledged on all sides that the novel is the only *form* of composition to which modern invention can lay any claim; and as it has every appearance of being as natural a form as any that exists, it is no wonder that much speculation should have been expended on the causes of its remaining, to all intents and purposes, untouched by those who carried the drama on the one hand, and history on the other, to their classical perfection. It has been maintained by more than one ingenious writer that, in point of fact, the manners of antiquity did not present a field for this kind of delineation at all comparable to that which social life, as existing in modern times, supplies; that the division of the population into freemen and slaves necessarily abridged, in a miserable manner, the range and extent of social sympathies—and that the all but oriental separation of the sexes in the intercourse of higher life implied an if possible still more unhappy defect of humanizing interest. That these circumstances must have exerted a great and a most unfavourable influence on the whole being and form of ancient society there can be no question: but we must be excused for doubting whether any such influences ever did or could operate to the extent that has been assumed. We have the poets, the historians, the philosophers of antiquity before us; the fragments of its art are still the wonders of the world: and the influence of its intellect is stamped in indelible traces on every European language, and on every system of jurisprudence that has as yet been applied to the regulation of the most ordinary transactions of social life among any civilized people. It would be difficult, we suspect, to find any thorough-bred civilian who would not smile to hear it maintained that a Fielding or a Le Sage could have been at any loss for materials amidst a society so exquisitely refined and complicated as the recorded decisions of the old Roman lawyers imply. But it is not necessary to call in special authority. Artificial institutions, however ill devised, still leave us men and women, parents and children, lovers and friends, servants

servants and masters, mutually dependent and depending, conscious of the dignity of our nature and the excellence of virtue, subject to the temptations of sense and the tyranny of passion. In every age, at all events among every civilized people, the great elements of social interest must have been the same. A man was not the less your valet because he happened to be born your *verna*. You might make what regulations you pleased as to the order of processions, and the benches of theatres; but what lawgiver ever hit upon a plan that could assure domestic tranquillity to the husband of a Xantippe, or prevent an Arria from dying with her Pætus? It appears to us, in truth, to be somewhat strange to talk about *slavery* as blotting three parts of a population out of the map of manners, when we know that that condition of human life was capable of embracing at once a Dromio and the Terence who drew him; and, much as modern woman owes to Gothic chivalry and the religion of the Bible, we must still ask what charm of female character remained entirely destitute of homage among nations that appreciated the amatory delicacy of the Anthologies, the filial piety of an Antigone, the conjugal devotion of an Alcestis, the majestic sorrows of an Andromache? It is much to be regretted that we have no ancient novels:—but surely it is a strange vanity which leads us to decide that the materials for any form of imaginative composition could have been a-wanting among communities who were unquestionably familiar with the highest displays of human intellect in every walk of art and science, and with the exhibition of human character under every light and shade which could result from the conflicting influence of principle and passion on every possible variety of temperament and constitution.

Who, to take an example, can read Horace, and doubt that Horace might have written a novel? It can scarcely be doubted that Quintus Horatius Flaccus had uncles and aunts and cousins enough among the slaves, from which class of the population his family had so recently emerged. He rose by his own talents to the very highest society—he had seen mankind and womankind in every degree—in the cottage and the palace, and in every intervening order of human habitation. He had enjoyed the humours of inns, and, whether he enjoyed them or not, he had witnessed all the incidents of a campaign, at least as varied, and as interesting, we should fancy, as that which terminated in Culloden:—he was the companion of statesmen whose characters and manners may have been as picturesque, we suppose, as those of Olivarez or Lerma, or Buckingham or Chatham: nor can we be persuaded that the intrigues of the Ovids and the Julias had nothing entertaining in them, or that the author of Peregrine Pickle could

could have supped with Novidienus, and found no use for his tables. The scattered members of the novelist are found everywhere among the writers of antiquity; and the Journey to Brundusium *in esse*, is proof enough that the expedition of a Roman Humphry Clinker might have been. Why might not the Sabine farm-house have been described as minutely as Pliny's grand villa, and yet as lightly as the pavilions of Lirias? or why should the complete and satisfactory, though untechnical description of such a scene of retirement have been devoid of luxury to the reader, who had, after a couple of volumes of the Suburra and the Via Sacra, been compelled to feel as if he had, in good earnest,

> ' — heard the imperial city's din
> Beat on his satiate ear' ?

If we look for excitements of a darker kind, we cannot see why the Jews and Chaldeans of the Roman suburbs might not have been made as imposing as any Gipsies of our acquaintance; or why Canidia herself might not have presented as picturesque a full-length as Meg Merrilies. As for robbers and murderers and their caves, both Le Sage and Smollett have, as it is, taken their best pieces of that sort from Lucian; and indeed both this last writer, and the author, whoever he was, that passes under the name of Petronius, have in many places approached so closely the strain and tone of the most popular modern novelists, that we wonder at, scarcely less than we regret, the fact of their having missed the full career of a path which was so near them, and which, if they had once hit on it, must have been found so admirably adapted for the display of their peculiar talents.

It is a very common trait of human vanity to argue that because a thing was not, it could not have been. At what period are we to fix the commencement of the novel *in posse*? What mere theory can account for our having no English *novel* of the æra of the Canterbury Tales? Why should it have been impossible for a contemporary of Froissart to compose an admirable novel? Why should the country of Shakspeare have been without such a work, while he and Cervantes died on the same day? Was it impossible to introduce Mrs. Quickly in the same *form* of composition with Mrs. Towouse? Might not Justice Shallow's great chamber have been the scene of as many adventures as Squire Western's hall?—Might not Sir Hugh Evans or Holofernes have figured through books and chapters as nobly as Mr. Abraham Adams or Mr. Thwackum? Would Beatrice have been an insipid heroine in comparison with Sophia Western? Or must Autolycus have lost all his humour by figuring under a plain English name and surname at some Warwickshire wake? We beg leave, in public-dinner phrase, ' to deprecate the idea.'

We

We suspect, then, that the question why the moderns have and the ancients had not this form of composition, is not to be answered by any investigation as to the character of the materials respectively presented by ancient and by modern society and modes of life. Wherever the materials of a good tragedy or a good comedy or a good satire have been found, there also, we must continue to think, the materials of a good romance or novel might have been discovered. In a word, we apprehend, that the question is to be solved by reference, not at all to the materials made use of, but to certain circumstances in the situation of those to whom the product was to be addressed. Antique life, we have no doubt, afforded abundant matter for the pen of the novelist; but we have many doubts whether there was any antique public that would have adequately rewarded its exertions. The novel could not, we apprehend, have had a fair chance in those times in opposition to the drama.

The old Greeks, as a people, could not read, nor, if they could, was it possible to supply them, as a people, with books. The elements of their narrative and lyric poetry, therefore, were gradually blended together in a form of composition, which, in addition to the original accompaniments of music and dance, admitted those of action and spectacle; and with this, elaborated into perfection by consummate art and genius, the lively, the essentially southern imagination of a people whose talent was prodigiously superior to their knowledge, was abundantly satisfied. The Romans borrowed not only the form but the substance of their drama from the Greeks; and to little purpose, for the character of the people was essentially military; and the display of martial skill, the pomp of warlike processions, and, above all, the horrible interest of actual combats between man and beast, and man and man, seem to have left little room in the popular affections for the milder and more elegant excitements of dramatic art, even had the political circumstances of the country been as favourable as, in the only times when poetical art flourished in any shape, they were otherwise—to the theatrical display of the heroic characters and events of the national history on the one hand, or the free *coram populo* exposure of actual national manners on the other. The histrionic profession was, with one or two exceptions, the badge of general contempt; and mere dancers and singers divided the applause, even of the most luxurious times, with charioteers and gladiators. The Romans adopted the dramatic form, therefore, in vain; and, having little turn for invention in such matters, they created no form of their own to supply the want of a national drama.

The modern nations set out, like their predecessors, with a

literature of songs and ballads; but the wealth of their early ages being spent either in camps or in the country, and not, generally speaking, in great cities, the minstrel, as rude curiosity advanced towards refinement and fastidiousness, became a *conteur*—a *romancer*—instead of rising, as the Greek rhapsodist had done, into a dramatist. He had to wander singly from abbey to abbey, from castle to castle—instead of devoting himself with 'all appliances and means to boot' to the concentrated intelligence of a people in a capital. Thus, by degrees, the original heroic ballad passed into the prose romance of chivalry, while the brief and ludicrous strain of the *Trouveur* was refined into the *novel* of the Italians. In this state Cervantes found the imaginative prose of Europe. His genius blended the elements together, and thus ennobled, rather than invented, a form of composition, which has since, in all essential particulars, remained unchanged,—and which appears to have, in these later times, achieved a decided triumph of popularity over the dramatic form which our ancestors borrowed, directly or indirectly, from the literature of the Greeks.

There are few things in literary history more remarkable than the rapidity with which the modern drama attained its highest excellence, not in one country of Europe, but in every country where it can be said to have at all approached perfection. Cervantes witnessed, in his own youth, the *curta supellex* and barbarous farces which he lived to see supplanted by the dramas of Lope de Vega; and but a few years intervened between his death and the production of the masterpieces of Calderon. A transition quite as sudden carried the French from their monkish Mysteries to Corneille and Molière; and here, at home, how few are the steps from Gammar Gurton's Needle to Romeo and Juliet! The literature of Germany stands by itself in nothing more strikingly than its history; but as to this department, the general rule is exemplified in it also; for the first of its dramatic names remain the greatest too.

How happens it, that the decline of the drama, as a popular form of composition, has been scarcely less rapid—certainly not a whit less marked—than its early progress had been? How happens it, that, after the lapse of two centuries, the Spaniards still speak of nobody but Lope and Calderon—that the French with difficulty recognise even Voltaire as entitled to be placed by the side of the three great dramatists of the age of Louis XIV.—and that we, though our imaginative literature has produced in the interim so many illustrious writers, scarcely dream, when the English drama is mentioned, of any names but those of Shakspeare, Jonson, and their immediate followers; if, indeed, it may not be

be said that Shakspeare is to the English people, as a people, at this moment himself alone the English drama?

The answer, we apprehend, must be found, chiefly, in the simple fact, that the drama is a form of composition originally intended and adapted for a state of society in which *reading* is not a general accomplishment of the *people*. It demands brevity of expression and concentration of parts, as among its first requisites; it trusts much to the aid of apparatus; and much more to the ready imaginations of persons excited during a brief space by external stimulants; and, although it has been fortunate enough to be the vehicle of the very highest genius, and also of the very highest art that the annals of poetry have to display, it seems impossible not to admit, that it hopes in vain to advance in power and popularity along with the growing intelligence of the people at large. The dramatic masterpieces of Greece herself were all produced within the limits of almost a single age; and that by no means the age in which there was the greatest number of Greek readers in the world.

The truth is, that reading is a source of entertainment which, out of the actual business of individual life, has no rival to fear. No one, that has formed any intellectual habits at all, can dance, or sing, or look on dancers, or listen to singing for many hours on end—nor is there any cultivated audience in the world that would not, if the matter were put to a fair and honest vote, acknowledge that three hours of the best acted play are enough. But how rare a thing must a well acted play have at all times been? We much doubt if there ever was a theatrical performance to which really intelligent persons could attend throughout, without deriving from the exhibition almost as much of pain as of pleasure; most assuredly we have witnessed none such in our own times. Highly educated minds, thoroughly acquainted with the masterpieces of dramatic art by means of *reading*, do indeed acquire the tact of conducting themselves at the play very much as they do at the opera; that is, of attending to the Kemble, Young, or Kean, who happens to have a part in the piece—for how seldom does it occur that more than one really good performer figures on the same occasion?—and thinking of any thing rather than the stage before them, when the solitary star happens not to illuminate its boards. But this compromise is only for those who have leisure to be luxurious; and luxury is, we fear, seldom indulged in long without the approaches of indifference. Those, on the other hand, who do not see plays continually, are, however well educated, unable to withdraw themselves without a strong effort from the exhibition which tortures while it fascinates. They are the slaves of the eye and the ear; the glare and the noise compel

attention; and the unhappy spectator, so far from being able to admire the Othello without thinking at all of the dowdy Desdemona or dismal Iago who holds colloquy with him, *must* be disgusted with a fixed observation of these subordinates, even when they have the stage to themselves and their wooden kindred. Of the numberless intelligent admirers of Shakspeare now in England, how small a proportion have ever seen a single play of his even tolerably performed! But what must be said as to the classes for whose use the press teems, year after year, with myriads of copies of his works, collected and singly—so cheap, that Macbeth costs less than the Babes in the Wood would have done half a century ago, and yet executed with an accuracy and even an elegance that might satisfy the most critical eye! We are now a nation of readers—much more so than any other people in Europe—and that, we strongly suspect, is the principal reason why the theatre is more neglected among us than any where else. We read Shakspeare; we stare at Aladdin, or laugh at Paul Pry, but we have no new dramas—and every year a whole library of new novels and romances.

The business of painting our manners and lashing our vices has been truly in the hands of our novelists ever since Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne produced their strong and graphic delineations. These men were to their own times what Jonson and his brother moralists had been to a preceding age, and what the Wycherleys and Vanburghs had not been to another. They have been succeeded by a long line of writers in the same walk, vastly inferior for the most part to them in genius, but exerting infinitely greater power each over his own day, than any dramatist that has appeared among us within the period, if we except the brilliant usurpation of Foote, the *hundred days* of the dramatized lampoon. Even when the same writer has tried both walks with success, it is easy to see in which success has been best rewarded. What is the Good-natured Man to the Vicar of Wakefield?—Not very much more than Tom Thumb is to Tom Jones.

From the appearance of Gil Blas downwards, in like manner, though the spectacle has always been a favourite amusement in Paris, the manners and the mind of the French people through all their various changes, their intrigues, their enthusiasm, their profligacy, their devotion, their infidelity, and their reviving fanaticism, all have been depicted by their novelists to infinitely more purpose and effect than by their dramatists. The imaginative works that have *most* powerfully reflected, *most* powerfully influenced the national mind, have been of this class. The Nouvelle Héloïse alone is better and worse than a myriad of their dramas.

dramas. Candide and the Princess of Babylon did more for Voltaire's ends than all his *Théâtre*.

If courtly patronage could have made any stage flourish pre-eminently, it must have done so in modern Germany; yet even there the attempt has been unsuccessful. Werter and Wilhelm Meister have had infinitely more influence on the public mind of that country than all Goethe's dramatic works put together—unless, perhaps, we must except the Faust, which is, after all, much more of a romance than a drama. The strong tendency of the time is seen in Schiller also: his Wallenstein, by far the most powerful and effective of his dramatic works, is in reality a historical romance—it is a whole history in the form of scenes—a tragedy, or rather a tragic tale, *in three plays*. The often satirized stage-directions of the German theatre are well worthy of consideration in the same point of view. Those minute and elaborate instructions as to the looks, attitudes, tones, and inflections of the *dramatis personæ*—what do they attest but a systematic struggle to bring the dramatic form more nearly to the level of the novel as regards *the reader*? Perhaps the same thing may be said of those curious abstracts of character which Ben Jonson was fond of prefixing to his comedies; and indeed, the materials of his dramas, and the whole character of his talents, were, we think, much better adapted for the modern form of composition than for that in which he would fain have rivalled his masters of the ancient world. Had Jonson written novels, his peculiar fancy for the delineation of mere oddities might have been gratified to the utmost extent, without producing any of those unfortunate effects which it undeniably has had on him as a dramatist. We can scarcely imagine a work more likely to have taken its place among the first favourites of the world than a novel, in which the humours of the Bobadils, Tom Otters, Ursulas, &c. &c. should have been opposed, with the constructive skill of another Epicene, to the display of that profound mastery of passion which all must recognize in the principal scenes of the Catiline. 'The Fortunes of Nigel' may be considered as an attempt to do what it is a thousand pities that Ben Jonson should have left undone.

Cumberland, determined to make the History of his Foundling as like Tom Jones as possible, prefixes critical chapters to the different sections of *Henry*, and discusses in them, in an agreeable enough style, many speculative questions connected with the literature of the novel—assuming throughout that it requires precisely the same talents as the drama. Sir Walter Scott, on the other hand, in writing the lives of so many novelists, is compelled to observe the extraordinary numbers of instances in which the same men have tried both departments, and, producing little or

no effect in the one, attained, nevertheless, the very highest excellence in the other—and he draws the general conclusion that might be anticipated. Cervantes struggled hard for dramatic fame and failed: we believe none of his pieces ever engaged any considerable share of popularity except one or two mere interludes. Le Sage supported his family half his lifetime by writing comic operas for the *Foire:* and he tried, besides, over and over again the regular comedy—yet, who remembers that the author of Gil Blas was a dramatist? Fielding is a third example: of his numerous dramatic efforts all have perished but Tom Thumb:—and Smollett is a fourth; for he, too, tried in vain first tragedy, then opera, and lastly comedy; or rather, as might be expected from the turn of his mind, something hovering between comedy and farce.—In short, the only English exception is to be found in Goldsmith, who has certainly produced both a standard novel and a standard play: for Cumberland has not, after all, succeeded in either walk, so as to entitle him to a place among our classics. His best novels and his best comedies may be admitted to be much on the same level; but our difficulty is not to find the man who can imitate two masters cleverly, but the master himself, who can equally show himself the master in two separate walks:—And perhaps it would be too much to say, that we have found this even in Goldsmith; for a writer may be both an original and a delightful one, without meriting a place in the highest rank; and, admirable as Goldsmith's productions are, who thinks of naming him as a dramatist with Sheridan, or as a novelist with that Sterne, whom he, Dr. Goldsmith, pronounced to be 'a heavy fellow'?—

'Fielding,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'has added his name to that of Le Sage and others; who, eminent for fictitious narration, have either altogether failed in their dramatic attempts, or at least have fallen far short of that degree of excellence, which might have been previously augured of them. It is hard to fix upon any plausible reason for a failure which has occurred in too many instances to be the operation of mere chance, especially since, *a priori*, one would think the same talents necessary for both walks of literature. Force of character, strength of expression, felicity of contrast and situation, a well-constructed plot, in which the developement is at once natural and unexpected, and where the interest is kept uniformly alive till summed up by the catastrophe—all these are requisites as essential to the labour of the novelist, as to that of the dramatist, and, indeed, appear to comprehend the sum of the qualities necessary to success in both departments. Fielding's biographers have, in this particular instance, explained his lack of theatrical success as arising entirely from the careless haste with which he huddled up his dramatic compositions; it being no uncommon thing with him to finish an act or two in a morning, and to write out whole scenes upon the paper in which his favourite tobacco had been wrapped up. Negligence of this kind will

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no doubt give rise to great inequalities in the productions of an author so careless of his reputation; but will scarcely account for an attribute something like dullness, which pervades Fielding's plays, and which is rarely to be found in those works which a man of genius throws off "at a heat," to use Dryden's expression, in prodigal self-reliance on his internal resources. Neither are we at all disposed to believe, that an author, so careless as Fielding, took much more pains to labour his novels, than in composing his plays; and we are, therefore, compelled to seek some other and more general reason for the inferiority of the latter. This may perhaps be found in the nature of these two studies, which, intimately connected as they seem to be, are yet naturally distinct in some very essential particulars; so much so as to vindicate the general opinion, that he who applies himself with eminent success to the one, becomes in some degree unqualified for the other, like the artisan, who, by a particular turn for excellence in one mechanical department, loses the habit of dexterity necessary for acquitting himself with equal reputation in another; or as the artist who has dedicated himself to the use of water-colours, is usually less distinguished by his skill in oil-painting.

'It is the object of the novel-writer to place before the reader as full and accurate a representation of the events which he relates, as can be done by the mere force of an excited imagination, without the assistance of material objects. His sole appeal is made to the world of fancy and of ideas, and in this consists his strength and his weakness, his poverty and his wealth. He cannot, like the painter, present a visible and tangible representation of his towns and his woods, his palaces and his castles; but, by awakening the imagination of a congenial reader, he places before his mind's eye, landscapes fairer than those of Claude, and wilder than those of Salvator. He cannot, like the dramatist, present before our living eyes the heroes of former days, or the beautiful creations of his own fancy, embodied in the grace and majesty of Kemble or of Siddons; but he can teach his readers to conjure up forms even more dignified and beautiful than theirs. The same difference follows him through every branch of his art. The author of a novel, in short, has neither stage nor scene-painter, nor company of comedians, nor dresses, nor wardrobe—words, applied with the best of his skill, must supply all that these bring to the assistance of the dramatist. Action, and tone, and gesture, the smile of the lover, the frown of the tyrant, the grimace of the buffoon—all must be told, for nothing can be shown. Thus, the very dialogue becomes mixed with the narration; for he must not only tell what the characters actually said, in which his task is the same as that of the dramatic author, but must also describe the tone, the look, the gesture, with which their speech was accompanied; telling, in short, all which, in the drama, it becomes the province of the actor to express. It must, therefore, frequently happen, that the author best qualified for a province, in which all depends on the communication of his own ideas and feelings to the reader, without any intervening medium, may fall short of the skill necessary to adapt his compositions to the medium of the stage, where the very qualities most excellent in a novelist are out of place, and an impediment to success. Description and narration, which

form the very essence of the novel, must be very sparingly introduced into dramatic composition, and scarce ever have a good effect upon the stage. Mr. Puff, in *The Critic*, has the good sense to leave out "all about gilding the eastern hemisphere;" and the very first thing which the players struck out of his memorable tragedy, was the description of queen Elizabeth, her palfrey, and her side saddle. The drama speaks to the eye and ear; and, when it ceases to address these bodily organs, and would exact from a theatrical audience that exercise of the imagination which is necessary to follow forth and embody circumstances neither spoken nor exhibited, there is an immediate failure, though it may be the failure of a man of genius. Hence, it follows, that though a good acting play may be made by selecting a plot and characters from a novel, yet scarce any effort of genius could render a play into a narrative romance. In the former case, the author has only to contract the events within the space necessary for representation, to chuse the most striking characters, and exhibit them in the most forcible contrast, discard from the dialogue whatever is redundant or tedious, and so dramatize the whole. But we know not any effort of genius which could successfully insert into a good play those accessaries of description and delineation which are necessary to dilate it into a readable novel. It may thus easily be conceived that he, whose chief talent lies in addressing the imagination only, and whose style, therefore, must be expanded and circumstantial, may fail in a kind of composition where so much must be left to the efforts of the actor, with his allies and assistants, the scene-painter and property-man, and where every attempt to interfere with their province is an error unfavourable to the success of the piece. Besides, it must be farther remembered that in fictitious narrative an author carries on his manufacture alone and upon his own account; whereas, in dramatic writing, he enters into partnership with the performers, and it is by their joint efforts that the piece is to succeed. Co-partnery is called, by Civilians, the mother of discord; and how likely it is to prove so in the present instance, may be illustrated by reference to the admirable dialogue between the player and poet in *Joseph Andrews*, book iii. chap. 10. The poet must either be contented to fail, or to make great condescensions to the experience, and pay much attention to the peculiar qualifications, of those by whom his piece is to be represented. And he, who in a novel had only to fit sentiments, action, and character, to ideal beings, is now compelled to assume the much more difficult task of adapting all these to real existing persons, who, unless their parts are exactly suited to their own taste, and their peculiar capacities, have, each in his line, the means, and not unfrequently the inclination, to ruin the success of the play. Such are, amongst many others, the peculiar difficulties of the dramatic art, and they seem impediments which lie peculiarly in the way of the novelist who aspires to extend his sway over the stage.'

This account of the matter, interesting and in many parts ingenious as it is, appears to us to be upon the whole rather unsatisfactory. In the first place Sir Walter accounts for the dramatic failures of his novelists by suggesting that they had lost

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in the habitual exercise of their talents for narrative, the 'particular turn' requisite for the attainment of excellence in the drama. But unfortunately for this theory, the fact is that Cervantes, Le Sage, Fielding, Smollett, began, one and all of them, with the drama, and *after* failing in that, betook themselves to the efforts by which they have earned their immortality. No one instance is presented to us of a practised and successful dramatist trying his hand unsuccessfully at the novel: and yet it seems to be throughout assumed that the frequent occurrence of such examples constitutes the principal difficulty to be solved. Another assumption, equally bold and, as it seems to us, equally unfounded, is that, though a good acting play may be made by selecting a plot and characters from a novel, yet scarcely any effort of genius could render a play into a narrative romance. Now in the first place the former attempt (in the sense in which Sir Walter speaks of the matter) never has been made—but once—by an author from whose talents any high degree of success might have been *a priori* expected. Werner is in every point of view an anomaly, and we cannot consent to draw from it any general conclusion whatever. Such borrowing both of plot and character as we can trace in regard to almost every one of Shakpeare's plays is nothing to the present purpose: for there infinitely more both of quantity and of quality was added than taken. But who can suppose that a man of genius in his senses ever will condescend to busy himself with transferring another man's complete extended plot and all its full length characters from one form of composition to another, either from drama to romance, or from romance to drama? Secondly, in point of fact, no good acting play has ever been produced in the way Sir Walter describes. We have no *good* acting play from Don Quixote, or Gil Blas, or Tom Jones, or Roderick Random—or Waverley. The popular novels of the day are often, indeed, *dramatised*, in a certain sense of the word, and the people flock to see them. But are any such performances entitled to be talked of as 'good acting plays'? On the contrary, the best of them that we have seen (for example *Rob Roy*) must be admitted to amount to an arbitrary sequence of individual scenes, which would be unintelligible to any audience that wanted the means of filling up every here and there the most lamentable and hopeless *hiatus* from previous and perfect knowledge of the not merely plundered, but maimed, mutilated, mangled romance; and accordingly, whenever the romance passes from its first stage of extreme *popular* favour the 'good acting play' is sure to follow it. Fielding and Smollett had their day of being, as the author of Waverley somewhere styles the process, *Terryfied*. Miss Burney shared for her hour the same distinction;

tion; and so but yesterday, as it seems to us, did a greater than she—already almost equally forgotten by the mob of gallery-*readers*—Miss Edgeworth. Before Sir Walter is entitled to argue as he has done, he must—at the least—show us, on the one hand, an author of Macbeth trying in vain to write an historical romance, or a fullgrown Molière failing in a novel; and on the other, an author of Waverley making a deliberate but fruitless inroad on the province of the drama. Had Don Quixote been an early production of Cervantes; had Le Sage written the Point d'Honneur, or even Turcaret after his Diable Boiteux: had Fielding written weak plays after Tom Jones; or Smollett dull ones after Humphry Clinker—the best perhaps, in every respect, of his works, at all events by much the most dramatic—there might have been something in such cases: but even they would, for reasons too obvious to need stating, have been insufficient.

Upon the whole, Sir W. Scott seems to be of opinion that it is a more difficult matter to produce a good play, than a good novel (for we must dismiss the distinction between *novel* and *romance* as a generic one). 'The author,' he says, 'best qualified for a province in which all depends on the communication of his own ideas and feelings to the reader without any intervening medium, may *fall short of the skill* necessary to adapt his compositions to the medium of the stage.' This, we think, is the truth of the matter: the same creative powers, the same story, the same characters, that appear in a masterpiece of the one form of composition would, in every case, we have no doubt, be sufficient for a masterpiece in the other: but the dramatic form demands a prodigious degree of *skill*, of *art*, beyond the romantic. But though this view tends strongly to confirm the likelihood that he who writes a good novel may prove incapable of writing a good play, we confess that it appears to us to lend no assistance to the theory which Sir Walter maintains, to wit, that it must be a matter of even greater difficulty for the author of a good play to produce a good novel.

There can be no question that a man may produce a good novel without ever thinking, or having any business to think, of the stage: but we have no light suspicion that he who produces a good play furnishes, by the very act of doing so, proof abundant that he could write a good novel if he pleased. A romance may be a very good one, although it has far less cohesion of plot than is requisite for a good play, but, to say the least of the matter, it can never be the worse for having a perfect dramatic plot. Now he who frames a good tragedy begins, we cannot but think, with neither more nor less than conceiving in his own mind a good romance.

mance. The play is a far more artificial representation of a given section of human life and conduct than the romance. It is the result of exquisite skill to be able to give anything like a true picture of a continued series of thoughts and deeds without departing from the form of dialogue. We all know that in every real love story, for example, much of the most interesting part, if we could come at it, remains entirely within solitary bosoms—and it is the same in every story where sentiment and passion are at work. The romancer can describe all this hidden part as he pleases: the dramatist must contrive to hint it—he must have the art to make us guess from what the persons speak when they are together, what they have been thinking when alone; and how difficult this is, we may gather from the use of the prologue and of the chorus in the ancient theatre, and still more strongly from the use which all dramatists have made of the soliloquy—a method the employment of which nothing but absolute necessity could ever have reconciled us to—and which, in plain words, the dramatist never (or almost never) has recourse to, without leaving his own department and trespassing on that of the romancer. But how many soliloquies must there have been in the first conception of a Macbeth, a Hamlet, a Timon, a Lear! And shall we believe that these soliloquies were the only invasions? Shall we believe that Shakspeare did not conceive in his own mind both the external nature which was to be represented as it might by scenery, and every action, gesture, look, pause, start, which were afterwards to be supplied or denied by 'the Quality'? And if he had all this in his head, where should have been the mighty difficulty of writing it down? Suppose some months ere Macbeth was to be produced he had been to tell some friend at the Mermaid what he was doing at home—suppose he had been to give Burbadge a notion of the embryo tragedy, what could he have done but speak a narrative abounding, as all interesting narratives do, in description, and broken here and there into patches of dialogue, the shadows more or less condensed of that which was to come;—and suppose there had been a Gurney in the antechamber, what could the result have been but 'Macbeth, an Historical Romance by the Author of Hamlet'?

Goethe, in his Wilhelm Meister, has attempted to draw a line of absolute distinction between the materials of the romance and those of the drama; and, if he had succeeded in this, he must of course have solved at once the difficulties with which Sir Walter Scott has been embarrassed. 'The drama,' says he, 'has characters and deeds; the field of romance is incident, feelings, and manners.' But this, we fear, is a mere 'ideal line,' and, to say the least of it, if no more substantial division can be established between

between the sister kingdoms, there will always remain a large tract of *debateable land*. It is not easy to conceive of characters existing apart from feelings and manners; and though incidents may not always be deeds, we suspect a deed can never exist where an incident is not. But granting for a moment, that the dramatist might rest contented with the limits which Goethe has assigned to him, it is quite clear that the romancer never has done and never will do so. His most distinguishing excellence may lie elsewhere, but he cannot assuredly do without characters; and that characters may be developed in the drama, as well as in the romance, more by means of incidents and feelings than by what Goethe means when he speaks of *deeds*, we have one sufficient example in the Œdipus Tyrannus, and another, still more complete and unanswerable, in Hamlet itself.

Our impression is that a careful examination of all that has been produced in either department, would terminate in perfect proof that there is no element of dramatic composition which may not be successfully employed in the romantic; but that the drama, being essentially a much more limited representation of life than the romance, many sources of interest are open to the latter from which the former is completely debarred. Indeed while it is easy to see that the drama takes in that only which may be embodied in the shape of action, and the dialogue of action, it seems to us to be altogether out of the question to limit in any manner whatever the dominion of the sister art. We may tell what has been done in it by the masters with whose works we are acquainted; but we have no belief that there is any element of interest in human life itself, which might not be brought into the service of the romance. And it is in this very width of range, this unrivalled and unlimited capacity, this perfect power of adaptation, that we recognize one main source of the modern superiority of the modern form over the antique. The older the world grows, we have no doubt the imagination of mankind will get more and more cold, or at least more and more fastidious; and as nature is the end of art as well as the beginning, we should not be surprized, if, the habits of reflection widening along with those of reading, and gaining necessarily new strength and refinement with every step of extension, the result should be hereafter a triumph of the romantic form infinitely more striking even than has as yet been exhibited. In a word, we think that, as to materials, the empire of romance includes that of the drama, and includes therein perhaps its finest province; but that as to *art*, the department which has the more limited range of material is immeasurably the more difficult of the two. To a certain extent, perhaps, their relative situation may be compared to that in which sculpture

ture and painting stand to each other. In one point of view, at least, painting includes the sister art—it includes all the dominion of *form*, although it cannot present form with the same bold and perfect projection of effect. In like manner, the romance includes action, and all the dialogue of action; and if it does not present these embodied in actual human organs, what it loses in that curtailment is more than made up for in the expanse of peculiar and unpartaken empire all around. The sculptor carves his group, and his art is at an end. The painter finishes his also, and if we cannot go round and round it, nor see it stand out from the canvass as if it were hewn from the rock, we have, to make us amends, tints and demi-tints, a fore-ground and a back-ground, and all the magic of the *chiaroscuro*. Such comparisons can never, of course, be satisfactory as to all points; but they may serve occasionally as partial illustrations.

Thus regarding the literature of romance as fairly entitled to be ranked, in an intellectual point of view, with that of the drama, we cannot but express our dissent from the opinion which Sir Walter Scott appears to have formed as to its moral influence. Dr. Johnson said, 'men will not become highwaymen because Macheath is acquitted on the stage;' and our author says in the same strain, 'men will not become swindlers and thieves, because they sympathize with the fortunes of the Picaroon Gil Blas, or licentious debauchees because they read Tom Jones.'

'The professed moral of a piece,' he proceeds, 'is usually what the reader is least interested in; it is like the mendicant who cripples after some splendid and gay procession, and in vain solicits the attention of those who have been gazing upon it. Excluding from consideration those infamous works which address themselves directly to awakening the grosser passions of our nature, we are inclined to think the worst evil to be apprehended from the perusal of novels is, that the habit is apt to generate an indisposition to real history and useful literature; and that the best which can be hoped is, that they may sometimes instruct the youthful mind by real pictures of life, and sometimes awaken their better feeling and sympathies by strains of generous sentiment, and tales of fictitious woe. Beyond this point, they are a mere elegance, a luxury contrived for the amusement of polished life, and the gratification of that half love of literature, which pervades all ranks in an advanced stage of society, and are read much more for amusement than with the least hope of deriving instruction from them. The vices and follies of Tom Jones are those which the world soon teaches to all who enter on the career of life, and to which society is unhappily but too indulgent; nor do we believe that in any one instance the perusal of Fielding's novel has added one libertine to the large list, who would not have been such had it never crossed the press. And it is with concern we add our sincere belief, that the fine picture of frankness and generosity, exhibited in that fictitious character, has had as few imitators as the career of his follies.

follies. Let it not be supposed that we are indifferent to morality, because we treat with scorn that affectation, which, while in common life it connives at the open practice of libertinism, pretends to detest the memory of an author, who painted life as it was, with all its shades, and more than all the lights which it occasionally exhibits, to relieve them.'

With all deference we must take the liberty to believe that both Dr. Johnson and Sir Walter Scott have judged as to these matters more from the vigour of their own masculine minds than from actual observation of the world at large as it was, and is. The Beggars' Opera did, we may admit, no harm in the boxes, but we suspect the galleries, if they could speak, might tell a very different tale. Schiller's Robbers did, all the world knows, seduce certain enthusiastic *Burschen* from the German universities to the highway; and the records of our police courts and of graver tribunals are ready to prove that while Tom and Jerry were crowding the streets with brawlers, the Memoirs of Messrs. Moffat and Haggart were leading or hurrying their victims to the gallows. In truth, to deny the influence of artificial representations of human life upon the manners of those who contemplate them, appears to us to be not very different from denying absolutely the effect of example. There are men and women, and there are boys and girls too, who may keep bad company with impunity; but such happy strength of mind and still happier purity of nature are, to say the least of the matter, by no means universal possessions. Our author, moreover, seems to speak rather inconsistently:—He admits that romances

'may instruct the youthful mind by real pictures of life, and awaken our better feelings and sympathies by strains of generous sentiment.'

But if they may be thus powerful for good, we fear it follows, as an unavoidable consequence, that they may be equally powerful for evil. And again, he tells us that

'the vices and follies of Tom Jones are those which the world soon teaches to all who enter on the career of life, and to which society is unhappily but too indulgent.'

But he has not told us that such novels as Tom Jones are read by many long before they enter *the career of life*, anticipating, and with fatal skill paving the way for its lessons of licentiousness; nor has he made any estimate of the extent to which the over-indulgence of society in regard to certain classes of vice may be the effect of an immoral literature operating through a long course of years on the individual minds of which society is composed. And when he '*excludes from consideration* those infamous works which address themselves directly to awakening the grosser passions,' we suspect he excludes a class of books by no means so generally

generally injurious, as those which insinuate cunning doses of such stimulants, amidst materials which the wisest must admire, and the gravest cannot condemn.

It may seem strange to find the masters of literature thus undervaluing its influence; but our wonder will be diminished when we reflect how strongly such persons are tempted to overlook, in the midst of their habitual study of art and analysis of its productions, the extent to which the creations of genius affect every-day natures, incapable of tracing how or for what purposes these are formed. Clairon, as Grimm tells us, whispered gaily to the partner of her bier, while all the parterre before them was full of sobbing and sighing: and it is not improbable that the tragic queen was quizzing the sensibilities she had moved. Was he then a silly statesman who said, 'Let who will frame the laws of the people, so I have the making of their songs'? Or has no one ever had better reason than Cowley to complain of the 'slackening of his nerves' by reason of their having

> '———————so oft been made to be
> The tinkling strings of a loose minstrelsy—'

and to reproach a 'Fallacious muse,' that

> 'When the new mind had no infusion known,
> She gave so deep a tincture of her own,
> Long work perchance may spoil her colours quite
> But never will reduce my native white.'

Our author, as we have already seen, betrays the dictates of his better reason in the midst of his apology for Tom Jones; but what importance he really attaches to the influence so undervalued in the passage we have quoted, is distinctly proved and abundantly illustrated in his preface to the works of a very inferior novelist, Robert Bage. The writer whose works have thus been recalled from an oblivion which we cannot help thinking they merited, wrote at the period of the French revolution; and though he had been born and bred among the primitive and virtuous sect of our quakers, he systematically made his novels the vehicle of all the anti-social, anti-moral, and anti-religious theories that were then but too much in vogue among the half-educated classes in this country. Sir Walter, after exposing with just ridicule the style of gross and senseless caricature in which Mr. Bage, the son of a miller, and himself a paper-maker in a little country town, has thought fit to paint the manners of English gentlemen and ladies, proceeds, as follows, to notice the far graver offences of which his pen had been guilty.

'This misrepresentation of the different classes in society is not the only speculative error in which Bage has indulged during these poetic narratives. There is in his novels a dangerous tendency to slacken the

the reins of discipline upon a point, where, perhaps, of all others, society must be benefited by their curbing restraint.

'Fielding, Smollett, and other novelists, have, with very indifferent taste, brought forward their heroes as rakes and debauchees, and treated with great lightness those breaches of morals, which are too commonly considered as venial in the male sex; but Bage has extended, in some instances, that license to females, and seems at times even to sport with the ties of marriage, which is at once the institution of civil society most favourable to religion and good order, and that which, in its consequences, forms the most marked distinction between man and the lower animals. All the influence which women enjoy in society,—their right to the exercise of that maternal care which forms the first and most indelible species of education; the wholesome and mitigating restraint which they possess over the passions of mankind; their power of protecting us when young, and cheering us when old,—depend so entirely upon their personal purity, and the charm which it casts around them, that to insinuate a doubt of its real value is wilfully to remove the broadest corner-stone on which civil society rests, with all its benefits and with all its comforts. It is true, we can easily conceive that a female like Miss Ross, in *Barham Downs*, may fall under the arts of a seducer, under circumstances so peculiar as to excite great compassion, nor are we so rigid as to say that such a person may not be restored to society, when her subsequent conduct shall have effaced recollection of her error. But she must return thither as a humble penitent, and has no title to sue out her pardon as a matter of right, and assume a place as if she had never fallen from her proper sphere. Her disgrace must not be considered as a trivial stain, which may be communicated by a husband as an exceeding good jest to his friend and correspondent; there must be, not penitence and reformation alone, but humiliation and abasement, in the recollection of her errors. This the laws of society demand even from the unfortunate; and to compromise farther, would open a door to the most unbounded licentiousness. . . . . .

'Having adverted to this prominent error in Mr. Bage's theory of morals, we are compelled to remark, that his ideas respecting the male sex are not less inaccurate, considered as rules of mental government, than the over indulgence with which he seems to regard female frailty. Hermsprong, whom he produces as the ideal perfection of humanity, is paraded as a man, who, freed from "all the nurse and all the priest have taught," steps forward on his path without any religious or political restraint, as one who derives his own rules of conduct from his own breast, and avoids or resists all temptations of evil passions, because his reason teaches him that they are attended with evil consequences. In the expressive words of our moral poet, Wordsworth, he is

> "A reasoning self-sufficient thing,
> An intellectual all-in-all."—

But did such a man ever exist? or are we, in the fair construction of humanity, with all its temptations, its passions, and its frailties, entitled to expect such perfection from the mere force of practical philosophy? Let each reader ask his own bosom whether it were possible for him

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to hold an unaltered tenor of moral and virtuous conduct, did he suppose that to himself alone he was responsible, and that his own reason, a judge so peculiarly subject to be bribed, blinded, and imposed upon by the sophistry with which the human mind can gloss over those actions to which human passions so strongly impel us, was the ultimate judge of his actions? Let each reader ask the question at his own conscience, and if he can honestly and conscientiously answer in the affirmative, he is either that faultless monster which the world never saw, or he deceives himself as grossly as the poor devotee, who, referring his course of conduct to the action of some supposed internal inspiration, conceives himself, upon a different ground, incapable of crime, even when he is in the very act of committing it.

'We are not treating this subject theologically; the nature of our present work excludes such serious reasoning. But we would remind, even in those light sketches, those who stand up for the self-sufficient morality of modern philosophy, or rather sophistry, that the experiment has long since been tried on a large scale. Whatever may be the inferiority of the ancients in physical science, it will scarce be denied, that in moral science they possessed all the lights which the unassisted Reason, that is now referred to as the sufficient light of our paths, could possibly attain. Yet, when we survey what their system of Ethics did for the perfection of the human species, we will see that but a very few even of the teachers themselves have left behind them such characters as tend to do honour to their doctrines. Some philosophers there were, who, as instructors in morality, showed a laudable example to their followers; and we will not invidiously inquire how far these were supported in their self-denial either by vanity, or the desire of preserving consistency, or the importance annexed to the founder of a sect; although the least of these motives may afford great support to temperance, even in cases where it is not rendered easy by advanced age, which of itself calms the more stormy passions. But the satires of Juvenal, of Petronius, and, above all, Lucian, show what slight effect the doctrines of Zeno, Epictetus, Plato, Socrates, and Epicurus, produced on their avowed followers, and how little influence the beard of the stoic, the sophistry of the academician, and the self-denied mortification of the cynics, had upon the sects which derived their names from these distinguished philosophers. We will find that these pretended despisers of sensual pleasure shared the worst vices of the grossest age of society, and added to them the detestable hypocrisy of pretending that they were all the while guided by the laws of true wisdom and of right reason.

'If in modern times, they who owned the restraint of philosophical discipline alone have not given way to such gross laxity of conduct, it is because those principles of religion, which they affect to despise, have impressed on the public mind a moral feeling unknown till the general prevalence of the Christian religion; but which, since its predominance, has so generally pervaded European society, that no pretender to innovation can directly disavow its influence, though he endeavours to show that the same results, which are recommended from the Christian pulpit, and practised by the Christian community, might be reached by the un-

assisted efforts of that human reason, to which he counsels us to resign the sole regulation of our morals.

'In short, to oppose one authority in the same department to another, the reader is requested to compare the character of the philosophic Square in *Tom Jones* with that of Bage's philosophical heroes; and to consider seriously whether a system of ethics, founding an exclusive and paramount court in a man's own bosom for the regulation of his own conduct, is likely to form a noble, enlightened and generous character, influencing others by superior energy and faultless example; or whether it is not more likely, as in the observer of the rule of right, to regulate morals according to temptation and convenience, and to form a selfish sophistical hypocrite, who, with morality always in his mouth, finds a perpetual apology for evading the practice of abstinence, when either passion or interest solicits him to indulgence.'

It is, in truth, a melancholy matter of reflection how largely the works, not of Bage merely, but of the true classics of the English Novel, stand in need of being introduced with preliminary cautions such as we have now been quoting. But perhaps the best of all antidotes is that which Sir Walter has furnished in his plain and intelligible narratives of the lives of the writers themselves. Their works should be uniformly prefaced in this manner, and we hope henceforward they will be so. When the youthful admirer of Tom Jones finds that Fielding himself, originally placed by birth, connection, and education in the first class of English society, was a man so utterly lowered in his personal feelings, through long worship of pleasure, that at the moment when all England was ringing with the praises of his genius, he could be discovered in his glory (as Lord Orford describes the scene)

'banqueting with a blind man, a wh——, and three Irishmen, on some cold mutton and a bone of ham both in one dish, and the dirtiest cloth;'

when he hears Fielding's dear friend and relation Lady Mary Wortley Montague extolling

'the animal spirits that gave him rapture with his cook-maid'—'the happy constitution that (even when he had with great pains half demolished it) made him forget every evil when he was before a venison pasty or over a flask of Champagne'—

he will perhaps come to her ladyship's conclusion that, if few men enjoyed life more than the author of those exquisite fictions,

'few had less occasion to do so—the highest of his preferment being raking in the lowest sinks of vice and misery.'

The unhappiness to which Smollett's violent and misanthropical temper through life condemned him, may in like manner afford an useful lesson to those who have been sympathizing with his hot headed and cold hearted heroes. And the mind that has been bewildered amidst Sterne's contradictions of fine sentiment and

and prurient filth, will find a salutary clue in the knowledge of a fact which all Sir W. Scott's good nature cannot prevent him from *hinting*—namely, that the tender and simple Yorick was, in his own person, a profligate man and a mean priest.

To return to our first extract—We must further dissent altogether from Sir Walter's opinion, that

'the worst evil to be apprehended from the perusal of novels is, that the habit is apt to generate an indisposition to useful literature and real history.'—

The person who devours the Memoirs of a Cavalier, and allows his Clarendon to sleep on a dusty shelf, would have treated the Lord Chancellor, we shrewdly suspect, with equal disrespect, although Defoe's delightful novel had never existed; and many, on the other hand, who, if that had never existed, would never have troubled Clarendon, have their curiosity stimulated by the charm of the fiction, and are compelled to gratify it by having recourse to the history. We have had abundant evidence of this tendency in our own times. The author of Waverley's historical romances have, with hardly one exception, been immediately followed by republications of the comparatively forgotten authors from whom he had drawn the historical part of his materials. A new edition of Philip de Comines was sold rapidly during the first popularity of Quentin Durward. A variety of contemporaneous tracts concerning the Scotch religious and civil wars have in like manner been recalled from oblivion in consequence of Waverley, and Old Mortality—and some valuable MS. memoirs even have been sent to the press solely under the influence of the curiosity which these and other novels of the same author had excited. It is certain there are more readers of novels now than in any former time; but we suspect the readers of almost all other kinds of books are increased in at least as large a proportion. The elder established classics of our literature, historians among the rest, are eternally republished: the chief of them are obliged to be stereotyped in order to meet the constantly growing demand. Indeed it is a most remarkable fact, that no former period, eminently distinguished for the production of works of imagination, was at all to be compared with the present, for the encouragement and favour bestowed on departments of intellectual exertion, apparently the most remote from that to which these belong. The public that is so voracious of novels is the same public that gives ear so willingly to the expounders of many branches of science, from which our ancestors would unquestionably have turned away as utterly dry and uninteresting. The novel-readers, who remain in our time exclusively novel-readers, would, we take leave to think, have been, in the immense majority of cases, readers of exactly nothing at all, had they lived a hundred years ago.

But what after all does our author mean by '*useful* literature'? Is that a literature without use, which makes men and women better acquainted with human nature? Are the characters and the passions of our species less useful objects of study than the external events of any time, or the phenomena of material nature in any of her departments? We venture to be of opinion, that there is as much useful knowledge in Gil Blas, if the reader be one of those who would have understood the Epitaph of the Licentiate Pedro Garcias, as in any dozen volumes of real history the country of Le Sage has yet produced; and we have a considerable suspicion that the great novelist of our own age has taught more truths about the working of the human mind, than any professional metaphysician of his nation, from Dr. Hutchinson to Dr. Brown, both included; and is it really so, that knowledge loses value merely because it has been attained through a pleasant medium? Is Sir Walter Scott for absolutely banishing the Muses from his Republic?—

The *Novelists' Library*, to which these essays were originally appended, is, as we have already said, obviously incomplete. We must add that the various authors it embraces are not made to follow each other chronologically, or upon any principle of arrangement that we can discover—a particular in which M. Galignani might have had the wit to eschew the example of his original, when he was printing the *Lives* as a separate book.

As a fair specimen of the literary criticism which these Memoirs contain, we may take the passage in which Smollett and Fielding are contrasted.

'The history, accomplishments, talents, pursuits, and, unfortunately, the fates of these two great authors, are so closely allied, that it is scarcely possible to name the one without exciting recollections of the other. Fielding and Smollett were both born in the highest rank of society, both educated to learned professions, yet both obliged to follow miscellaneous literature as the means of subsistence. Both were confined, during their lives, by the narrowness of their circumstances,—both united a humorous cynicism with generosity and good-nature—both died of the diseases incident to a sedentary life, and to literary labour,—and both drew their last breath in a foreign land, to which they retreated under the adverse circumstances of a decayed constitution, and an exhausted fortune.

'Their studies were no less similar than their lives. They both wrote for the stage, and neither of them successfully. They both meddled in politics; they both wrote travels, in which they showed that their good-humour was wasted under the sufferings of their disease; and, to conclude, they were both so eminently successful as novelists, that no other English author of that class has a right to be mentioned in the same breath with Fielding and Smollett.

'If we compare the works of these two great masters yet more closely,

closely, we may assign to Fielding, with little hesitation, the praise of a higher and purer taste than was shown by his rival; more elegance of composition and expression; a nearer approach to the grave irony of Swift and Cervantes; a great deal more address or felicity in the conduct of his story; and, finally, a power of describing virtuous and amiable characters, and of placing before us heroes, and especially heroines, of much higher as well as more pleasing character than Smollett was able to present.

'Thus the art and felicity with which the story of *Tom Jones* evolves itself, is no where found in Smollett's novels, where the heroes pass from one situation in life, and from one stage of society to another totally unconnected, except that, as in ordinary life, the adventures recorded, though not bearing upon each other, or on the catastrophe, befall the same personage. Characters are introduced and dropped without scruple, and, at the end of the work, the hero is found surrounded by a very different set of associates from those with whom his fortune seemed at first indissolubly connected. Neither are the characters which Smollett designed should be interesting, half so amiable as his readers could desire. The low-minded Roderick Random, who borrows Strap's money, wears his clothes, and, rescued from starving by the attachment of that simple and kind-hearted adherent, rewards him by squandering his substance, receiving his attendance as a servant, and beating him when the dice ran against him, is not to be named in one day with the open-hearted, good-humoured, and noble-minded Tom Jones, whose libertinism (one particular omitted) is perhaps rendered but too amiable by his good qualities. We believe there are few readers who are not disgusted with the miserable reward assigned to Strap in the closing chapter of the novel. Five hundred pounds, (scarce the value of the goods he had presented to his master,) and the hand of a reclaimed street-walker, even when added to a Highland farm, seem but a poor recompense for his faithful and disinterested attachment. We should do Jones equal injustice by weighing him in the balance with the savage and ferocious Pickle, who,—besides his gross and base brutality towards Amelia; besides his ingratitude to his uncle, and the savage propensity which he shows in the pleasure he takes to torment others by practical jokes resembling those of a fiend in glee,—exhibits a low and ungentlemanlike tone of thinking, only one degree higher than that of Roderick Random. The blackguard frolic of introducing a prostitute in a false character to his sister, is a sufficient instance of that want of taste and feeling which Smollett's admirers are compelled to acknowledge, may be detected in his writings. It is yet more impossible to compare Sophia or Amelia to the females of Smollett, who (excepting Aurelia Darnel) are drawn as the objects rather of appetite than of affection, and excite no higher or more noble interest than might be created by the houris of the Mahomedan paradise.

'It follows from this superiority on the side of Fielding, that his novels exhibit more frequently than those of Smollett, scenes of distress which excite the sympathy and pity of the reader. No one can refuse his compassion to Jones, when, by a train of practices upon his generous

and open character, he is expelled from his benefactor's house under the foulest and most heart-rending accusations; but we certainly sympathize very little in the distress of Pickle, brought on by his own profligate profusion, and enhanced by his insolent misanthropy. We are only surprized that his predominating arrogance does not weary out the benevolence of Hatchway and Pipes, and scarce think the ruined spendthrift deserves their persevering and faithful attachment.

'But the deep and fertile genius of Smollett afforded resources sufficient to balance these deficiences; and when the full weight has been allowed to Fielding's superiority of taste and expression, his northern contemporary will still be found fit to balance the scale with his great rival. If Fielding had superior taste, the palm of more brilliancy of genius, more inexhaustible richness of invention, must in justice be awarded to Smollett. In comparison of his sphere, that in which Fielding walked was limited; and, compared with the wealthy profusion of varied character and incident which Smollett has scattered through his works, there is a poverty of composition about his rival. Fielding's fame rests on a single *chef d'œuvre;* and the art and industry which produced *Tom Jones* was unable to rise to equal excellence in *Amelia.* Though therefore we may justly prefer *Tom Jones* as the most masterly example of an artful and well-told novel, to any individual work of Smollett; yet *Roderick Random, Peregrine Pickle,* and *Humphrey Clinker,* do each of them far excel *Joseph Andrews* or *Amelia;* and, to descend still lower, *Jonathan Wild,* or *The Journey to the Next World,* cannot be put into momentary comparison with *Sir Lancelot Greaves,* or *Ferdinand Count Fathom.*

'Every successful novelist must be more or less a poet, even although he may never have written a line of verse. The quality of imagination is absolutely indispensable to him; his accurate power of examining and embodying human character and human passion, as well as the external face of nature, is not less essential; and the talent of describing well what he feels with acuteness, added to the above requisites, goes far to complete the poetic character. Smollett was, even in the ordinary sense, which limits the name to those who write verses, a poet of distinction; and, in this particular, superior to Fielding, who seldom aims at more than a slight translation from the classics. Accordingly, if he is surpassed by Fielding in moving pity, the northern novelist soars far above him in his powers of exciting terror. Fielding has no passages which approach in sublimity to the robber scene in *Count Fathom;* or to the terrible description of a sea-engagement, in which Roderick Random sits chained and exposed upon the poop, without the power of motion or exertion, during the carnage of a tremendous engagement. Upon many other occasions Smollett's descriptions ascend to the sublime; and in general there is an air of romance in his writings, which raises his narratives above the level and easy course of ordinary life. He was, like a pre-eminent poet of our own day, a searcher of dark bosoms, and loved to paint characters under the strong agitation of fierce and stormy passions. Hence, misanthropes, gamblers, and duellists, are as common in his works as in those of Salvator Rosa, and are drawn in most cases with the same terrible

terrible truth and effect. To compare *Ferdinand Count Fathom* to the *Jonathan Wild* of Fielding would be perhaps unfair to the latter author; yet, the works being composed on the same plan, (a very bad one as we think,) we cannot help placing them by the side of each other, when it becomes at once obvious that the detestable Fathom is a living and existing miscreant, at whom we shrink as from the presence of an incarnate fiend, while the villain of Fielding seems rather a cold personification of the abstract principle of evil, so far from being terrible, that, notwithstanding the knowledge of the world argued in many passages of his adventures, we are compelled to acknowledge him absolutely tiresome.

'It is, however, chiefly in his profusion, which amounts almost to prodigality, that we recognize the superior richness of Smollett's fancy. He never shows the least desire to make the most, either of a character, or a situation, or an adventure, but throws them together with a carelessness which argues unlimited confidence in his own powers. Fielding pauses to explain the principles of his art, and to congratulate himself and his readers on the felicity with which he constructs his narrative, or makes his characters evolve themselves in the progress. These appeals to the reader's judgment, admirable as they are, have sometimes the fault of being diffuse, and always the great disadvantage, that they remind us we are perusing a work of fiction; and that the beings with whom we have been conversant during the perusal, are but a set of evanescent phantoms, conjured up by a magician for our amusement. Smollett seldom holds communication with his readers in his own person. He manages his delightful puppet-show without thrusting his head beyond the curtain, like Gines de Passamonte, to explain what he is doing; and hence, besides that our attention to the story remains unbroken, we are are sure that the author, fully confident in the abundance of his materials, has no occasion to eke them out with extrinsic matter.

'Smollett's sea-characters have been deservedly considered as inimitable; and the power with which he has diversified them, in so many instances, distinguishing the individual features of each honest tar, while each possesses a full proportion of professional manners and habits of thinking, is a most absolute proof of the richness of fancy with which the author was gifted, and which we have noticed as his chief advantage over Fielding. Bowling, Trunnion, Hatchway, Pipes, and Crowe, are all men of the same class, habits, and tone of thinking, yet so completely differenced by their separate and individual characters, that we at once acknowledge them as distinct persons, while we see and allow that every one of them belongs to the old English navy. These striking portraits have now the merit which is cherished by antiquaries—they preserve the memory of the school of Benbow and Boscawen, whose manners are now banished from the quarter-deck to the fore-castle. The naval officers of the present day, the splendour of whose actions has thrown into shadow the exploits of a thousand years, do not now affect the manners of a fore-mast man, and have shown how admirably well their duty can be discharged without any particular attachment to tobacco or flip, or the decided preference of a check shirt over a linen one.

'In the comic part of their writings, we have already said, Fielding

is pre-eminent in grave irony, a Cervantic species of pleasantry, in which Smollett is not equally successful. On the other hand, the Scotchman (notwithstanding the general opinion denies that quality to his countrymen) excels in broad and ludicrous humour. His fancy seems to run riot in accumulating ridiculous circumstances one upon another, to the utter destruction of all power of gravity; and perhaps no books ever written have excited such peals of inextinguishable laughter as those of Smollett. The descriptions which affect us thus powerfully, border sometimes upon what is called farce or caricature; but if it be the highest praise of pathetic composition that it draws forth tears, why should it not be esteemed the greatest excellence of the ludicrous that it compels laughter? The one tribute is at least as genuine an expression of natural feeling as the other; and he who can read the calamities of Trunnion and Hatchway, when run away with by their mettled steeds, or the inimitable absurdities of the feast of the ancients, without a good hearty burst of honest laughter, must be well qualified to look sad and gentlemanlike with Lord Chesterfield or Master Stephen.

'Upon the whole, the genius of Smollett may be said to resemble that of Rubens. His pictures are often deficient in grace; sometimes coarse, and even vulgar in conception; deficient, too, in keeping, and in the due subordination of parts to each other; and intimating too much carelessness on the part of the artist. But these faults are redeemed by such richness and brilliancy of colours; such a profusion of imagination —now bodying forth the grand and terrible—now the natural, the easy, and the ludicrous; there is so much of life, action, and bustle, in every group he has painted; so much force and individuality of character, that we readily grant to Smollett an equal rank with his great rival Fielding,—'

The critic adds,

'while we place both far above any of their successors in the same line of fictitious composition—'

And if the meaning be, that Smollett and Fielding have had no rivals in the delineation of *English* manners, or even that they have remained unequalled in the portraiture of manners actually contemplated—of *living* manners absolutely—our readers may probably be inclined to assent to what is here said. But if, by 'the same line of composition,' be meant the literature of the novel generally, we are sure every reader will agree with ourselves that Fielding and Smollett have had one successor, who is not merely a rival but a superior.

The great novelist of our own time has never framed a plot so perfect as that of Tom Jones; nor has he the wit of a Fielding —to say nothing of a Le Sage;—but he much more than atones for such deficiencies by the display of a far wider combination of excellencies than is to be found in any one novelist besides. He has widened the whole field to an extent of which none that went before him ever dreamed; embellished it by many original graces, as exquisite at least as any that their hands had introduced

duced; and ennobled it by the splendours of a poetical imagination, more powerful and more exalted by far than had ever in former days exerted its energies elsewhere than in the highest of the strictly poetical forms—epic and tragic. Far above any other British novelist in the aggregate quality of what he produces, he still more largely excels the two greatest foreign masters, Cervantes and Le Sage, in the copiousness of his creations. Nor is it, in our judgment, among the least of his merits, that his genius has achieved all these triumphs without for a moment departing from that firm healthiness of feeling, that sustained and masculine purity of mental vigour, of which there are unfortunately but few examples in the works of this class that intervened between Don Quixote and Waverley.

The unexampled popularity of this author has had good effects on our novel literature—and it has also had its evil effects. To that stimulus we, in all probability, owe the appearance of the classical and energetic Anastasius, the beautifully pathetic tale of Margaret Lyndesay, the exquisite humour of the Annals of the Parish, and The Provost, and other works of original merit. But to it we are also indebted for a whole deluge of novels and romances, which not only might not, but could not, have been written, had no Waverley pointed out one particular style and manner of novel-writing. On some of these, we are sorry to observe, considerable talents have been unwisely and unfortunately expended. In the best of them, it is almost needless to say, we seek in vain for any approach to the true excellencies of their master—the delicacy of his humour—the simplicity of his pathos—his tragic energy—the variety and extent of his knowledge—the graceful ease of his style—above all, his original conception of character, and the astonishing fertility of his invention: —these are matters far beyond the reach of knack. If we except two or three of the works of Mr. Cooper, we do not believe that any of these imitations will be remembered a few years hence; and yet we are far from considering that American writer as the ablest man that has imitated the great novelist of our time. His superior success is owing to the superiority of his materials; he has employed a style of delineation which he could never have invented, upon a fresh field, and, which is of still higher importance, on a field of manners and feelings familiar to his own observation. His *Spy*, *Pioneers*, &c., may be classed therefore, though *post longum intervallum*, with Waverley. His ingenious rivals on this side of the Atlantic have, on the contrary, trusted to reading and imagination for the best part of their materials; and being inferior beyond measure to their master, both in the accomplishment and the faculty, they have produced, at the best, the mere *corpus exsangue* of the historical romance.

It

It is impossible, however, to read the books even of this class, with which the press teems, without being struck with the extent to which the example of one great author has spread among our writers the feeling and perception of many principles of composition, heretofore but rarely exemplified, and never, perhaps, fully developed. If, for instance, we open any one of their books, and take any given description, whether of external nature, or of the picturesque of manners, and compare that with any attempt of the same class in the works of authors of the same sort of rank in talent, some fifteen years back, we shall be compelled to acknowledge, that the more recent writer has a feeling of what such description ought to be much above the reach of his predecessor. One genius, in a word, has made many clever artists; and some of their works, at least, would bid fair for life, if there were not one general rule in the world of imaginative literature to which there is absolutely no exception: viz. in Martial's words:

'Victurus Genium debet habere liber.'

It is, above all, in the conception and delineation of *character*, that the true novelist, like the true dramatist, must excel; and these are matters, in which we may safely say, after the lapse of three thousand years since the date of the Iliad, that mere art can carry no one far. We read no fiction twice that merely heaps description upon description, and weaves incident with incident, however cleverly. The imitating romancer shrinks at once into his proper dimensions when we ask—what new character has he given us?

'"Where is *his* child?" an echo answers "where?"'

ART. III.—1. *Journal of a Third Voyage for the Discovery of a North-West Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific; performed in the years* 1824, 25, *in His Majesty's Ships Hecla and Fury, under the orders of Captain William Edward Parry, R.N., F.R.S., and Commander of the Expedition.* London. 1826.

2. *A Voyage towards the South Pole, performed in the years* 1822—24. *Containing an Examination of the Antarctic Sea, to the Seventy-fourth degree of Latitude: and a Visit to Tierra del Fuego, with a particular Account of the Inhabitants. To which is added, much useful Information on the coasting Navigation of Cape Horn, and the Adjacent Lands, with Charts of Harbours, &c.* By James Weddell, Esq., Master in the Royal Navy. London. 1825.

THE third and, we grieve to say, the least successful of Captain Parry's strenuous and most meritorious efforts to decide the question of the practicability of a North-West passage from the Atlantic

Atlantic to the Pacific, has left it precisely where it was at the conclusion of his first voyage, in the course of which he went over the same ground. We call his last voyage the least successful, not only on account of the loss of one of his ships, which deprived him of the means of prosecuting the expedition, but because, unlike the former, it has added little or nothing to our stock of geographical knowledge. For all this, however, no blame attaches to either of the commanders; the same zeal, the same unabated exertion, and steady perseverance, were manfully employed by all the officers and men, on this as on former occasions. The unusual severity of the first season, on their passage outwards; and the change, of which they could not be aware, that had taken place in the position of the floating fields of ice that permanently occupy some part of Baffin's Bay, retarded the progress of the ships so long, that it was with much difficulty they were enabled to reach Port Bowen, on the eastern shore of Prince Regent's Inlet, before all further navigation, for that season, became impracticable, on account of the formation of young ice on the surface of the sea. Had they been fortunate enough to reach this point three weeks or a month sooner, as they had every reasonable ground, from former experience, to anticipate, they would in all probability have crossed the southern portion of the Polar sea, and wintered on some part of the coast of America. Subsequent appearances of the sea towards that quarter justified such an expectation; but, at all events, it was hoped that, by starting at an early period of the following season from the advanced post they had gained, they would be able to make very considerable progress to the westward, perhaps to accomplish the great object of the expedition. They came to this conclusion from the flattering circumstance that, to the southward of Prince Regent's Inlet, neither ice nor islands were visible to obstruct their passage, 'while a dark water-sky,' says Captain Parry, 'indicated a perfectly navigable sea in that direction.'

The winter in Port Bowen was passed pretty nearly in the same manner as former winters in the Polar Seas, while the ships were shut up in 'thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice,' and, with them, their brave crews doomed—

> ——————————'there to pine,
> Immoveable, infixed, and frozen round.'

Perhaps, indeed, this third winter was somewhat more dreary than former ones; there was a total absence of all human creatures besides themselves; and, we might almost say, of every object of animated nature. In other respects, as Captain Parry observes, a description of the aspect of nature would suit alike each winter they had passed in the ice, and the catalogue of occurrences

currences and adventures of one sojourn might serve very nearly as well for any other.

'To those who read, as well as to those who describe, the account of a winter passed in these regions can no longer be expected to afford the interest of novelty it once possessed; more especially in a station already delineated with tolerable geographical precision on our maps, and thus, as it were, brought near to our firesides at home. Independently, indeed, of this circumstance, it is hard to conceive any one thing more like another than two winters passed in the higher latitudes of the Polar regions, except when variety happens to be afforded by intercourse with some other branch of "the whole family of man." Winter after winter, nature here assumes an aspect so much alike, that cursory observation can scarcely detect a single feature of variety. The winter of more temperate climates, and even in some of no slight severity, is occasionally diversified by a thaw, which at once gives variety and comparative cheerfulness to the prospect. But here, when once the earth is covered, all is dreary monotonous whiteness—not merely for days or weeks, but for more than half a year together. Whichever way the eye is turned, it meets a picture calculated to impress upon the mind an idea of inanimate stillness, of that motionless torpor with which our feelings have nothing congenial; of anything, in short, but life. In the very silence there is a deadness with which a human spectator appears *out of keeping*. The presence of man seems an intrusion on the dreary solitude of this wintry desert, which even its native animals have for a while forsaken.'—pp. 40, 41.

As affording some amends for external deficiencies, their comforts and conveniences were considerably improved this voyage, and with these the general health of the seamen, which, if possible, exceeded that of all prior experience. This circumstance Captain Parry mainly attributes to his being able to keep up an uniform moderate temperature throughout every part of the ships, varying only from 56° to 63°, with a perfectly dry atmosphere: and these important advantages he was enabled to accomplish by means of Silvester's 'warming apparatus,'—'a contrivance,' he says, 'of which I scarcely know how to express my admiration in adequate terms.'

'The alteration adopted on this voyage of placing this stove in the very bottom of the hold, produced not only the effect naturally to be expected from it, of increasing the rapidity of the current of warm air, and thus carrying it to all the officers' cabins with less loss of heat in its passage; but was also accompanied by an advantage scarcely less important which had *not* been anticipated. This was the perfect and uniform warmth maintained during the winter in both the cable-tiers, which, when cleared of all the stores, gave us another habitable deck, on which more than one-third of the men's hammocks were birthed: thus affording to the ships' companies, during seven or eight months of the year, the indescribable comfort of nearly twice the space for their beds, and twice

twice the volume of air to breathe in. It need scarcely be added, how conducive to wholesome ventilation, and to the prevention of moisture below, such an arrangement proved; suffice it to say that we have never before been so free from moisture, and that I cannot but chiefly attribute to this apparatus the unprecedented good state of health we enjoyed during this winter.'—pp. 44, 45.

The occupation of the seamen in their ordinary duties, the occasional diversion of their minds, and the regularity of their bodily exercise, were objects not likely to be neglected by so experienced and attentive a commander as Captain Parry. Their former recreations, however, derived chiefly from the acting of plays and the composition and reading of a Weekly Gazette, might now be supposed to have lost the charm of novelty: these, therefore, were not again resorted to, and in lieu of them Captain Hoppner, (of the Fury,) Parry's tried and trusty associate in these voyages, suggested and planned a *masquerade*, in which both officers and men should be able to take a share.

'It is impossible that any idea could have proved more happy, or more exactly suited to our situation. Admirably dressed characters of various descriptions readily took their parts, and many of these were supported with a degree of spirit and genuine humour which would not have disgraced a more refined assembly; while the latter might not have disdained, and would not have been disgraced by, copying the good order, decorum, and inoffensive cheerfulness which our humble masquerades presented. It does especial credit to the dispositions and good sense of our men, that, though all the officers entered fully into the spirit of these amusements, which took place once a month, alternately on board each ship, no instance occurred of any thing that could interfere with the regular discipline, or at all weaken the respect of the men towards their superiors. Ours were masquerades without licentiousness—carnivals without excess.'—pp. 49, 50.

But an occupation not less assiduously pursued, and of much more important and permanent benefit to those engaged in it, was the re-establishment of schools.

'By the judicious zeal of Mr. Hooper, the Hecla's school was made subservient, not merely to the improvement of the men in reading and writing, (in which, however, their progress was surprizingly great,) but also to the cultivation of that religious feeling which so essentially improves the character of a seaman, by furnishing the highest motives for increased attention to every other duty. Nor was the benefit confined to the eighteen or twenty individuals whose want of scholarship brought them to the school-table, but extended itself to the rest of the ship's company, making the whole lower deck such a scene of quiet rational occupation as I never before witnessed on board a ship. And I do not speak lightly when I express my thorough persuasion that to the moral effects thus produced upon the minds of the men, were owing, in a very high degree, the constant yet sober cheerfulness, the uninterrupted good order,

order, and even, in some measure, the extraordinary state of health which prevailed among us during this winter.'—pp. 50, 51.

When to these methods of recreation and mental employment are added the various occupations of the officers in the duties of the ship, in taking observations relating to astronomy and navigation, in noting down the several atmospherical phenomena, in collecting specimens of natural history, it may readily be supposed that time did not hang heavily on their hands. A great number of important observations on the magnetic influence were conducted by Lieutenant Foster, which are about to appear in the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society, and from which some new, curious, and highly interesting results are expected. In treating of Professor Barlow's plate for correcting the effect of local attraction, and the severe trial it had to undergo in latitudes where the compasses had before been rendered wholly useless, Captain Parry says, 'never had an invention a more complete and satisfactory triumph; for to the last moment of our operations at sea did the compass indicate the true magnetic direction.'

'Such an invention (he proceeds) as this, so sound in principle, so easy of application, and so universally beneficial in practice, needs no testimony of mine to establish its merits; but when I consider the many anxious days and sleepless nights which the uselessness of the compass in these seas has formerly occasioned me, I really should esteem it a kind of personal ingratitude to Mr. Barlow, as well as great injustice to so memorable a discovery, not to have stated my opinion of its merits, under circumstances so well calculated to put them to a satisfactory trial.'—pp. 55, 56.

It is known that sounds are heard with more distinctness and at greater distances in severely cold weather than at other times. At Port Bowen it was found that two persons could keep up a conversation with great facility between two stations at the measured distance of 6,696 feet, or about one statute mile and two-tenths, the thermometer at 18 below zero.

The atmospherical phenomena in the polar regions during winter appear to be subject to much less change than in places situated in lower latitudes. Thus the range in the barometer and thermometer is very limited; the hygrometer rarely indicates any moisture; the snow that occasionally falls is composed of minute crystals, and scarcely covers the ground at the end of the season to the depth of four inches; the atmosphere gives no indication of electricity; and the aurora borealis is faint and seldom appears—but for the details of these subjects, so interesting to science, we must refer the reader to the volume itself, in the Appendix to which will be found much most valuable matter in the various departments of science.

It

It was not till the 20th July that the disruption of the ice allowed the ships to remove from their winter-quarters, and enabled them to stretch across towards the western shore of Prince Regent's Inlet, where, after some slight obstruction, they succeeded in making favourable progress along the land. This however did not continue long; the ice was perceived to approach the land, till at length it reached the ships and drove them both on shore, and the Fury was found to be so very seriously damaged as to make it impossible for her to proceed farther without repairs, and probably without, as Captain Parry calls it, 'the ruinous necessity' of heaving the ship down.

There being no harbour, it was necessary to form a sort of basin by means of the ice for the performance of this operation; the process was tedious and laborious, and various impediments occurred from the movement and pressure of the ice. They succeeded, however, after immense exertions, in heaving the Fury down: but this had scarcely been accomplished when a gale of wind destroyed the securities of the basin, which rendered it necessary to tow the Fury out, to re-equip the Hecla, and for the latter to stand out to sea. The Fury was once more driven on shore, and it now appeared on a close examination, that it was perfectly hopeless, circumstanced as they were, to make her sea-worthy,—that it was absolutely necessary to abandon her. The incessant labour which every one underwent, upon this disastrous occasion, had a curious effect on the mind. 'The officers and men,' says Captain Parry, 'were now literally so harassed and fatigued, as to be scarcely capable of further exertion without some rest; and on this and one or two other occasions, I noticed more than a single instance of stupor amounting to a certain degree of failure in intellect, rendering the individual so affected quite unable at first to comprehend the meaning of an order, though still as willing as ever to obey it.'

Whatever expectations Captain Parry might have rested on the result of heaving down and repairing the Fury, these were now at an end. 'With a twelvemonth's provisions for both ships' companies, (says the Captain,) it would have been folly to hope for final success, considering the small progress we had already made, the uncertain nature of this navigation, and the advanced period of the present season. . . . . I was therefore,' he adds, 'reduced to the only remaining conclusion, that it was my duty, under all the circumstances of the case, to return to England, in compliance with the plain tenor of my instructions.'

Captain Parry adduces a number of instances to prove, what we have noticed on a former occasion, 'that the western sides of seas and inlets, having a trending at all approaching to north and south,

south, are, at a given season of the year, generally more encumbered with ice than the shores which have an opposite aspect;' and his observations on this well established fact have led him to the conclusion, 'that there must exist in the polar regions some general motion of the sea towards the west, causing the ice to set in that direction, when not impelled by contrary winds, or local and occasional currents, until it butts against those shores which are actually found to be most encumbered by it;' and he offers a suggestion for the consideration of others, 'whether such a tendency of the sea may not have some connection with the motion of the earth on its axis?' Philosophers, we believe, have long ago settled this point, and are agreed that the sea, as well as the atmosphere, partake of the earth's motion and accompany it very peaceably in its daily revolution without striving either to precede or fall behind it. Perhaps the well known fact of the western shores of lands enjoying a climate considerably more temperate than the eastern ones in a corresponding latitude, may be held sufficient to explain the phenomenon in question. The superior warmth of one shore melts the ice in contact with it, while on the opposite side it remains undissolved; just as in a wide street, (Regent Street, for instance,) running north and south, the eastern side, during winter or in wet or damp weather, will frequently be found entirely dry, while the western side remains completely wet, and this for days and weeks together—an effect arising probably from the superior influence of the western rays of the sun falling more direct on the eastern side of the street, or, which is the same thing, the western side of a continent or island.

Captain Parry made every endeavour to avail himself of this well-established fact; but this was always attended with constant and unavoidable risk to his ships, and we cannot, therefore, as he observes, be reasonably surprized, 'that, on a single occasion, out of so many in which the same accident seemed, as it were, impending, it should actually have taken place.' The wonder certainly is that the accident never happened before; for, strong as the ships were made, it is quite certain that no combination of wood and iron, however skilfully disposed, can withstand the continued pressure between unyielding ground on one side, and an enormous moving body of ice on the other; and this consideration rather inclines us to hesitate, in the general, as to the propriety of keeping ships in the narrow channels formed between the land and the main body of the ice which is found in most of the narrow passages among islands. Parry himself asserts that, 'on numerous occasions, the ships might easily have been placed among the ice, and left to drift with it in comparative, if not absolute security, when the holding them on was preferred, though attended

attended with hourly and imminent peril.' It is true that, on running the ships into the midst of a field of ice, there is no knowing whither they might be drifted, or when disentangled, but in other respects we are apt to think such is the safest way to navigate frozen seas; and when we are told by Captain Parry that, during the time the Fury and the Hecla were made fast on the coast of Prince Regent's Inlet, the ice was setting to the southward, and sometimes at a rapid rate, 'full seven days out of ten on an average,' we cannot help expressing a wish that both vessels had been shut up in the midst of it, instead of being in a situation where they were almost every instant liable to be squeezed between the huge masses and the unyielding shore, and where the former was finally crushed and wrecked.

We speak from some little experience when we say, that the danger from being 'beset' is very trifling indeed. Even the frail Greenland fishing ships, though sometimes 'nipped' in the ice, are rarely lost; and when such an accident does take place, the crews are generally preserved upon the ice or in their boats if the ice should separate. The loss of life, therefore, from shipwreck among the ice cannot be argued as an objection to the attempts at discovery in those seas; and assuredly as little objection is there on the score of loss of health. In the late voyage *one* man was found drowned in a pool of water, and *one* died of an abscess occasioned by a fall. The exposure to the rigour of an arctic winter has no longer any terror; that bugbear is at an end. When indeed we compare the risk to which ships are exposed on the west coast of Ireland and in the British seas, with that of those engaged in the northern fisheries,—and the loss of health and life in the squadrons employed in the West Indies and on the coast of Africa, with the very trifling loss of either in the five northern expeditions;—we see nothing whatever to object to the continuance of these Polar voyages—so long as there is any thing to discover—on the score of danger, either to ships or men.

It is a curious circumstance, however, that, in the early periods of the Greenland fishery, when in the hands of the northern nations, the mortality must have been prodigious. This is quite obvious from the fact, but recently discovered, of there being not fewer than *five thousand graves* on the northern shores of Spitzbergen and its neighbouring islands, containing, most probably, the remains of Dutch, Danes, Swedes, Norwegians and Russians, of whom, however, no memorial is left to inform posterity how or where so great a mortality took place. Captain Buchan opened a few of the graves and found the bodies perfect; their woollen caps and worsted stockings were as fresh as when first put on. The death of such a multitude could only be owing to some gross mismanagement; for on the same spot, at this moment,

ment, an establishment has been formed by Mr. Crowe, an intelligent English merchant of Hamerfest in Norway, which has existed two or three years under the management of his brother. The little colony consists of twenty-five men, who continue in perfect health; indeed we understand from Mr. Crowe himself, that during the whole of last winter not a man suffered from sickness; and so little severe was the climate, that there was not a day, except one, in which they could not pursue their occupation of hunting rein-deer, foxes, and the various fur-bearing animals, which are the objects of their search and abode in this dreary region. A ship brings annually to Hamerfest the produce of their exertions.

Captain Parry bears honourable testimony to the extraordinary and valuable labours of our early navigators in the polar regions —Davis, Hudson, Baffin and others. In almost every incident of these plain and unpretending narratives may be recognized, he tells us, some circumstance familiar to his own recollection and experience, and he finds their remarks to be such, as bear most unequivocally about them the impress of truth.

'While thus doing justice to the faithfulness and accuracy with which they recorded their discoveries, one cannot less admire the intrepidity, perseverance, and skill with which, inadequately furnished as they were, those discoveries were effected, and every difficulty and danger braved. That any man, in a single frail vessel of five-and twenty tons, ill-found in most respects, and wholly unprovided for wintering, having to contend with a thousand real difficulties, as well as with numberless imaginary ones, which the superstitions then existing among sailors would not fail to conjure up,—that any man, under such circumstances, should, two hundred years ago, have persevered in accomplishing what our old navigators did accomplish, is, I confess, sufficient to create in my mind a feeling of the highest pride on the one hand, and almost approaching to humiliation on the other: of pride, in remembering that it was *our* countrymen who performed these exploits; of humiliation, when I consider how little, with all our advantages, *we* have succeeded in going beyond them.

'Indeed, the longer our experience has been in the navigation of the icy seas, and the more intimate our acquaintance with all its difficulties and all its precariousness, the higher have our admiration and respect been raised for those who went before us in these enterprizes. Persevering in difficulty, unappalled by danger, and patient under distress, they scarcely ever use the language of complaint, much less that of despair; and sometimes, when all human hope seems at its lowest ebb, they furnish the most beautiful examples of that firm reliance on a merciful and superintending Providence, which is the only rational source of true fortitude in man. Often, with their narratives impressed upon my mind, and surrounded by the very difficulties which they in their frail and inefficient barks undauntedly encountered and overcame, have I been tempted to exclaim, with all the enthusiasm of Purchas, "How shall I admire

admire your heroicke courage, ye marine worthies, beyond names of worthiness!" '—pp. 182, 183.

We are glad to find that the views long entertained by Captain Parry on the subject of a North-West passage,—the practicability of the enterprize,—the means to be adopted, and the route to be pursued for its accomplishment,—remain wholly unaltered; 'except,' as he says, 'that some additional encouragement has been afforded by the favourable appearances of a navigable sea near the south-western extremity of Prince Regent's Inlet.'

To that point, then, he still recommends that any future attempt should be directed; and indeed, when we consider the state in which Captain Franklin found the Polar Sea on the shore of America, for 600 miles to the eastward of Hearne's River, and more recently at the mouth of Mackenzie's River, without ice and without islands, as far to the westward as the eye could reach from an elevation of two hundred feet, we conceive that no doubt can reasonably be entertained that this part of the Polar Sea is perfectly navigable. Well therefore may Parry say—

'I feel confident that the undertaking, if it be deemed advisable at any future time to pursue it, will one day or other be accomplished; for, setting aside the accidents to which, from their very nature, such attempts must be liable, as well as other unfavourable circumstances which human foresight can never guard against, nor human power controul, I cannot but believe it to be an enterprize well within the reasonable limits of practicability. It may be tried often, and often fail, for several favourable and fortunate circumstances must be combined for its accomplishment; but I believe nevertheless that it *will* ultimately be accomplished.'—pp. 184, 185.

and he adds,

'Happy as I should have considered myself in solving this interesting question, instead of still leaving it a matter of speculation and conjecture, happy shall I also be if any labours of mine in the humble, though it would seem necessary, office of pioneer, should ultimately contribute to the success of some more fortunate individual; but most happy should I be, to be again selected as that individual. May it still fall to England's lot to accomplish this undertaking, and may she ever continue to take the lead in enterprizes intended to contribute to the advancement of science, and to promote, with her own, the welfare of mankind at large! Such enterprizes, so disinterested as well as useful in their object, do honour to the country which undertakes them, even when they fail; they cannot but excite the admiration and respect of every liberal and cultivated mind; and the page of future history will undoubtedly record them as every way worthy of a powerful, a virtuous, and an enlightened nation.'—p. 186.

We would fain hope indeed, that the prosecution of an enterprize, which, since the days of Queen Elizabeth, has been considered as a great national object, has only been suspended till the

issue of Captain Franklin's expedition shall be known; that England will yet be the nation to accomplish it, and Parry the happy individual. We may be well assured that, should we abandon this enterprize, the Americans will take it up. Their attention indeed has already been drawn towards it. In December last, a resolution being offered in Congress, for employing a sloop of war in exploring the north-west coast, it was moved by Mr. Sawyer, of North Carolina, that these words should be added to that resolve,—' and thence to proceed into Behring's Strait, and, if practicable, to continue her route into the Polar Seas, and through the openings of Prince Regent's Inlet, or Barrow's Strait, into Davis's or Hudson's Strait, thence down the said straits into some port in the United States.'

This amendment to the resolution, he said, was grounded on that part of the president's message which had reference to the English Voyages of Discovery; and the expediency of their (the Americans) coming forward also with a contribution of mind, of labour, and of expense, for the acquisition of knowledge. The time, he observed, was now come, when the American states should likewise enter upon the glorious career of discovery and human improvement. He paid a high compliment to the liberal and enlightened views of the King of England and his ministers for their unabated zeal and persevering efforts under so many repeated disappointments, and passed a well merited eulogium on Captain Parry who, by his skill, resolution and fortitude, had, in his opinion, reaped laurels in the field of discovery more honourable than any gained on the field of blood. The amendment was opposed and lost, on the ground of the inadequacy of the existing means, and the expense that would be incurred by the addition of a second ship; but we venture to say, it will not be lost sight of, and that, if we should unfortunately remain satisfied with having opened the door, our transatlantic brethren, with all their love for the dollars, will not be slow in availing themselves of so good an opportunity of passing the threshold. No one can now dispute how much easier the accomplishment of a passage must be from Behring's Strait to Prince Regent's Inlet, than the contrary way; but this could only be known since the discovery of an outlet through Lancaster Sound into Baffin's Bay had been effected by Captain Parry. Whoever had attempted it along the northern coast of America previous to such discovery would, in all probability, have perished.

It was not to be expected that a man of Parry's activity of mind, and who had so long been engaged in the pursuit of discovery, would be content to remain quietly on shore. He knew that a project had been entertained, by another able and indefatigable officer, of proceeding from Spitzbergen to the North Pole,

Pole, and he knew that such a man as Franklin was not likely to suggest and adopt a measure, that did not carry with it a fair chance of success. When two such men as Parry and Franklin, after weighing well the risk to be encountered, and all the circumstances which make for and against an undertaking of this nature, offer a plan, for the execution of which they propose to embark themselves, it would surely be something like presumption to affect to undervalue their experience, or to pronounce *their* scheme rash and chimerical.

The president and council of the Royal Society were clearly of this opinion. In a letter to Lord Melville, they signified their approbation of Captain Parry's proposal, and their opinion that such an enterprize cannot fail to afford many valuable scientific results, and to settle matters of philosophical inquiry; and they concluded by expressing their wishes, that this proposition of so brave, enlightened, and scientific an officer might meet with the attention it appeared to them to deserve, from the Admiralty.

The Board of Admiralty will scarcely be accused of inattention to any recommendation of this learned body, or of any backwardness in lending its aid towards such undertakings as may have for their object the promotion of science, or the acquirement and extension of useful knowledge. Accordingly, on this recommendation of the proposal of Captain Parry, the Hecla has been ordered to be prepared for the service in question, and to be ready in the early part of the next spring. The plan is, as we understand, to proceed in the Hecla to that part of Spitzbergen called 'Cloven Cliff,' in lat. 79° 52', so as to reach it towards the end of May: its distance from the Pole is about 600 miles. This distance is to be performed by means of two boats, so constructed as to be light, tough, and rather flexible; to be furnished with *runners*, in the manner of sledges; and to be covered with leather like the Russian *baidars*, in which long voyages are performed: to have besides a covering or awning of oil-skin, convertible into a sail. Each boat is to be manned with two officers and ten men; and to carry provisions for ninety-two days, which, at the moderate rate of thirteen miles a day, will be sufficient for the performance of the journey to the Pole, and back again to Spitzbergen.

The boats are furnished with runners in the uncertainty of the intermediate space being ice or water: the probability is, that it will be found to consist of both; in which case, the boats will sail in the water, and be dragged over the ice. Captain Parry proposes to take from Spitzbergen a few dogs or rein-deer to assist in dragging the boats; both animals will feed on fish which may perhaps be easily caught; and if *their* provisions fail, they may become food for the use of the party.

be the first to wave over the most remote and hitherto inaccessible portions of the globe, from the Equator to either Pole.

From this digression we advert, with much pleasure, to the little volume whose title stands second at the head of this Article,—the Voyage of Captain Weddell into the Antarctic Seas. It furnishes a striking example of how much may be done, by skill and good management, with slender means; and it furnishes also an additional proof how little there is to apprehend for loss of life, or ships, among fields of ice in the navigation of the Polar seas, when prudence and good seamanship guide the helm. The object of this voyage was to procure cargoes of the furbearing seal-skins on the Sandwich Land, which was considered to be the projecting cape of a southern continent, stretching from it east and west, behind the recently *recovered* (not discovered) islands of Gerritz, which have assumed the new name of South Shetland. Captain Weddell has shown the conjecture we have mentioned to be ill-founded, and has moreover added very considerably to our knowledge of the Antarctic seas.

The two vessels employed on this voyage were, the brig Jane, of 160 tons, commanded by Captain Weddell, and the cutter Beaufoy of 65 tons, by Mr. Brisbane; the former having a crew of twenty-two officers and men, and the latter of thirteen, both ships fitted out in the ordinary way, and provisioned for two years. Mr. Weddell made the best of his way to the South Orkneys, a group of islands which he had discovered the year before, lying to the eastward of the South Shetlands, than which they were represented as being more rugged, peaked and terrific in their appearance. Here they captured a few large sea-leopards, a new species of *phoca*, which professor Jameson, from its spotted skin, has named the Leopardine Seal.

Finding no appearance of a continent, Mr. Weddell determined to continue standing to the southward. 'I accordingly,' says he, 'informed Mr. Brisbane of my intention, and he, with a boldness which greatly enhanced the respect I bore him, expressed his willingness to push our research in that direction, though we had been hitherto so unsuccessful.'

Mr. Brisbane and his little cutter bring to our recollection the Frobishers, the Davises, and Baffins of former times, who, with their *Sunshines* and *Moonshines* of some thirty tons, worked their way in so surprizing a manner through fields and floes of ice. Thus the Beaufoy kept pace with her somewhat more powerful consort through those streams of ice which surround the New Shetlands, the Orkneys, the Sandwich Land, and that more southerly belt, which Captain Cook entered, but was glad to escape from again as speedily as possible.

Proceeding therefore to the southward, in about the latitude

tude 65°, they thought they had discovered land, which showed itself in the shape of a black rock; but, on a nearer approach, it proved to be only an ice-island, covered on one of its sides with black earth. Their disappointment, however, was somewhat soothed by the consideration that it must have disengaged itself from some high land possessing a considerable quantity of soil, and the possibility that this land might not be far distant. From this place, however, till their arrival in latitude 69°, detached bergs, or islands of ice, were constantly occurring, so numerous indeed, about the latter point, as almost to impede and prevent their passing farther. 'Sixty-six,' says Captain Weddell, 'were counted around us; and for about fifty miles to the south, we had seldom fewer in sight.'

Arrived at 70° 26′ S., the wind became moderate, the sea tolerably smooth, the weather pleasant, and the ice-islands had almost disappeared. Unfortunately the two thermometers had been broken, and the temperature from this time could not be ascertained, but we are told it was fully as mild as in the latitude 61°, in the month of December (34° to 36°) and they were now near the parallel of 73°. The sea was literally covered with birds of the blue peterel kind, but nothing like land nor any indication of land appeared. The weather continued mild and serene, and 'not a particle of ice of any description was to be seen;' and this absence of ice continued till the 20th of February, when, in latitude 74° 15′, longitude 34° 17′, three ice-islands were in sight from the deck, and one more from the mast-head.

Having attained this high latitude, which is three degrees and five minutes farther south than Captain Cook, or any preceding navigator, had reached; and the wind blowing fresh from the south, the season too fast advancing, Captain Weddell deemed it prudent to return.

'I would willingly (says he) have explored the S. W. quarter, but taking into consideration the lateness of the season, and that we had to pass homewards through 1000 miles of sea strewed with ice-islands, with long nights, and probably attended with fogs, I could not determine otherwise than to take advantage of this favourable wind for returning.' —*Weddell*, p. 37.

Captain Weddell, on leaving this high degree of southern latitude, comes to a conclusion which, in our present state of ignorance, he is hardly authorized to do. He says that, as the sea in this high latitude was free from ice, and as in 61° (that is, in a lower latitude by 13 degrees) his ship was beset in heavy packed ice, which extended to the distance of 100 miles from the land, the South Pole *must be* much more attainable than the North; because, in a much more advanced position towards the latter, there

there is a great deal of land. If he was led to this conclusion by observing that the greatest quantity of ice was always found hanging about the land, we so far agree with him. Experience has already shown that, wherever there is an extensive sea free from islands, whatever ice may be formed on it in the winter season will, when broken up by gales of wind, be drifted about till it gets hold of some land, where it takes the ground, and becomes fixed to the shores; consequently, where there are numerous islands, as is the case in the Arctic seas, it is jammed in the straits formed between them, and closes entirely, or renders very difficult, the navigation of these straits. But how can he tell what land may exist between the degree of latitude which he reached and the South Pole? Should there be none, we have no doubt whatever of the practicability of an easy navigation to that Pole; and as little have we that Captain Parry will find an uninterrupted navigation for his boats to the North Pole, provided no land intervenes between that and Spitzbergen. The icebergs, it is true, that were seen in this high latitude by Captain Weddell, could only have been formed by the precipitous shores of land existing *somewhere* in this Antarctic Ocean, but these masses are known to travel far, and in all directions, according as they are influenced by winds and currents.

That field-ice, or extensive floes of ice, cannot be easily formed in a deep and expansive ocean, we are disposed to agree with Captain Weddell, who is not aware perhaps that one of our best old navigators, who made three several attempts to discover a North-west passage, was of the same opinion, observing that 'the deep sea friezeth not;' an opinion which he deduced from his own experience, and which is, moreover, considerably corroborated by the testimony of the Baron Wrangel, who, after traversing the solid ice which stretches from the northern coast of Siberia into the Polar seas, came to an expanse of water of which he could see no end in any direction; as also by that of Franklin, who saw nothing but water from the mouth of Mackenzie's river; by the observations of Parry in Lancaster Sound; and lastly, by the experience of Mr. Weddell himself in the Antarctic Ocean. Though the fact of the great deep sea not freezing may not be strictly and universally correct, we may safely affirm that it never remains *frozen over*. Captain Parry has observed that the first strong breeze of wind that agitates the sea, disperses and separates the ice into small heaps or packs, which drift away till they find some large floe, or field, or the shore of some land whereto to attach themselves. Mr. Weddell may therefore be right in his conjecture that 'the Antarctic sea will probably be found less *icy* than is generally imagined; and that, if there be no more land to the southward of the spot which he reached, (which is, in fact,

fact, the whole question,) there may be a clear field of discovery, even to the South Pole.'

This voyage of Mr. Weddell will assist us in correcting an erroneous and unfounded notion, which has somehow or other got abroad, and passes current like many other 'vulgar errors,' that the southern hemisphere is considerably colder than the northern one, in the corresponding degrees of latitude; in so much, that ten degrees of latitude, at the least, must be added to the latter to produce an equality of temperature with the former—as in 50°, for instance, of north latitude, the climate is of equal temperature with that of 40° of south latitude. This, we venture to affirm, is not the case, whether on the land or on the ocean; the absurdity, as a general rule, is obvious enough; for as temperature depends very much on local circumstances, by which it is governed perhaps more frequently than by degrees of latitude, no determinate rule of general comparison can possibly be established. Thus we find that oranges will grow in Europe in the same degree of latitude in which oats will scarcely ripen on one side of America; while again, on the opposite side of that same continent, in the very same degree, the delicate humming-bird builds its nest.

We have already had occasion to remark how much warmer are the western shores of continents and islands than their eastern sides; perhaps one of the most remarkable instances of the high winter temperature of the sea on a western coast in a high latitude, is that of Norway, where the sea, even in its inland deep fiords, is rarely if ever frozen over. Mr. De Capel Brooke saw nothing like ice in the harbour of Hammerfest in lat. 70°, at a time when the thermometer on the shore was at 15° below *zero*. 'On walking down,' says he, 'to the fiord, the whole surface was covered with a thick steam, which arose from the sea.' He tells us, what was not necessary, that this was occasioned by the difference of temperature between the water and surrounding air; that the vapour of the former, being the warmer, is condensed into fog by the colder air, and becomes visible; but he does not tells us *why* the sea should be warmer on this than on the other side of the Atlantic, where the heated water of the Gulf-stream rolls its current. Is the phenomenon occasioned by the cold water of the surface descending by its increased gravity, while the warmer and lighter ascends to take its place from the great depth below?* or is the heat that puzzles us created by subterranean fire?

* In speaking of Lochness, which is said never to freeze on account of its depth, Dr. Johnson observes, 'its profundity can have little part in this exemption; for though deep wells are not frozen, because their water is excluded from the external air, yet where a wide surface is exposed to the full influence of a freezing atmosphere, I know not why the *depth* should keep it open.'

The

The fact is, unquestionably, as stated by Mr. De Capel Brooke. We know that the harbour of New York, in lat. 40½°, is almost annually frozen up; and that of Halifax and the adjoining sea (lat. 44½°) invariably so for several months; while the sea on the coast of Norway, even up to the North Cape in lat. 71° 10′, is never frozen. The coast of Ireland is not molested by ice; while that of Newfoundland, extending 5° more southerly than that of Ireland, is surrounded with fields of ice for several months every year. The case is the same on the eastern side of the continent of Asia. In the Japan islands, snow will remain on the ground till May. At Pekin, in lat. 40°, the canals are frozen up for two months in the year, and ice is not uncommon at Canton, which lies under the tropic.

These anomalies do not exist, or exist only in a very small degree, in the southern hemisphere, the vast expanse of ocean in proportion to the land there preserving a more equable temperature;—one so equable, so uniform indeed, that, take any one parallel, and it will be found that, in the whole circumference of the globe, no other difference of temperature exists, than what may be accounted for by the different nature of the surface, as mountains, forests, sandy plains, &c.

As there is, therefore, little or no analogy between the two hemispheres, so no comparative estimate can be formed of the difference of temperature between corresponding parallels of latitude. Instead of this difference being equal to 10° of latitude in favour of the northern hemisphere, we should rather be inclined to think that the contrary is nearer the truth: thus we shall find that South Africa has as high a summer temperature as the northern portion of that great continent; and that in winter, it has one that is much more so, especially near its southern extremity; and that South America, both in winter and summer, enjoys a much higher temperature than North America. The sea, too, within the Antarctic circle, as we have seen, is very little encumbered with ice as far as 75°, while a great portion of the Arctic seas, and even 10° or 12° below that circle, where land abounds, are in certain places almost choked up with it. The summer temperature of the ocean was found by Mr. Weddell every where higher than Captain Parry had it in much lower latitudes.

These examples, which might be greatly multiplied, are sufficient to show the absurdity of making any general comparison, and to prove how unfounded is the vulgar notion that the southern hemisphere is colder in corresponding latitudes than the northern one.

Another circumstance, of a different nature, struck us forcibly in

in the perusal of Captain Weddell's book. In his description of the natives of Cape Horn, Tierra del Fuego and the adjoining islands, one might suppose, without any great stretch of the imagination, that we were reading Captain Parry's account of the Esquimaux on the opposite extremity of the American continent; in the former, as in those, we find the same diminutive stature, the broad full-moon face, the skin clothing,—less cumbrous from the superior warmth of the climate—the same luxury of feasting on blubber, the same weapons for slaying land and marine animals, such as slings, darts, bows and arrows, and these similarly constructed—the same faculty of imitation and mimicking whatever they see or hear; these, and other particulars, are all in accordance with what we have been told of the Esquimaux.

It is also remarkable that something of the same kind, though not quite so striking, occurs on the opposite side of the Atlantic, in the resemblance that exists between the Hottentots at the southern extremity of Africa, and the Kalmucs, the Samoyedes, and other diminutive races on the northern parts of Asiatic Siberia, all of them congenerous with the more civilized Chinese, to whom a likeness has ere now been pointed out in the stature, shape, complexion and countenance of the Hottentot; most particularly so, in that remarkable feature, the oblique and elongated eye, common to all the northern nations of Asia. The habits of the Hottentot, however, are different from those of the Asiatic nations; as they must necessarily be from the great difference which exists in the two climates.

We may here also pause for a moment on the curious coincidence which exists at the southern extremities of the two continents of America and Africa, on both of which we find a race of pigmies in close contact with a nation of giants; for though the Patagonians are not quite so tall as Pigafetta and many of the old navigators have made them, they are undoubtedly a race of gigantic stature; while the Caffres, in close contact with the Hottentots, differ about as remarkably in shape, feature and colour, from their diminutive neighbours.

The last thing we shall remark in this unpretending little volume is the praiseworthy labour which its author appears to have bestowed, in adding new and important information to the interests of navigation, by improving the hydrography of the seas and islands at the southern extremity of America, and in detecting errors of great importance made by former navigators. These points, indeed, are of so much importance, as to have induced, among other considerations, the Board of Admiralty to send out an expedition, consisting of two ships of war, for the express purpose of surveying the coasts and islands of Patagonia; and the commander (Captain

(Captain King) of course has been supplied with the best and most expensive instruments that can be made, and such as individuals cannot be expected to be supplied with. Captain Weddell, however, had three chronometers of his own, patent azimuth compasses, and such other instruments as are mostly in use by navigators; of which he appears to have known well how to avail himself. As an old and able master in the navy, he entertained a proper feeling and a just sense of the value and importance of accuracy in hydrography, and an exact knowledge of the dangers scattered over that great deep navigated by multitudes of ships, on whose safety the lives of so many thousands of our fellow-creatures depend.

Speaking of South Iceland, and the Auroras, and other islands which have no existence but on the charts, he justly observes—

'It is much to be regretted that any men should be so ill-advised as to propagate hydrographical falsehoods; and I pity those who, when they meet with an appearance that is likely to throw some light on the state of the globe, are led through pusillanimity to forego the examination of it. But the extreme reluctance I have to excite painful feelings any where, restrains me from dealing that just censure which is due to many of my fellow-seamen, who, by negligence, narrow views of pecuniary interest, or timidity, have omitted many practicable investigations, the want of which continues to be felt by the nation, and more especially by merchants and ship-owners.'—p. 48.

We entirely agree with him in these sentiments. The man who points out, in the midst of the wide ocean, a single rock unknown before, is a benefactor of the human race; not less so is he who, after careful examination, is able to decide that a rock or a shoal, laid down at random, is either misplaced or has no existence. These are discoveries that make little or no noise in the world; there is no story to tell; no romance in the narrative; it is but a rock less or more in the midst of the ocean, where thousands of the like kind exist; but that rock may have been, and may continue to be, while its place remains unascertained, the cause of destruction of many valuable lives and much property. Captain Weddell has performed many such good services; and when we consider that his voyage was a private mercantile speculation, undertaken with a view solely to profit, he is so much the more entitled to public gratitude, in having spontaneously and gratuitously devoted a considerable portion of time to hydrographical discovery of the most useful kind. We will mention only one instance. A cluster of three islands, called the Auroras, are laid down on the charts to the eastward of the Falkland Islands, in the track nearly of ships intending to double Cape Horn. Their position was supposed to have been accurately ascertained by the

Atravida

Atravida Spanish ship of war, which in the year 1796 was sent expressly for that purpose from the Falkland Islands, from which they were stated to be only distant about 10° of longitude, as ascertained by three chronometers. Every body of course believed in their existence, and in the right position being assigned to them; but Captain Weddell had his doubts from not finding them in their place on the chart in a former voyage. He now, therefore, determined to look for them more narrowly; he got into their supposed latitude, which, indeed, could not be mistaken; he ran down the longitude many degrees both ways, and spent *ten days* in this examination; he could depend on his chronometers, and all hands were constantly on the look out; and the result was, that no such islands as the Auroras are in existence. The Spaniard, without intending to practise any deceit, had been led into the delusion, as is supposed, by three icebergs, the side of one of which was probably covered with black earth, and thus resembled a rock—like another seen in another place by Captain Weddell himself; for it is mentioned in the journal of the Atravida that the eastern extremity of one of these masses was *white*, and the western side very *dark*, across which was a *snowy belt*. But we are warned to stop—which we do with a hearty recommendation of Mr. Weddell's little volume to all nautical men especially, and as one that deserves to find a place on the shelf of every library that pretends to a collection of voyages and travels.

ART. IV.—*Philippe-Auguste; Poëme Héroïque, en Douze Chants.* Par F. A. Parseval, Membre de l'Académie Française. Paris. 1826. pp. 448.

THIS volume, the appearance of which has produced a *sensation* in Paris, and, what is still better, obtained for Monsieur Parseval a gold snuffbox from His Most Christian Majesty, opens with a dedication:

'A LA MÉMOIRE
DE
JACQUES DELILLE.'

Then comes an 'Avis de l'Auteur,' informing us that his poem is the fruit of twenty consecutive years of assiduous labour, and that it should have remained still longer in his portfolio, but for the following consideration:—

'Je ne veux point attendre que l'âge me prive d'une force nécessaire pour corriger les fautes qui me seront révélées par *le grand jour* de l'*impression.*'

With such solemnity and such modesty is a new epic introduced to the world.

M. Par-

M. Parseval, far from leaving the public to form an unassisted opinion of his merits, has considerately added to his twelve cantos, as many clusters of critical notes, in which the principles of epic composition are elaborately expounded; and every passage, the 'audacité' of which seemed likely to startle the ignorant, is carefully defended by maxims from Boileau and precedents from Virgil. Occasionally, moreover, the herd of readers are kindly put on their guard by incidental intimations of a character yet more conclusive and unanswerable: for example—

'Ce fragment, par les lectures que j'en ai faites, a obtenu une espèce de célébrité et m'a valu beaucoup d'encouragement de la part de *mes confrères*.'—p. 433.

Finally, our author, reminding us in a note that

'Horace, Ovide, et plusieurs poëtes antiques ont terminé leurs ouvrages par un épilogue où ils s'applaudissent de leurs succès,'

opens the twelfth canto of Philippe-Auguste with an apostrophe to the Pyramids of Egypt.

'Vous m'avez inspiré, superbes pyramides!
J'ai voulu, COMME VOUS, éterniser mon nom!' &c. &c.

All this is imposing enough: nor does the performance itself, on the first rapid survey of its *Arguments*, appear unworthy of a considerable blowing of trumpets. M. Parseval has put mankind in possession of one more unquestioned epic: divided into twelve books: having its episodes introduced exactly at the established distances, and of the most legitimate dimensions: crammed full of similes, visions, and prophecies; heroes of the most spotless magnanimity, and cowardly giants ten feet high; armour bright from hell on the one side and from heaven on the other; charms, invocations, sorcerers, demons, enchanted bowers, amorous fountains, talking trees: single combats, in which the direct interference of supernatural power enables the personage whose cause is righteous, and his valour unequalled, to triumph, and great battles of 200,000 on a side, in which the fate of the day is uniformly decided by some phenomenon in the clouds; seductions, each of which brings in the course of cantos repentance and a baby, and murders, followed as inevitably by remorse and a ghost:—in a word, all the old 'materies vatum.'

There are three deities to whom M. Parseval ascribes the chief management of the affairs of Philip of France, and his rebellious vassal the count of Boulogne—for these, as our poet frequently observes, are the Æneas and Turnus of the new epic; —to wit, first his holiness the Pope, who, however, changes sides more than once in the course of the action, and appears inferior in power as well as consistency to the others: secondly, Genevieve, the

the tutelary saint of Paris, and the Venus of this piece; and thirdly, Melusine, the fairy of Feudal Anarchy, who is its relentless Juno. The former of these ladies is represented throughout as claiming, receiving, and indeed most richly meriting, a degree of homage, which to read of even in an epic poem must severely wound the orthodox feelings of Dr. Doyle. She acts as completely as an independent power, and at least as effectually, as any of Jupiter's sons or daughters do in the Iliad. The other female *Vindex*, for whom M. Parseval's ingenuity has prepared so many knots, his 'Démon Féodal,' is a more original creation of the fancy. She is a somewhat Dagon-like fairy, lovely woman above the girdle, below that mark rejoicing in voluminous slimy folds 'en immense spirale,' equipped with a battlemented and machicolated helmet, and, moreover, with scaly armour, on which bends, fesses, cheverons, lozenges, tressures, griffins, and all the forms of heraldic decoration are set forth in endless combinations of quartering, and blazoned, *secundum artem*, in azure, gules, vert, sable, ermine, or, and argent. This demon of escutcheons has a whole troop of inferior immortals, crest-and-motto imps we suppose, at her command, and she maintains moreover a strict correspondence with the King of the Volcanoes, who is at all times ready to lend her his powerful co-operation. To balance this subterraneous alliance again, the tutelary saint of Paris has an old friendship with the Spirit of the Loire. He of the Volcanoes entertains the baronial devil by an eloquent lecture on Geology, in which he hints his acquiescence in the theories of Mr. Paullet Scrope, and then obliges her by shipwrecking Philip of France and all his court; while the Genius of the Loire—of whom we are informed that,

> 'Ses cheveux sur son corps en ondes se déroulent,
> Y forment des ruisseaux qui sur ses flancs s'écoulent,
> Et vont baigner les fruits, les plantes, et les fleurs
> Dont sa verte ceinture *entretient les couleurs*'—

the active Genius of the Loire drowns, in return, the retreating army of John, King of England. The poet, charmed with the manner of this retribution, exclaims in one of his self-gratulatory and instructive notes—

'La personification d'un fleuve dans la *théogonie Chrétienne* ne doit avoir aucun rapport avec celle d'un fleuve du Paganisme.'

He adds, 'J'ai cherché à vaincre cette difficulté, et *j'espère que mes lecteurs m'en sauront gré*;'—and we, to speak for ourselves, beg leave to assure M. Parseval that we feel extremely obliged to him for the trouble he has taken upon this occasion.

Our author appears, indeed, throughout all his notes to be

haunted with an exceeding dread that the marvellous machinery of which he so lavishly makes use, may displease the critics of these degenerate and prosaic days. Twice he takes occasion to quote at length the same four lines of 'notre législateur Boileau.'

> 'Sans *tous ces ornemens* le vers tombe en langueur;
> La poésie est morte, ou rampe sans vigueur;
> Le Poëte n'est plus qu'un orateur timide,
> Qu'un froid historien d'une fable insipide.'

And again and again he reminds the world, that Virgil has produced an epic, but Lucan no more than a gazette in hexameters.

We believe, however, that M. Parseval will find he has been rather mistaken in his apprehensions. Few critics, we venture to say, will seize on the appearance of his great work, as presenting an irresistible opportunity for investigating the principles on which either the marvellous in general, or any particular species of the marvellous, has been, or ought to be introduced either in this, or in any other species of composition. Such speculations, it will in all probability be decided, may be safely deferred until another 'Poëme Héroïque' of the old school shall have been put forth by some person in whom the public have the pleasure to recognize not merely a diligent student of the various treatises of the poetic art, but a poet.

If hard students are commonly rewarded in France by gold snuffboxes, the gentleman has deserved his, which we hope is a musical one. He has got his Horace and his Boileau by heart,

> 'And if we have not read Longinus,
> Will magisterially outshine us:'

He has perused with laudable perseverance M. de Sainte Palaie's Essays on Chivalry, Dr. Robertson's View of the Feudal System, the Renée of the Vicomte de Chateaubriand, the Castle of Otranto, and many other works illustrative of the manners and customs of the middle ages; and the lore thus laboriously accumulated is spread, with a generous hand, both over his numbers and his notes. He has given us we know not how many tournaments, parliaments of love, banquets, ordeals, dubbings of knights, and professions of nuns—but unfortunately, he has described no realities which had not been much better described before—and he has invented nothing but what is absurd. We understand that the skill with which he constructs his Alexandrines has been much applauded in his own country; and this praise he probably deserves. But if we overlook the mere mechanism of versification, and come to M. Parseval's language, we fear it is impossible not to see that in this far more essential matter, poverty, conceit, and utter incongruity of effect are blemishes equally prevailing and fatal.

fatal. There is a constant struggle to blend the picturesque simplicity of the Chronicler or Romancer, with what the French talk of as the polished stateliness of the French tragedy; and the result is disagreeable. In one paragraph we have 'Haute et puissante dame,' and in the next 'Quoi, Madame?' Royal spectres begin their speeches with an 'Eh bien,' and when the ghost of the chosen hero Montmorenci himself heads the French army, and decides the fate of the empire at Bovines, we are told that

'Germains, Hongrois, Teutons, reculent effrayés,
Tremblants, saisis d'horreur, et *presque foudroyés;*
La force en vain combat, l'épouvante est plus forte;
Mort ou vivant, fantôme ou chevalier, N'IMPORTE.' . . . .

Again, one of the principal *preux* of the cycle of Philippe Auguste, conceiving an unfortunate passion for the wife of the eldest son of his king and his own most particular friend, is, as is proper, by that lady rejected and rebuked; falls, of course, into a state of the most profound and heroic melancholy, and thus describes his situation—

'Le bonheur est fécond, le malheur est aride,
Rien d'un cœur isolé ne peut remplir le vide.
Cependant, quelquefois, dans mes fougueux élans
Je veux me réveiller à la gloire, aux—TALENS!'

But the best example is behind. The main knot in the fable of M. Parseval is this: Philippe Auguste, being persuaded that his dearly beloved queen, Isembure, is an adultress, dismisses her and takes Agnes de Meranie in her stead. The pope, disapproving of this proceeding, lays an interdict on the kingdom of France, the consequences of which are fearful in the extreme; more particularly the interruption to marriages, thus tenderly, classically, and ecclesiastically alluded to by our poet—

'O vierges, qui d'amour languissez dès l'aurore,
Le soir en soupirant vous languirez encore;
N'espérez plus d'Hymen: l'Église en son courroux
Sur sa porte a fixé d'inflexibles verroux—'

In the meantime Agnes herself becomes convinced of her predecessor's purity—for no other reason in the world but that the said predecessor, with whom she meets one fine morning by the merest accident in the world in a church, assures her she is pure. The Queen *de facto* engages Montmorenci to prove the fact thus ascertained, by a duel, and the result is the re-establishment of the Queen *de jure*, the removal of the interdict, and the final triumph of Philippe Auguste over all his enemies. Now it seems pretty clear that the return of Isembure to her husband's arms under such circumstances is an incident of high importance in the plot

of this epic: the situation is in itself, no one can deny, a very noble and affecting one. The following is the use made of it by M. Parseval.

'Les ordres du monarque assemblent son conseil.
Isembure, au milieu d'un pompeux appareil,
Sort du cloître, et bientôt des grands environnée,
Par les mains d'un époux resplendit couronnée.
Le Héros LUI SOURIT, *lui fait* UN DOUX ACCUEIL:
Toute SA COUR L'IMITE, et, *sortant d'un long deuil,*
AU RANG QU'ELLE A PERDU LA REINE EST REPLACÉE'!!!

'Les dénombrements,' says M. Parseval, 'qui font une partie nécessaire de l'épopée, ont peu d'attraits pour les lecteurs: et c'est là surtout que le poëte doit épuiser toutes les ressources de l'art d'écrire, pour obtenir leur attention.'

The above is part of the note upon the passage, in which M. Parseval describes the army of King John at the battle of Bovines; to wit:

'Les uns viennent du nord de la riche Angleterre
Qui sous Plantagenet baisse un front tributaire;
C'est le vaillant *Sussex*, le noble Vestmorland,
Somerset et *Pembrock*, Carlisle et Cumberland:
Tous veulent d'Albion venger les grands désastres:
Je ne t'oublierai pas, famille des Lancastres,
Qu'attendent les combats, les succès, les revers,
Et dont la renommée remplira l'univers.
Et vous, nobles guerriers d'Hertford et de *Cambridge*,
Audacieux Norfolk, arrogant Fauconbridge,
Suffolk, et Middlesex, étalez à nos yeux
Votre pauvreté noble, et vos noms glorieux,
Tandis que des Anglais l'éblouissante élite
Salsbéry, Rochester son ardent prosélyte,
Et Stafford, et d'Essex étincellent sous l'or
Que leur ont prodigué les beautés de Windsor.'

Not satisfied with surpassing Homer and Virgil in this splendid manner, M. Parseval takes various opportunities of coming to close quarters with the most celebrated poets of modern days. We request particular attention to the following passage from Chant VII. in which he enters the lists with Milton and transports us to the Empyrean.

'Thibaut dans un air pur
La suit, et voit Marie en un palais d'azur
Où la myrrhe, exhalant une divine essence,
Fume et vole en parfums de joie et d'innocence.
La Princesse à Thibaut, dans la céleste cour,
Fait remarquer alors la *source de l'amour*,
Qui du sein du Très-Haut en *flots brillants* s'écoule,
En cascades s'épanche, en nappes se déroule,

Et

Et dont les ruisseaux d'or, de nacre, et de saphir,
Surpassent en éclat tous les trésors d'Ophir.
Pareilles, sur sa rive, à de blanches statues,
De leur seule pudeur les saintes revêtues,
Se plongeoient à l'envi dans son *brillant canal,*
Dont les eaux trahissoient leur éclat virginal.
Thibaut voit ces torrens balancer dans leur onde
Clotilde, Rosalie, Ursule, Radegonde,
Qui nagent, s'inondant de ces *flots précieux,*
Brillante effusion du Souverain des cieux.'

Recommending these 'flots précieux,' 'flots brillants,' 'brillants canals' and 'brillantes effusions' to the leisurely consideration of our readers, we request them to pass with us for a moment to Chant XI. where Philippe-Auguste is gratified with a survey of the apparitions of all his royal predecessors on the throne of France, and among the rest those of Childeric and his paramour Bazine.

'Cette ombre que tu vois, lui dit la plus jeune ombre,
Est Childéric, et moi, je suis Bazine. Un jour
Banni de ses états, il parut dans ma cour
En réclamant par lui l'hospitalité sainte.
Mon époux l'accueillit. Oh! de quel trouble atteinte
Je vis sa beauté fière et sa noble candeur!
Mais, soumis au devoir d'une austère pudeur,
Je craignois peu l'Amour et son charme angélique;
Instruite à respecter le culte évangélique,
Je méditois ses lois, quand, m'abordant un soir,
Celui que vous voyez à mes pieds vint s'asseoir:
Une Bible en ses mains offroit ce beau cantique
Où le Roi Salomon, sous l'arbre aromatique,
A la beauté qu'il aime exprime son amour.
Les ombres de la nuit luttaient contre le jour.
Nous étions seuls; l'écrit dont la sainte lecture
D'une mystique ardeur nous offroit la peinture
Sembloit nous révéler les voluptés des cieux;
Vers ses yeux adorés j'osai tourner mes yeux.
Je n'en pus soutenir l'ardeur étincellante;
Une tremblante main pressoit ma main tremblante,
Et sembloit implorer ou la vie ou la mort;
Quand je lus ce verset qui décida mon sort;
Que les baisers sont doux quand c'est toi qui les cueilles,
Et lorsque sur mon lit la rose ouvrant ses feuilles,
La Rose, dont l'odeur m'encense nuit et jour,
Avec toi m'enveloppe en des parfums d'amour.
Celui que j'aime alors, dans l'ardeur qui l'enivre,
Il étoit à mes pieds.... *j'oubliai le saint livre,*
Et, *durant tout le jour, de mon amant épris,*
Mes yeux ne virent plus les célestes écrits.'

The poet says, with perfect good faith, in his Note on this passage—

'cette apparition de Bazine et de Childéric m'a été INSPIRÉE par l'admirable Episode de Françoise de Rimini dans l'Enfer du Dante.'

Inspiration, indeed! We certainly thought that a living genius of our own country had succeeded in degrading the story of Francesca of Rimini as far as the powers of human bathos could plunge, but we must admit that this new master of the 'Epopée Chrétienne,' as he continually calls it, has achieved a still baser degree of profanation. A great authority says;

> 'In poetry the height we know;
> 'Tis only infinite below:—
> For instance:—when we rashly think
> No rhymer can like Welsted sink,
> Concanen, more aspiring bard,
> Soars downwards deeper by a yard.'

The introduction of Solomon for Launcelot, and the muddy murder of 'quel giorno più non vi leggemmo avante' in the three last lines we have quoted from M. Parseval, are, however, we must still hope, specimens of the absolute *ne plus infra*.

In an earlier part of this epic poem the scene between Hubert and Arthur, in Shakspeare's King John, inspires Monsieur Parseval with a passage quite as abominable, and so much longer, that we cannot think of transcribing it. But indeed our readers may, probably, be of our own opinion: namely, that we have already given too much space to a performance in which, after all, there is at least as much to provoke pity as merriment. The chief faults revealed by his 'grand jour de l'impression' are, he may depend upon it, never once alluded to in the voluminous notes of this laureate of the Tabatière.

ART. V.—1. *The Subaltern.* 8vo. Edinburgh. 1825.

2. *The Adventures of a Young Rifleman in the French and English Armies during the War in Spain and Portugal, from* 1806 *to* 1816. Written by himself. London. 1826.

3. *Adventures of a French Serjeant, during his Campaigns in Italy, Spain, Germany, Russia, &c. from* 1805 *to* 1823. Written by himself. London. 1826.

WHEN we consider of what materials the British army is composed; that its officers are, for the most part, and have long been, gentlemen, and men of at least some education; we cannot help experiencing both regret and surprize at the total absence of literary ambition which appears generally to affect them. There is perhaps no species of composition which the reading

reading public is disposed to treat with greater lenity, certainly none better calculated to interest and amuse, than a Military Memoir. The soldier necessarily meets, in the course of his active career, with so many wild adventures; he sees human nature under modifications so multifarious and so grotesque;—the horrible and the ludicrous, the savage and the pathetic, fall in his way so frequently, and in such picturesque combinations and juxtapositions,—that if he have but the good taste to shun affectation, and to tell his tale in plain intelligible language, it appears to us to be the next thing to impossible, that he should not tell it pleasantly;—yet it cannot be denied that our own literature is extremely poor in books of this class.

We must go back to the days of native good faith—when such men as Munro described almost without suspecting that there was any art in description—ere we can catch even a glimpse of the realities of warfare, set forth at first hand by any professed author fairly and honestly, as we find them in the 'Recollections of the Peninsula,' and in the still abler volume which we have named at the head of our paper, 'The Subaltern.' The traits of this kind that enliven our more recent works of *history* have been painfully accumulated from the conversation or private letters of individuals, who never dreamt of authorship. Defoe made happy use of such materials in his Cavalier, and Swift in his Memoir of Captain Crichton; but what would we not give to have the great civil war of England, or even the contests in which Crichton had a part, painted by an eye-witness, with that expansion and picturesque truth of detail, which this Subaltern has bestowed upon one little fragment of the peninsular campaigns of the Duke of Wellington! Captain Carleton's account of his Spanish campaigns in the time of Peterborough is a valuable and an interesting work, and deserves the compliment that Dr. Johnson paid to it; yet considering what Carleton's materials were, his performance must be pronounced jejune in the extreme, when compared with the volume now before us.

The author (now known to be Mr. Gleig) served during but a short period of the late war in Spain, and his rank was such, that he could see but little of what was actually done by the army while he belonged to it. Under these circumstances, he has had nevertheless the good sense to describe nothing but what he did witness; and he does this so well, that we know no other book from which the civilian reader is likely to derive so distinct a notion of the actual employments and feelings of an individual British regimental officer during a hard fought campaign.

It has, perhaps, been of advantage to the book, that the writer

was only for a short time a soldier. He was seduced, we understand, from his college at Oxford, by the spirit-stirring gazettes of 1812—joined the army in the Peninsula during the summer of 1813—served on till after the battle of Waterloo, and having by that time sufficiently gratified his love of adventure, returned to his university, and resumed the studies of the profession for which he had originally been destined. From the quiet and well-ordered existence of an English vicarage, the *quondam* subaltern, it may be easily imagined, looks back in a calm and contemplative mood to the scenes of violent excitement in which a part of his life was passed; his mind retraces them as it might the visions of some strange dream; it seems as if he even wrote minutely, in order to convince himself that he was not writing a fiction. The narrative accordingly reflects with honesty and openness the mirth and lightheartedness of the young campaigner in his quarters, and the intense and grim interest which possesses him in the hour of the battle or the breach; but a strain of serious enough reflection appears to mingle in the writer's thoughts throughout, however much he tries to conceal it. He compels himself to record not only what he did but what he felt; and the delight which the kindest and noblest dispositions can take in employments productive of so much suffering and desolation is remembered in a spirit of sufficient sobriety.

The author would, we think, have done well to prefix to this volume a brief sketch of the condition and fortunes of the British army during the period of active operations which immediately preceded his joining it, and we shall attempt to do what he has neglected, in order that our readers may enter, as we ourselves have entered, into the spirit of his tale.

The month of May, 1813, was already drawing to a close, when Lord Wellington opened a campaign which, beginning at the borders of Portugal, came not to a conclusion till the allied tents were pitched upon the soil of France. Previous to the commencement of that campaign the disastrous results of Buonaparte's mad expedition into Russia had begun sensibly to affect the resources of the French army in Spain. Not only was it impossible any longer to reinforce that army by fresh levies; but whole divisions of its best troops, with some of its ablest generals, were withdrawn—at a period when least of all, since the commencement of the arduous struggle, veteran troops and efficient commanders could be spared. Soult, taking with him no fewer than 30,000 men, returned into France: La Mancha was in consequence evacuated; the Army of the South, as it was called, concentrated between Talavera, Madrid, and Toledo; whilst

whilst Joseph, quitting the capital, and carrying along with him the whole of his court, established his head-quarters at Valladolid. All these movements indicated an intention on the part of the enemy to assemble the bulk of his forces in the northern and north-eastern provinces; and the whole of April was accordingly consumed, by the French in filing from the Tagus to the Douro;—by the British, in watching these movements, and preparing to take advantage of them as soon as the fitting moment should arrive.

That moment came at length, and Lord Wellington, at the head of the finest and best appointed army which England has, perhaps, ever sent into the field, moved from his cantonments above the Tormes. His success was such as to surpass even his own expectations;—indeed the progress of the allied forces resembled, for a while, rather a triumphant march than the prosecution of a campaign on which the fate of kingdoms depended.

On the 24th of May, the advanced guard appeared before Salamanca; on the 26th that city was occupied; and the rear of the French so closely pressed, that several hundred prisoners remained in the hands of the pursuers. On the 27th and 28th, Sir Rowland Hill's corps took post between the Tormes and the Douro, whilst Lord Wellington in person, with the left wing of the army under the command of Sir Thomas Graham, proceeded towards Miranda-de-Douro. This point he reached on the 29th; and on the 31st, a position was taken up upon the Esla, the left resting on Tabara, in communication with the army of Gallicia, and the right in advance of Carvajales. But no pause was made here. On the 1st of June the huzzars entered Zamora; on the day following they took possession of Toro; and they executed their movements with so much alertness, that, besides sabring vast numbers, they succeeded in taking upwards of two hundred prisoners.

The French army, having collected into one mass, was now under the nominal command of King Joseph, Marshal Jourdan filling the responsible station of Major-General. It retreated from the last mentioned place in great disorder, leaving Valladolid, well filled with all kinds of military stores, to be taken possession of by the victors; and precipitately crossing the Carrion, took the road to Burgos, with the view, as it was imagined, of putting it in a posture of defence. In this movement the enemy were rapidly and closely followed by the British troops; one division of whom, under the command of Sir Rowland Hill, succeeded in bringing them to action near the Pisuerga; and so decisive was the issue of that affair, that Burgos being abandoned, and its fortifications blown up, the retreat continued, almost without

without a halt, till, on the 20th of June, the two armies encamped in sight of one another on the heights on either side of Vittoria. Thus, in the short space of one month, and without having suffered any severe privations, or any considerable loss of lives, the allied forces traversed, and delivered, the entire kingdom of Spain; with the exception of a small portion of the provinces of Biscay, the Asturias, and Catalonia.

To a progress so vast and so little impeded succeeded a victory not less glorious than any which has ever graced the British arms. The battle of Vittoria was fought; and the shattered remains of the French army, without artillery, without baggage, without money, fell back, through the passes of the Pyrenees, upon their own frontier. They crossed the Bidassoa, leaving powerful garrisons behind them in the cities of Pampluna and St. Sebastian's; and there, on the mountains which overhang the stream, they continued in a state of inaction till the return of Soult with new powers, and the reorganization of the matériel.

Of all the French marshals to whom it has been the fate of the Duke of Wellington to be opposed, Soult appears to have been by far the most active, and the most enterprizing. No sooner did he find himself at the head of the army than, blaming the precipitancy which had induced his predecessors to abandon so many favourable positions, and to evacuate so many tenable strong holds, he proposed to remedy, as far as circumstances would allow, the fatal errors of which they had been guilty. He began by encouraging his troops in a proclamation as spirited and well composed as could have been delivered; and he lost no time in following up the impression thus made upon them, by a renewal of offensive operations. Several sanguinary battles were fought among the vallies of the Pyrenees during the months of July and August; but, though the French general did wonders, and his troops, catching ardour from his example, surpassed themselves in valour and determination, the superior sagacity of the Duke of Wellington, and the cool courage of his soldiers, rendered every effort to force their position abortive.

In the mean while, the siege of St. Sebastian's, on the one side of the position, and the blockade of Pampluna on the other, were formed; and it is here that our Subaltern takes up the thread of his story. At first, as is well known, neither the one nor the other proceeded with any favourable results. An attempt, indeed, to carry the former fortress by storm on the 25th of July, was defeated with considerable loss; nor was any impression made upon the fortifications such as to authorize a second, till the last day of August. On that day the old breach being widened, and a new one effected, it was determined to risk, once more, the conse-

quences

quences of an assault; and of the assault itself the following vivid and accurate account is given in the volume before us. We extract the passage, partly because it falls in with our own detail, and partly because it is a fair specimen of the *Subaltern*'s style.

'The forlorn hope took its station at the mouth of the most advanced trench about half-past ten o'clock. The tide, which had long turned, was now fast ebbing, and these gallant fellows beheld its departure with a degree of feverish anxiety such as he only can imagine who has stood in a similar situation. This was the first time that a town was stormed by daylight since the commencement of the war, and the storming party were enabled distinctly to perceive the preparations which were making for their reception: there was, therefore, something not only interesting but novel in beholding the muzzles of the enemy's cannon from the castle and other batteries turned in such a direction as to flank the breaches, whilst the glancing of bayonets and the occasional rise of caps and feathers gave notice of the line of infantry which was forming underneath the parapet. There an officer from time to time could be distinguished leaning his telescope over the top of the rampart or through the opening of an embrasure, and prying with deep attention into our arrangements. Nor were our own officers, particularly those of the engineers, idle. With the greatest coolness they exposed themselves to a dropping fire of musketry, which the enemy at intervals kept up, whilst they examined and re-examined the state of the breaches. It would be difficult to convey to the mind of an ordinary reader any thing like a correct notion of the state of feeling which takes possession of a man waiting for the commencement of a battle. In the first place, time appears to move upon leaden wings, every minute seems an hour, and every hour a day. Then there is a strange commingling of levity and seriousness within him, a levity which prompts him to laugh he scarce knows why, and a seriousness which urges him ever and anon to lift up a mental prayer to the Throne of Grace. On such occasions little or no conversation passes. The privates generally lean upon their firelocks, and the officers upon their swords, and few words except monosyllables, at least in answer to questions put, are wasted. On these occasions, too, the faces of the bravest often change colour, and the limbs of the most resolute tremble, not with fear but with anxiety, whilst watches are consulted till the individuals who consult them grow absolutely weary of the employment. On the whole, it is a situation of higher excitement and darker and deeper agitation than any other in human life, nor can he be said to have felt all which man is capable of feeling, who has not filled it.

'Noon had barely passed, when the low state of the tide giving evidence that the river might be forded, the word was given to advance. Silent as the grave the column moved forward. In one instant the leading files had cleared the trenches, and the others poured on in quick succession after them, when the work of death began. The enemy, having reserved their fire till the head of the column had gained the middle of the stream, then opened with the most deadly effect. Grape, cannister, musketry, shells, grenades, and every species of

of missile were hurled from the ramparts, beneath which our gallant fellows dropped *like corn before the reaper;* in so much, that in the space of two minutes the river was literally choked up with the bodies of the killed and wounded, over whom, without discrimination, the advancing division pressed on. The opposite bank was soon gained, and the short space between the landing-place and the foot of the breach rapidly cleared without a single shot having been returned by the assailants. But here the most alarming prospect awaited them. Instead of a wide and tolerably level chasm, the breach presented the appearance only of an ill-built wall thrown considerably from its perpendicular, to ascend which, even though unopposed, would be no easy task. It was, however, too late to pause; besides, the men's blood was hot and their courage on fire, so they pressed on, clambering up as they best could, and effectually hindering one another from falling, each by the eagerness of the rear ranks to follow those in front. Shouts and groans were now mingled with the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry: our front ranks likewise had an opportunity of occasionally firing with effect, and the slaughter on both sides was dreadful. At length the head of the column forced its way to the summit of the breach, where it was met in the most gallant style by the bayonets of the garrison. When I say the summit of the breach, I mean not to assert that our soldiers stood upon a level with their enemies, for this was not the case. There was a high step, perhaps two or three feet in length, which the assailants must surmount before they could gain the same ground with the defenders, and a very considerable period elapsed ere that step was surmounted. Here bayonet met bayonet, and sabre met sabre, in close and desperate strife, without the one party being able to advance or the other succeeding in driving them back.

'Things had continued in this state for nearly a quarter of an hour, when Major Snodgrass, at the head of the thirteenth Portugueze regiment, dashed across the river by his own ford, and assaulted the lesser breach. This attack was made in the most cool and determined manner, but here, too, the obstacles were almost insurmountable; nor is it probable that the place would have been carried at all but for a measure adopted by General Graham, such as has never perhaps been adopted before. Perceiving that matters were almost desperate, he had recourse to a desperate remedy, and ordered our own artillery to fire upon the breach. Nothing could be more exact or beautiful than this practice. Though our men stood only about two feet below the breach, scarcely a single ball from the guns of our batteries struck amongst them, whilst all told with fearful exactness among the enemy. The fire had been kept up only a few minutes, when all at once an explosion took place such as drowned every other noise, and apparently confounded, for an instant, the combatants on both sides. A shell from one of our mortars had exploded near the train which communicated with a quantity of gunpowder placed under the breach. This mine the French had intended to spring as soon as our troops should have made good their footing or established themselves on the summit, but the fortunate accident just mentioned anticipated them. It exploded whilst 300 grenadiers, the elite

elite of the garrison, stood over it; and instead of sweeping the storming party into eternity, it only cleared a way for their advance. It was a spectacle as appalling and grand as the imagination can conceive, the sight of that explosion. The noise was more awful than any which I have ever heard before or since, whilst a bright flash, instantly succeeded by a smoke so dense as to obscure all vision, produced an effect upon those who witnessed it, such as no powers of language are adequate to describe. Such, indeed, was the effect of the whole occurrence, that for perhaps half a minute after not a shot was fired on either side. Both parties stood still to gaze upon the havoc which had been produced! in so much, that a whisper might have caught your ear for a distance of several yards. The state of stupefaction into which they were at first thrown did not, however, last long with the British troops. As the smoke and dust of the ruins cleared away, they beheld before them a space empty of defenders, and they instantly rushed forward to occupy it. Uttering an appalling shout, the troops sprang over the dilapidated parapet, and the rampart was their own. Now then began all those maddening scenes which are witnessed only in a storm, of flight and slaughter, and parties rallying only to be broken and dispersed, till finally, having cleared the works to the right and left, the soldiers poured down into the town.'—p. 49.

Having thus exhibited our author in his character of a man of violence, we deem it right to let our readers see in what frame of mind he contemplates, at a moment of inaction, the scene of a battle passed by. In company with some of his brother officers he visited St. Sebastian's about a fortnight after it had fallen.

'The reader will easily believe that a man who has spent some of the best years of his life amid scenes of violence and bloodshed, must have witnessed many spectacles highly revolting to the purest feelings of our nature; but a more appalling picture of war passed by—of war in its darkest colours,—those which distinguish it when its din is over—than was presented by St. Sebastian's, and the country in its immediate vicinity, I certainly never beheld. Whilst an army is stationary in any district, you are wholly unconscious of the work of devastation which is proceeding—you see only the hurry and pomp of hostile operations. But, when the tide has rolled on, and you return by chance to the spot over which it has last swept, the effect upon your mind is such, as cannot even be imagined by him who has not experienced it. Little more than a week had elapsed, since the division employed in the siege of St. Sebastian's had moved forward. Their trenches were not yet filled up, nor their batteries demolished; yet the former had, in some places, fallen in of their own accord, and the latter were beginning to crumble to pieces. We passed them by, however, without much notice. It was, indeed, impossible not to acknowledge, that the perfect silence which prevailed was far more awful than the bustle and stir that lately pervaded them; whilst the dilapidated condition of the convent, and of the few cottages which stood near it, stripped, as they were, of roofs, doors, and windows, and perforated with cannon shot, inspired us, now that they were deserted, with sensations somewhat gloomy. But these were trifling—a mere nothing,

nothing, when compared with the feelings which a view of the town itself excited.

'As we pursued the main road, and approached St. Sebastian's by its ordinary entrance, we were at first surprized at the slight degree of damage done to its fortifications by the fire of our batteries. The walls and battlements beside the gate-way appeared wholly uninjured, the very embrasures being hardly defaced. But the delusion grew gradually more faint as we drew nearer, and had totally vanished before we reached the glacis. We found the draw-bridge fallen down across the ditch, in such a fashion that the endeavour to pass it was not without danger. The folding gates were torn from their hinges, one lying flat upon the ground, and the other leaning against the wall; whilst our own steps, as we moved along the arched passage, sounded loud and melancholy.

'Having crossed this, we found ourselves at the commencement of what had once been the principal street in the place. No doubt it was, in its day, both neat and regular; but of the houses nothing now remained except the outward shells, which, however, appeared to be of an uniform height and style of architecture. As far as I could judge, they stood five stories from the ground, and were faced with a sort of free-stone, so thoroughly blackened and defiled as to be hardly cognizable. The street itself was, moreover, choked up with heaps of ruins, among which were strewed about fragments of household furniture and clothing, mixed with caps, military accoutrements, round shot, pieces of shells, and all the other implements of strife. Neither were there wanting other evidences of the drama which had been lately acted here, in the shape of dead bodies, putrefying, and infecting the air with the most horrible stench. Of living creatures, on the other hand, not one was to be seen, not even a dog or a cat; indeed, we traversed the whole city without meeting more than six human beings. These, from their dress and abject appearance, struck me as being some of the inhabitants who had survived the assault. They looked wild and haggard, and moved about here and there, poking among the ruins, as if they were either in search of the bodies of their slaughtered relatives, or hoped to find some little remnant of their property.'

The fall of St. Sebastian's was speedily followed by the advance of the whole army. On the 7th of October, the Bidassoa was crossed, and the heights above carried at the point of the bayonet, the allied army taking possession of the ground which had been previously held by the troops of Marshal Soult; but it was not till the 10th of November that circumstances would authorize a further progress into an enemy's country. Pamplona still held out; and to leave a place of so much consequence, in his rear, accorded not with the policy of Lord Wellington. As soon, however, as intelligence reached him that that city had actually surrendered, he once more put his columns in motion; drove the French from the stupendous position of St. Jean de Luz; and having rendered his communications as secure as it was possible to render them, placed the different divisions in cantonments for

for the winter. Though we have already made longer extracts from the Subaltern, than we are in the habit of making from works likely to be extensively read, we cannot avoid laying before our readers the following lively sketch of the life of a soldier in his winter-quarters. After relating by what means, and in what manner he and his friend contrived to render their apartment habitable, our author proceeds to say:

'Having thus rendered our quarters as snug as they were capable of being made, my friend and myself proceeded daily into the adjoining woods in search of game; and as the frost set in, we found them amply stored, not only with hares and rabbits, but with cocks, snipes, and other birds of passage. We were not, however, so fortunate as to fall in with any of the wild boars which are said to frequent these thickets, though we devoted more than one morning to the search; but we managed to supply our own tables, and the tables of several of our comrades, with a very agreeable addition to the lean beef which was issued out to us. Nor were other luxuries wanting. The peasantry, having recovered their confidence, returned in great numbers to their homes, and seldom failed to call at our mansion, once or twice a week, with wine, fresh bread, cider, and bottled beer; by the help of which we contrived to fare well, as long as our fast-diminishing stock of money lasted. I say fast-diminishing stock of money; for as yet no addition had been made to that which each of us brought with him from England; and though the pay of the army was now six months in arrear, but faint hopes were entertained of any immediate donations.

'It was not, however, among regimental and other inferior officers, that this period of military inaction was esteemed and acted upon as one of enjoyment. Lord Wellington's fox-hounds were unkennelled; and he himself took the field regularly twice a week as if he had been a denizen of Leicestershire, or any other sporting county in England. I need not add that few parks in any country could be better attended. Not that the horses of all the huntsmen were of the best breed, or of the gayest appearance; but what was wanting in individual splendour was made up by the number of Nimrods; nor would it be easy to discover a field more fruitful in laughable occurrences, which no man more heartily enjoyed than the gallant Marquis himself. When the hounds were out he was no longer the commander of the forces, the general-in-chief of three armies, and the representative of three sovereigns; but the gay, merry, country gentleman, who rode at every thing, and laughed as loud when he fell himself, as when he witnessed the fall of a brother sportsman.'

From these comfortable cantonments the British army was again moved on the ninth day of December. The object of this movement being merely to throw the right across the Nivelle, which had hitherto interrupted its line of communications, that object was no sooner attained, and a recognizance of the intrenched camp in front of Bayonne effected, than the different brigades in the left and centre columns once more returned to their quarters.

But

But in these they were not left long unmolested. On the morning of the 10th the outposts were attacked with great fury; and a battle ensued, which with hardly any interruption continued, during the hours of daylight, throughout the whole of the 10th, the 11th, and the 12th. Our author's description of this battle is a great deal too long for insertion; but we can safely recommend it to the notice of our readers, as in no respect less spirited, or less correct, than the account of the storming of St. Sebastian which we have already given.

We cannot afford room to follow our young soldier through the remaining details of his amusing work; nor is it necessary that we should. The passages we have extracted present no partial picture of the volume: it is written throughout, not indeed with uniform elegance, but with unfailing spirit; and to the accuracy and truth of his sketches the author has, as we understand, received infinitely higher testimony than we could furnish.

The 'Young Rifleman' presents a lively contrast to the high-spirited 'Subaltern.' This adventurer also tells his own tale—and he tells it very amusingly. A poor young barber-surgeon of Erfurt is inveigled into the service of Buonaparte in 1806, and performs several of the Spanish campaigns in the capacity of a private footsoldier. He is at last taken prisoner by the English, and being smitten with prodigious admiration of the beef, pudding, comfortable clothing, and easy-paced steeds of his countrymen in the King's German Legion, enlists into that fine corps at Lisbon. He serves with them both in Spain and in Sicily, and has the opportunity of seeing England herself, and admiring her cheer. This, indeed, is the great object of the Rifleman-barber's attention throughout all his wanderings. He is in his way a sort of Dugald Dalgetty—doing his duty, we have no doubt, but uniformly reserving his best zeal for the collecting of Provende. He, through half his book, represents the French army as a set of innocent lambs horribly ill treated by the Spaniards—unjustly, and even without the shadow of excuse, condemned by that obstinate race to a long protracted penance of hard marches and meagre fare. But the very first steam of our flesh-pots converts him, and he becomes, from that moment, fully sensible to all the atrocity of Napoleon's invasion. He is of the opinion of Sancho Panza at Camacho's wedding, that there are but two lineages in the world, the House of Have and the House of Want, and, like Sancho, gives all his loyalty to the former. The perfect good faith with which this character describes himself as taking money from a poor girl in a Posada for not betraying a little love-secret that accident had let him into, without apparently entertaining the slightest suspicion that his conduct was at all unworthy

worthy of a hero,—and many instances of similar simplicity scattered over his pages, are most edifying. This person also has, it appears, returned to his original calling; and we dare say the Cutbeard of Erfurt conducts himself in a style that will by no means recommend him to the custom of her Moroses.

The 'Adventures of the French Serjeant,' which too, it would appear, have been published for the first time in this paradise of copyright, are the work of a better educated and a much cleverer person than the German Rifleman: but the author's selfishness and sulkiness are so conspicuous from the beginning to the end of his career, that not all the smartness of his style and the magnificence of his vanity are enough to make his book a pleasant one. It is disagreeable to be detecting at every turn the soul of a candle-snuffer beneath the trappings even of a melo-dramatic hero. The non-commissioned auto-biographers are both of them, by their own showing, mean fellows; but the one speaks out his foibles with something of the candour of another Gil Blas; the other is more like a shallow Fathom.

Many passages of the Serjeant's book are, however, exceedingly entertaining, and perhaps none more so than the chapter in which he describes his residence upon Cabrera, a small and barren island off the Spanish coast, to which, along with some other prisoners taken by the guerrillas, he was relegated in February, 1810. But a few days before he had strutted in the midst of one of the haughtiest and best appointed armies that ever scorned the name of *Pekin*.

'At two in the afternoon,' says he, 'we were within sight of Cabrera. When we approached the coast, we saw the rocks on the shore crowded with people; I could soon distinguish the persons individually, who had their eyes fixed upon us, and seemed to follow our movements with anxious care. I examined them in my turn, without being able to account for the scene before me; at last a sudden impulse, which struck me with astonishment and stupefaction, told me that the men before me were Frenchmen, whose lot I was come to share. Many of them were quite naked, and as black as mulattos, with beards fit for a pioneer, dirty and out of order; some had pieces of clothing, but they had no shoes, or their legs, thighs, and part of their body were bare. The number of these new companions of mine I estimated to be about five or six thousand, among whom I at last saw three with pantaloons and uniforms still almost entire; the whole body were mingled together on the rocks and the beach, were shouting with joy, beating their hands, and following us as we moved along.'—*Adventures of a French Serjeant*, p. 89.

This tumult was soon explained. The vessel in which the Serjeant sailed was that which once a week brought, or was expected to bring, the prisoners' rations. Bad weather sometimes, and Spanish indolence more frequently, delayed the arrival until

the depôt was half famished: and upon this occasion the patience of the poor Frenchmen had already been considerably tried. The brig was unladen forthwith, and the ensuing ceremony of distribution is thus described.

'An immense semi-circle was formed round the spot where the bread and meat had been deposited. Ten or twelve persons were in the centre; one of them had a list in his hand, and called out successively for the different divisions to come forward, and likewise cried out their respective numbers. Three or four men then came forward, received the rations allotted to their mess, and carried them away; the private divisions were then made among themselves. I should not give a just idea of the manner in which the distribution was made, by saying, that the utmost order and regularity prevailed; it was more than order, it was a kind of solemn and religious gravity. I doubt if the important and serious duties of ambassadors and ministers of state have ever in any country been fulfilled with such dignity as was shown on the countenances, and in every movement of the distributors. Bread seemed to be a sacred object, the smallest morsel of which could not be secreted without committing an heinous crime; the smallest pieces which had been broken off in the conveyance were gathered with care and respect, and placed on the heap to which they belonged. I was busily engaged in surveying this singular ceremony, and took no share in it myself; I did not know whom I was to apply to for rations, which I had an equal claim to with the rest; hence I was soon left alone, for every one went off with his supply. This, however, I was not much concerned at; I had four loaves in my knapsack, two pounds of salt beef, and a bottle of rum; with these I could do till the next distribution of provisions. I wandered up and down the shore with a staff in my hand, and my knapsack on my back, and I was thinking of walking into the interior of the island, when I was addressed by some of the prisoners, and in a few minutes surrounded by a considerable crowd. The distribution of provisions had been a matter of too great importance for them to pay attention to me at first; but it would seem, after the staff of life, what they loved most, was to hear news of their native land. I was overwhelmed with questions about the situation of the various regiments, but above all of the state of France, and the affairs of the Peninsula. I told them all I knew. Several times when I was speaking of our late victories, my voice was drowned with shouts of joy, mingled with expressions of courage, national pride, and vengeance.'—pp. 90, 91.

These gentlemen had their *Circenses* as well as their loaves. They fought duels every day; and the very next morning after his arrival our Serjeant was engaged as second in one of these affairs, where the principals had great difficulty in agreeing as to weapons —the election lying between razors fixed to the ends of canes, scissors, knife-blades, awls, and sailmakers' needles, all similarly mounted. One of the combatants 'not understanding *point*,' razors were ultimately preferred.—They had a regular bazaar:

'It was situated at a spot honoured with the name of the Palais Royal, surrounded

surrounded by ten or twelve huts, and containing as many stalls, some in the open air, others with a slight covering, with one end fixed to the ground, and the other supported by two poles. Here were sold bread, some salt fish, scraps of cloth, thread, needles, wooden forks and spoons; the various produce of the industry of the prisoners; pepper, twine, and other articles in the smallest quantity, for one could buy a single thread, a scrap of cloth no bigger than one's hand, and even a pinch of snuff, three of which cost a sous. I remember a Polish officer who owed nine pinches, and the shop-keeper refused to give him any more credit.'—pp. 95, 96.

But the following is the most characteristic part of the delineation.

'Meanwhile, every one was busy at Cabrera; we had tailors, shoemakers, public criers, artisans in hair, bones, and tortoise-shell, and some who cut out with their knives little figures of animals in wood; and about two hundred men, the wreck of a dragoon regiment, raised in Auvergne, were quartered in a cave, and made spoons of box-wood. The latter had only one pantaloon and one uniform among the whole corps, and these articles seemed ready to leave them very speedily, and were delivered successively to one of their number appointed to receive their provisions. All the articles I have enumerated were sold at low prices to the crews of the brig and gun-boats, and to some Spaniards, whom our singular mode of life, or the hope of making a good speculation, attracted to our settlement.

'But the most abundant articles with us were professors of all kinds. One half of the prisoners gave lessons to the other half. Nothing was seen on all sides, but teachers of music, mathematics, languages, drawing, fencing, above all, dancing and single-stick. In fine weather, all these professors gave their lessons at the Palais Royal, quite close to each other. It was quite common to see a poor devil half naked, and who had often not partaken of food for twenty-four hours before, singing a very gay air of a country dance, and interrupting it from time to time for the purpose of saying, with infinite seriousness of demeanour, to his pupil dressed in the remains of a pair of drawers: "That's right, keep time with your partner, wheel round, hold yourselves gracefully." A little farther on, a teacher of single-stick was showing off his acquirements, and endeavoured to excite the emulation of his pupil by such phrases as: "That will do; I am satisfied with you; if you go on with the same success, in less than a fortnight you may show yourself in company." A scrap of paper, about as large as one's hand, was placed as a sign, and the most eminent of all our professors had no better.

'I was also desirous of doing something; but I had no notions of either giving or receiving lessons. After reflecting a great deal, I thought that, on account of the want of occupation in which many of the prisoners were placed, a theatre must be eminently successful, and I was astonished that no one had thought of it before. Indeed some scenes had been performed, but it was in the open air, and had not been thought of as an object of speculation. My ideas were quite grand compared to such things. I resolved on being at one and the same time,

if necessary, author, actor, director and machinist, and to make my companions partners in my labours and the fruits of it, which were to be employed in accomplishing our favourite object.

'I could not think of establishing my theatre in the old castle, which was shut up every evening, and where in fact it would not have been allowed by the hypocritical Estebrich; I thought of a vast cistern that was falling to pieces, with the pipes long ago broken off, and part of the roof fallen in. I was lowered into it by means of a cord I had bought on purpose, and I found about a foot of water, or rather mud, at the bottom. The first thing to be done was to clear it away, and this was the most troublesome part of the whole business. I wished at first to make a pump, but I soon gave up the idea. I had still sixty francs, and prevailed on Señor Estebrich to get me four leather buckets from Palma; I made a ladder, hired four prisoners at two sous each per day, and got the cistern dry on the third day of our labour. To season it, I made a huge fire of pine wood, got sand and stones conveyed to it during a whole day, and made an elevation that extended about a third of the cistern, intended for the stage; I procured some ochre and red lead; I daubed the walls yellow, with a red border; hung all round garlands of leaves, which I also made use of as a screen between the stage and the spectators, and I finished my labours by writing, not indeed on the curtain, for I had none, but on the bottom of the stage, *Castigat ridendo mores.*

'I had long before this fixed upon the play with which my troop was to commence their operations. It was the *Philoctète* of Laharpe. I had formerly played the character, and still remembered it, as well as fragments of a variety of plays. I wrote them out as well as I could, and when I forgot the lines, I filled up the vacancy in prose. Darlier engaged to play the character of Ulysses. Chobar that of Pyrrhus, and a pioneer of the line, with a stentorian voice, and no small portion of sense, assumed the character of Hercules. At length, a public crier went through the camp, and gave notice that the same evening *Philoctète* would be performed, with the afterpiece of *Marton et Frontin.* I had transcribed this little piece pretty correctly, and performed it along with Chobar.

'About three hundred persons could find room in my cistern, and as I had put the places at two sous it was completely crowded; the company descended into it by the ladder I had made; and a confidential man was placed on the first step to receive the money, which he put into a little cloth bag that was tied round his neck. The theatre was lighted up by torches of pine wood, borne at different distances by the attendants of the theatre, and they lighted fresh ones in proportion as the others were consumed. All the allusions to our situation in the tragedy were noticed, with a tact that would have done honour to the taste of a more brilliant assembly. At the début:—

> 'Nous voici dans Lemnos, dans cette île sauvage,
> Dont jamais nul mortel n'aborda le rivage'—

we were covered with shouts of applause; and I thought they would bring down the roof of the cistern when I pronounced this line:—

'Ils

'Ils m'ont fait tous ces maux ; que les dieux le leur rendent.' I was obliged to repeat it, and to stop for some time, to allow the agitation of the audience to be calmed.

'Such a successful beginning was well calculated to encourage us ; I laboured incessantly, and wrote out several plays that I recollected, and we performed them all in their turn. Our funds increased amazingly, as well as our general comforts. We left half of our profits to the general fund, and divided the rest. Ricaud had already procured himself decent clothing : I had already bought a curtain for my theatre ; I had obtained ropes, nails, a hammer, and even a hatchet, for which a Spaniard had made me pay a most exorbitant price ; all these objects were intended to aid us in our theatrical arrangements, but they could also be of use in our grand project, which we had not lost sight of ; every evening we carefully locked them up in our hut. I was very desirous also of obtaining some arms, a sabre at least, for each of us ; but I tried in vain, and I did not press this matter much, for fear of becoming suspected ; so that our tragic heroes were forced to be satisfied with wooden sabres.'—pp. 106—111.

This serjeant (by name *Robert Guillemard*, son to the mayor of Sixfour, a small town near Toulon) rests his principal claim to immortality on the fact—if fact it be—that he, then a conscript of a month's standing, was the identical maintopman of the *Redoutable* by whose hand NELSON fell. The gentleman hugs himself on this feat, which nobody but himself seems ever to have believed he performed, with the ill disguised exultation of a successful asp. 'Truly he makes a very good report of the pretty worm.'

ART. VI.—*Mémoires de Madame la Comtesse de Genlis.* 8 tomes. Paris. 1825, 1826.

THE light which this lady has thrown upon every object at which she glances is so admirably proportioned to it ; her copy sets forth, with such commensurate egotism and levity, the profound frivolity, the important littleness, the grandiloquous emptiness of her original, that we never saw a painter and a model so harmonise together ; and we must confess that as much of the eighteenth century and the French revolution as she describes, seems to have existed but for her pencil, and her pencil for it. Happy the leaders of the Grecian bands who had Homer for their bard ! but happier far the chieftains of Parisian futility, for their feats are embalmed by a Genlis.

Before we give an account of the work, we must say something of the author. She was born near Autun in Burgundy, on the 25th January, 1746 ; but so weak that she could not be committed to swaddling clothes. She was consequently pinned up in a bag of feathers, and thus laid to repose in a great arm-chair.

But her existence was soon threatened by M. le Bailli du village, who came to pay his compliments on the happy occasion, and was going to seat himself on the easy cushion, never suspecting it to contain so precious a deposit. She then suffered fresh dangers from her nurse; and was fed entirely upon a panada composed of rye bread steeped in wine and water; a mess which we cannot recommend to nurses or parents in general, even though fifty of Mad. de Genlis's hundred volumes may have resulted from its administration in the present instance. At the age of eighteen months she threw herself into a pond, from which she was with difficulty extricated. When five years old she cut her head severely: shortly afterwards she fell into the fire, but her face, as she takes care to tell us, was not injured. These accidents show a tenacity of life granted only to those who are destined to mighty ends. At eight years old she was taken to Paris, where she underwent the usual operations of her age; and was clad in the species of armour then peculiar to females, whalebone bodices. She informs us, that her education was much neglected by her mother, and principally conducted by waiting-maids, whose chief instruction consisted in ghost stories.

Among the occupations of our author in her youth, the favourite pursuit seems to have been the comedian's art, and to this she has been constant through life. Another much relished employment was that of instructing others; and this taste also adheres to her to the last; for, at a very advanced period, we shall find her regretting that she had not been the governess of Madame de Staël. Her first appearance in disguise was at a little festival, prepared by her mother, for her father's return after an absence of three months. The part which our heroine enacted was l'Amour. Her dress was

'couleur de rose, recouvert de dentelle de point, parsemé de petites fleurs artificielles de toutes couleurs. Il me venoit jusqu'aux genoux: j'avois de petites bottines couleur de paille et argent; mes longs cheveux abattus, et des ailes bleues.'

This costume was found so becoming that it was multiplied. One was made for week days, another for Sundays; only the wings were suppressed when she went to church; and thus was she dressed daily during nine happy months.

We do not reach the fortieth page of the first of our eight volumes, before a large portion of Mad. de Genlis's propensities have unveiled themselves;—a self-adulation never seen before in any human author; a complacency for which nothing is too great or too little; which has a craving alike for flattery of every kind, although it digests the most fulsome the most easily. Already have we been told a hundred times of her talents, and of the compliments

pliments which her aptitude for music, singing, acting, her heroism, her agility, &c. &c. &c. procured her: and more than once she glances at the beauty of that face and hair which are so often to be lauded in the sequel. As such are the most striking features of the performance, in as far as she herself is concerned, we must, before we proceed further, extract a few specimens—although we have as little hope of giving an adequate idea of Madame de Genlis's vanity by quotations, as of representing a Swiss avalanche by means of Professor Leslie's frigorific apparatus.

'My brother was far from being so brilliant a child as I was. His face indeed was pretty; but he was awkward, and simple, &c.'

'My performance of Zara had such prodigious success that the ladies of Moulins declared me to be superior to Mademoiselle Clairon in tragedy.'

'By this exercise (to wit, fencing) my feet were better turned, and I walked better than the generality of women.'

'Il y a quelque chose d'extrême dans mon caractère, et une grande mesure dans mes opinions; ce qui fait que j'ai bien raisonné, que j'ai eu du goût, et que néanmoins j'ai fait beaucoup d'étourderies.'

'En moins de six mois je déchiffrai tout à livre ouvert, et les pièces de clavecin les plus difficiles; et j'ai poussé ce talent aussi loin qu'il peut aller.'

'J'appris à saigner, talent que j'ai depuis perfectionné tout à fait.'

'J'ai inventé une composition avec laquelle j'imite à s'y tromper toutes sortes de cailloux, &c.'

'Il est une louange que je puis me donner, parce que je suis sure que je la mérite; c'est que j'ai toujours eu l'esprit parfaitement juste, et, par conséquent, un grand fond de raison.'

'Louis XV. parla beaucoup à Madame de Prusieux, et lui dit plusieurs choses agréables sur moi.'

'Nous retournames à Genlis; nous y jouames la comédie; les meilleurs acteurs étoient M. de Genlis et moi—ma belle-sœur, malgré toutes mes leçons, ne jouoit pas bien.'

'Tandis qu'on peignoit mes *longs* cheveux, ce qui étoit fort *long*, je lus l'Histoire Ancienne de Rollin.'

'Quelqu'un louant devant Madame de Cambis ma gaieté, elle reprit, Oui, une gaieté de jolies dents; voulant dire que je ne riois que pour faire voir mes dents, ce qui étoit fort injuste, car je n'ai jamais eu la moindre affectation.'

'Quand on leva la toile je fus applaudie à trois reprises, et on me redemanda deux fois mon Arriette.'

'Pour la première fois je suivis à cheval la chasse du cerf. Je n'avois chassé à Genlis que le sanglier; la chasse du cerf me parut charmante, parcequ'on admiroit beaucoup la manière dont je montois à cheval.'

'Madame de P. vouloit me montrer dans le château du Vaudreuil, où l'on aimoit les talens et les fêtes.'

'Tous mes premiers mouvemens et mes sentimens ont toujours été généreux et bons.'

'Je m'y donnai (i. e. in a comedy she had written) un rôle très brillant, dans lequel je chantois, je dansois, je jouois du clavecin, de la harpe, de la guitarre, de la musette, du tympanon, et de la vielle.'

'Comme M. de Clermont avoit beaucoup vanté ma harpe, et que cet instrument n'étoit point connu en Italie, la reine (of Naples) eut la plus grande envie de m'entendre . . . . elle fut si enthousiasmée que dans un de ses transports elle me baisa la main.'

After a conversation with the Duke of Orleans, she says,

'Enfin je m'arrêtai pour recevoir des complimens sur mon éloquence.'

'Le tems que j'ai passé au Palais-Royal fut le plus brillant, et le plus malheureux de ma vie. J'étois dans tout l'éclat de mes talens, et à cet âge où l'on joint à la fraicheur et aux graces de la jeunesse, tout l'agrément que peut donner l'usage du monde. J'étois admirée, louée, flattée, recherchée,' &c.

While governess in the Orleans family she and a friend went both disguised as cooks, to 'la plus belle guinguette des Porcherons.' Her friend, she says, did not look well in her dress:

'tandis que moi, au contraire, je ne perdis rien de ce que mon visage pouvoit avoir d'élégant et de distingué; et j'étois même plus remarquable qu'avec un bel habit.'

Two persons at this time became enamoured of her, and declared their passion. One of them was La Harpe, the author, who inscribed upon her bust, as she relates:

'Elle a tout le charme des petites choses, et tout le sublime des grandes.'

She studied many of the manual arts along with her pupils:

'J'ai fait avec eux une énorme quantité de portefeuilles de maroquin, aussi bien fait que ceux d'Angleterre; le métier de vannier où j'ai excellé; des lacets, des rubans, de la gaze, du cartonnage, des plans en relief, des fleurs artificielles, des grillages de bibliothèque en laiton, du papier marbré, la dorure sur bois, tous les ouvrages imaginables en cheveux, *jusqu'aux perruques.*'

Mademoiselle d'Orleans had the measles at Mons.

'Je connoissois,' she says, 'parfaitement le traitement de cette maladie, et je fus plus utile que le médecin.'

She charmed, by her harp, the grandmother of M. de Genlis, aged 87, who immediately told her that she preferred her to all her other granddaughters; yet one of these 'étoit jolie comme un ange, et charmante par ses manières, sa douceur et son caractère.'

'Nulle émigrée n'auroit été plus paisible et plus heureuse que moi dans les pays étrangers. Avec le goût général qu'on y avoit pour mes ouvrages, ma réputation littéraire, et les talens agréables que j'y portois, j'aurois trouvé,' &c.

Of one of her own novels she says:

'On ne parloit dans la société que de Mad. de la Vallière; on ne me rencontroit point dans le monde sans prononcer ce nom, avec les épithètes de

de *charmant, ravissant*; et à tel point que j'en étois véritablement *ennuyée*, et que je n'écoutois qu'avec ennui.'

She adds that a lady had been expressing her admiration of it in the current language of rapture, when, after a certain time, she herself, 'par distraction' as she assures us, joined in the general exclamation 'charmant, ravissant,' to the surprize of all beholders, &c. So industrious a caterer is her vanity that it finds aliment in the praises bestowed upon another person, and she quotes the following *charming* couplet on the talent of her pupil Casimir on the harp, and addressed to her:

'Au jeune Orphée, à son luth enchanteur,
Quand le public rend un si juste hommage,
Vous ressemblez au créateur
Qui s'applaudit de son ouvrage.'

Apropos of an inundation which happened at Genlis, she mentions the wonders which she beheld in her life; another inundation at Hamburgh; a fire at St. Aubin; from which indeed she was separated by the Loire; she saw the lightning fall near the ponds at Genlis; at Villers-Cotterets a famous globe of fire; at St. Leu, for the second time, an extraordinary shower of hail; at the Arsenal a tornado which carried off a lad of fifteen to the distance of five hundred yards, without killing him; at Origny a *véritable* eclipse of the sun, and two comets (we should be happy to learn what the eclipse is which is not véritable). Beside all this, she was at sea in a storm. 'C'est un cours pratique d'histoire naturelle' (we never thought that these things belonged to natural history). 'Il ne m'a manqué qu'un tremblement de terre, et une éruption du Vésuve.' These are the wonders of her life which she thinks worth recounting.

One evening, in the dark, she stumbled over a trunk, and cut her leg, broke two teeth, and scratched her face in three places: and here follow the words of our great authoress, in her seventieth year at least, upon this occasion.

'Je croyois bien que je serois défigurée; mais je ne l'ai point été: cet accident a tout à fait changé ma physiognomie; j'avois le nez légèrement retroussé, et, comme tous les nez de ce genre, il avoit une petite bosse, et le bout du nez avoit ces petites faucettes que les peintres appellent des méplats. Je puis dire à présent que ce nez étoit fort délicat, fort joli: il a été très célébré en vers et en prose, et je l'avois parfaitement conservé dans toute sa délicatesse. Il n'est depuis cet accident ni grossi ni le moins du monde de travers; mais la petite bosse est enfoncée, et les méplats ont disparu. Je fus pendant quinze jours si défigurée que je ne regardois point une seule fois dans un miroir, car je savois à quel point mon visage étoit effrayant, par l'impression que je remarquois sur la physiognomie de toutes les personnes qui me voyoient.'

This quotation, we think, is nearly sufficient. But one or two more,

more, and we have done. She counselled Buonaparte, on his return from Elba, to be great enough to protect the Bourbons.

'Je ne me flatte point que *cette seule lettre* ait décidé sa conduite; mais j'ose croire qu'elle *contribua à l'affermir dans cette idée.*'

We have reserved the most precious specimen for the last.

'Mon voyage en Angleterre fut excessivement brillant; nulle femme ne pouvoit entrer dans la chambre des communes. Cette chambre, PAR UN ARRET PARTICULIER, M'ACCORDA LA PERMISSION D'ASSISTER A UNE SEANCE.'

This we take for insanity. The trick was, most probably, Mr Sheridan's.

All the passages that we have been giving are to be found before three-fourths of the work are accomplished; and we can assure the reader that we have spared him nine-tenths of the examples which we might have produced. It is quite impossible, by extracts, to give the spirit of vanity which pervades the whole performance. Every thought, every word, every turn of expression is replete with it; neither is there a single subject on which it is not exorbitant. She recounts every compliment that ever was paid to her in prose or in verse; and gives whole pages of miserable hymns merely because they were composed in her honour. We cannot stop to give specimens of these; but with the exception of a very few indeed, not a line is quoted that is not below contempt. No beings upon earth are less endowed with poetic fire than the drawing-room versifiers of France; and had this celebrated lady a particle of the modesty of which she boasts, or of the critical delicacy which she claims, she would have blushed at the incense, and condemned the authors to perpetual obscurity. A few changes rung upon the combinations of mythology, lines cut into any number of syllables, with a jingle at the end of each, and a blunted point or threadbare epigram to close the couplet, constitute a poet in the unimaginative circles of the French capital.

The biographer of Burke, describing Madame Genlis's visit to Butlerscourt in 1792, gives us an anecdote which we beg leave to quote.

'Her great ambition was to do, or be thought to do, everything: to possess an universal genius both in mind and in mechanical powers, beyond the attainments of her own or even the other sex. A ring which she wore of very curious, indeed exquisite workmanship, having attracted the notice of Sir Joshua Reynolds, he inquired by what good fortune it had come into her possession, and received for answer that "it was executed by herself." Sir Joshua stared, but made no reply: "I have done with her," said he, the first time he was alone with Mr. Burke afterwards; "to have the assurance to tell *me* such a tale! Why, my dear

dear sir, it is an antique; no living artist in Europe can equal it." '—*Prior's Burke*, vol. ii. p. 177.

Frivolity is no less characteristic of Madame's own performance than vanity. She went to a fishing party at Genlis, shortly after her marriage, in white embroidered shoes; which drew upon her the epithet of a 'belle dame de Paris.' This reproach stung her; and the mode she took to efface it was as follows:

'Je me penche, je ramasse un petit poisson long comme le doigt, et je l'avale tout entier, en disant: "Voyez comme je suis une belle dame de Paris." J'ai fait d'autres folies dans ma vie, mais certainement je n'ai jamais rien fait d'aussi bizarre. Tout le monde fut confondu. M. de G. me gronda beaucoup, et me fit peur en disant que ce poisson pourroit vivre, et grossir dans mon estomac, frayeur que je conservai pendant plusieurs mois.'

Absurdity cannot go much beyond this. When M. de Genlis went to join his regiment at Nancy, she retired into the convent of Origny, there to spend the time of his absence.

'Je pleurai beaucoup en me séparant de M. de Genlis; ensuite je m'amusai infiniment.' 'Je m'y plaisois; je jouois de la harpe, je chantois des motets dans la tribune de l'église, et je faisois des espiègleries aux religieuses.'

Another of her exploits was this:

'Il prit à mon frère une gaieté; il frappa contre les vîtres (of the wine shops in a village where they were) en criant, "Bonnes gens, vendez-vous du sacré chien?" et après cet exploit il m'entraîna en courant dans une petite ruelle obscure, à côté de ces cabarets, où nous nous cachames en mourant de rire. Notre joie s'augmentoit encore en entendant le cabaretier, sur le pas de sa porte, menacer de coups de gourdin les polissons qui avoient frappé aux vîtres. Mon frère m'expliqua que *sacré chien* vouloit dire de l'eau de vie. Nous répétames plusieurs fois cette agréable plaisanterie, nous disputant à qui diroit *sacré chien*, et finissant par le dire en duo, et toujours à chaque fois nous sauvant à toutes jambes dans la petite ruelle, où nous faisions des rire à tomber par terre. Heureux l'age où on est transporté d'aise à si bon marché, quand rien n'a encore exalté l'imagination et troublé le cœur.'

Would our readers suppose that this was written by a female philosopher, married, and on the eve of becoming a mother? There was at Genlis a bathing tub large enough to hold four persons. She had it filled with milk collected from all the neighbouring farms, and, with her sister-in-law, she went into it when thus filled. She represents it as the most agreeable thing in the world.

'Nous avions fait couvrir la surface du *bain* de feuilles de roses, et nous restames plus de deux heures dans ce charmant *bain*.'

She seems at every period of her life to have been particularly fond of bonbons and patisserie; and indeed of eating in general. She once made a poor man weep bitterly by devouring the whole liver of a fish, without offering him any of it. The Duke of Orleans,

Orleans, (Philippe Egalité) enamoured of her aunt, sought to make the niece propitious, and took her some barley-sugar, which, as she avows, put her in perfect good humour. She frequently mentions presents of this kind; but her most rapturous exclamations are upon the following occasion. On January 1st, 1825, the Duke of Orleans, formerly her pupil, sent her, as a new year's present, a thing in the form of a large log of wood, hollow, made of pasteboard, and containing bonbons. On this log she made some verses, expressing her astonishment that Monseigneur should approach her armed with a club to knock her down; she suspects, however, that the club is but a trick, and discovering at length that it contains 'des douceurs,' she cries out, 'O surprise! O ravissement!' and receives with delight the gift equally sweet to age, to maturity, and to childhood. But we must conclude these trifling matters; we only request the reader to inspect a few pages of the original, in order that he may be convinced of the moderation which we have shown toward our authoress.

In all that we have been quoting, it is difficult to find any trace of the life or writings of a literary character; or to suspect that the author cited is the most voluminous female novelist of this, or perhaps of any age; that she stands high among the ladies of her country who have enriched it by their imagination; and that that country claims pre-eminence in all that is refined and graceful in intellect. Certainly, did the biographer not take most special care to make us acquainted with her various labours, and to let us know the value which the public set upon them, we never should have guessed that she had composed the 'Théâtre d'Education,' 'les Vœux téméraires,' 'les Chevaliers du Cigne,' &c. &c. —that she had ever produced any thing which could outlive the hour that gave it being.

That—except in her Memoirs—Madame de Genlis is a novelist of great fire and animation, of considerable truth and invention—that she has the talent of carrying her readers with interest through her pages—is most certain. Certain it is that whatever she paints of human actions and passions, she paints with minuteness and accuracy; and that, in all the details of description, she is exact and exuberant. But praise ends here. We must not look for merit of a higher order in any of her productions. We must not expect to find her creating new forms, transfusing souls into bodies that become animated by her touch, or taking any of the large views of nature which bespeak true genius. In the smaller intellectual faculties, as the perception of facts, the arrangement of incidents—in all that is necessary to catch some happy glimpses of manners—she is eminently rich; but not in those which compare, combine, and follow up the greater relations that join effects to causes. If we may be allowed thus

to

to express ourselves, we should say Madame de Genlis has a very large portion of a very small mind, and that portion is particularly active. Her intellectual arsenal is boundlessly stored with sparrow-shot.

With such endowments Madame de Genlis is fully adequate to write what she has published; there is nothing in the very best of her novels which demands greater powers than these. That, when she criticises works, which, like her own, are the offspring of petty faculties, she may find them commensurate to her ideas of excellence, is therefore natural; and we were not surprized at the praises bestowed by her in this piece of auto-biography upon the most insipid of the dead, Madame Deshoulières, and upon the most narrow-minded and prejudiced of the living, Monsieur de Bonald. For the same reasons we were not astonished when we read her remarks upon authors of different dimensions from these, and found her utterly incapable of appreciating such minds as Byron and Scott; or their Gallic imitator Lamartine; or deciding, in direct opposition to the received opinion, upon the merits of Gibbon as an historian. Her favourite M. de Bonald is the author of several works, principally political, the most remarkable of which is that entitled 'Législation Primitive.' Another is 'Théorie du Pouvoir Politique et Religieux;' and his last, a pamphlet, just published, on the liberty of the press. M. de Bonald is the champion and the hero of that party in France which would put a stop to the progress of mankind, and bring back the world to the very spot on which it stood half a century ago. We certainly are not partisans of the means which his countrymen have devised for the improvement of the species, and the promotion of freedom; and we differ from them entirely in their estimation of good and bad, political as well as moral. But we cannot go quite so far as this author does, and indiscriminately wish undone every thing that has been done, even in the period of their most violent confusion. M. de Bonald has some power of language, and can turn a few periods with plausibility. But better were it to have no discourse of reason, than to think as he does think:—We quote a single phrase from his last pamphlet.

'Je cherche de très bonne foi les avantages de la liberté de la presse, et je ne les apperçois pas.'

With regard to M. Lamartine, we are far from saying that, even to minds accustomed to the boldest strains of English poetry, his productions can appear devoid of faults. Still more must his innovations in thought and language make him appear extravagant, and even barbarous, to the French, who measure poetry by the rule and compass, and give laws to inspiration.

Yet

Yet the mind of this author is cast in a larger poetical mould than ever before was used by nature to create a Frenchman. Madame de Genlis asserts that he is not of a good school. He is not indeed of her school, nor of any school which assumes pettiness as its principle. He has emancipated himself from the trammels which bound up all his predecessors. Should the poetry, which the French affect to stigmatize under the epithet of romantic, ever get footing among them, M. de Lamartine will be remembered as the founder of a school which shall supersede the classical mythological coldness and uniformity that prevail in all that has yet appeared in this department of French literature. But the person against whom Madame de Genlis seems to be the most envenomed is precisely that towards whom good taste, and self-respect would have made her the most tolerant, Madame de Staël. Of this lady she says, on her first acquaintance, Madame de Staël being then but sixteen and unmarried—

'Elle m'étonna sans me plaire.....Madame Necker l'avoit fort mal élevée en lui laissant passer dans son salon les trois quarts de ses journées avec la foule des beaux esprits de ce tems qui tous entouroient Mademoiselle Necker; et tandis que sa mère s'occupoit des autres personnes, les beaux esprits dissertoient avec Mademoiselle Necker sur les passions et sur l'amour.'.....'Elle apprit à parler vîte et beaucoup sans réfléchir; et c'est ainsi qu'elle a écrit. Elle eut fort peu d'instruction, n'approfondit rien; elle a mis dans ses ouvrages, non le résultat de souvenirs de bonnes lectures, mais un nombre infini de reminiscences de conversations incohérentes.'

She is still more abusive in another place, when she accuses Mad. de Staël of not knowing her own language, and says that she (Mad. de Genlis) was of use to her in correcting her style and reforming her affectation. She attributes much of the success of her rival in her last years to a large fortune and an excellent house; and concludes her invidious criticism thus:—

'Elle m'a inspiré mille fois une idée et un sentiment qu'elle n'a jamais soupçonné; souvent, en pensant à elle, j'ai regretté qu'elle n'eût pas été ma fille, *ou mon élève; Je lui aurois donné de bons principes littéraires, des idées justes et du naturel;* et *avec une telle éducation*, l'esprit qu'elle avoit et une ame généreuse, *elle eût été une personne accomplie*, et la femme auteur la plus justement célèbre de notre tems.'

But she pronounces the opinion of her own superiority in more decided terms. A journalist, drawing a comparison between the two rival authoresses, parodies a well known line of poetry—'Je ne décide point entre Genève et Rome'—and says—'Je ne décide point entre Genève et Paris.' The Parisian rival unhesitatingly exclaims:

'Une femme, et un auteur, ne pouvoit manquer de saisir tout ce que ce trait a de fin et d'obligeant; il faut convenir qu'en littérature Française, lorsque

lorsque les deux villes se trouveront en rivalité, Paris vaudra toujours mieux que Genève.'

To the narrowed dimensions of mind which prevent Mad. de Genlis from measuring the great authors previously mentioned, she adds, in the present instance, the still narrower feeling of envy. We certainly are not partisans of Mad. de Staël. We coincide in very few of her opinions, political or moral; neither do we admit her philosophical reasonings to be just. But we cannot help admiring the large and powerful spirit which impelled her, even where we think her in the wrong. Every thought, every feeling of hers, even her errors, belong to a great intellect; and the most presumptuous thing we ever heard of was that such a pigmy, comparatively, as Mad. de Genlis, could imagine that the author of *Corinne* would not have been the worse for her tuition! We can hardly conceive two minds, both prolific in the same walk of literature, more different than these two. Of one of them we have already spoken. Of the other we need but say that what was deficient in the former was, in this, filled up even to exaggeration. No faculty was wanting to the Genevese rival, whose defects arose from the too great activity of one or two of them, which overthrew the equilibrium of the aggregate. Her judgment, in itself strong and powerful, when not counteracted by some vehement feeling, never would have wandered into the impracticable paths of republicanism, had she not been led astray by the conviction of an ideal perfection in mankind, of which society, hitherto at least, has given no large example. She never would have called suicide a sublime act—as she certainly did—had she not been dazzled by the grandeur of the moral sentiments which sometimes have accompanied or seemed to accompany it. From such faults Madame de Genlis is indeed exempt, but she is also exempt from corresponding beauties.

As a compensation for the perpetual depreciation of a person so much her superior in intellect, our authoress lavishes her encomiums upon another lady, but one of a very different cast either from Mad. de Staël or de Genlis, namely, the 'Comtesse de Choiseul-Gouffier, née Princesse de Beauffremont.' Every thing which this lady does is exquisite. A bronze writing-stand presented by her to Madame de Genlis, and on which was engraved 'Œuvres de Genlis,' is 'le présent le plus ingénieux et le plus charmant que j'ai reçu de ma vie.' A little screen also, on which were written some verses of Madame de Genlis's, in the midst of a 'guirlande d'immortelles et de feuilles de chêne, *portant des noix de galle dont on fait l'encre*,' appears to have been very ravishing.

But to proceed to greater matters—for our plan, if we can fulfil it, is to go on crescendo—the malignity of this accomplished instructress

instructress of youth is even greater towards her own aunt, Madame de Montesson, than towards her literary competitor: and indeed this feeling is, next to mere vanity, the predominant inspiration of the work before us. From what this animosity arose she does not entirely state, neither shall we inquire. We shall not presume to probe any deeper than our original, but that is enough.—One of the first charges brought against this lady by her niece is—

'Qu'elle jouoit fort mal la comédie, parcequ'en cela, comme en toute chose, elle manquoit de naturel. Mais elle avoit beaucoup d'habitude, et l'espèce de talent d'une comédienne de province, parvenue par son âge aux premiers emplois.'

But, in the sequel, it appears that Madame de Montesson was sufficiently skilled in this art. After the marriage of Madame de Genlis, her aunt gave her many proofs of affection, and among the rest,—

'elle m'avoit confié que M. le Duc d'Orléans étoit amoureux d'elle, et qu'il étoit jaloux du Comte de Guignes.'

The aunt confessed that she too was attached to the latter for life, but altogether platonically. However, as the Comte de Guignes was very attentive to the Countess Amélie de Boufflers, Madame de Montesson was *platonically* jealous. At the same time she avowed a *tendre amitié* for the royal duke, which she used all her efforts to subdue. She contrived to engage many persons of her society in her interest, and persuaded them to praise her constantly in his presence. All the ladies readily entered into this plan; because, as the duke was at that time living with a courtesan, they could not decently appear in his house; whereas, whether Madame de Montesson became his mistress or his wife, they might again figure in his circle. Madame de Montesson spread all her snares to entrap him, and among them was the following: she extracted a comedy from one of Marivaux's novels, read it in secret to the duke, who found it charmante:

'Eh bien,' said she, 'je vous la donne. Je jouirai mieux de votre succès que du mien; d'ailleurs je ne veux pas que l'on sache que je suis auteur.'

A day was fixed for reading the play before the best judges whom his society offered, Madame de Genlis being one of these:

'Le succès fut complet; jamais lecture de Molière n'en eut un pareil; on étoit en extase.'—'On ne distinguoit que ces mots, ravissant, sublime, parfait.'

The duke, overcome with rapture, could no longer contain his emotion, but bursting into tears, proclaimed the real author, who, of course, fainted with modesty. She was, however, restored to life, amidst many invidious grimaces. The applauses, which could not now be retracted, confirmed the Duke of Orleans in his belief

belief that the talents of Madame de Montesson were boundless. Some time after this, during a visit to the Prince de Conti, at L'Ile-Adam, the Count de Guignes showed the most marked attention to Madame de Boufflers, at which Madame de Montesson sickened, and was seized, every evening, regularly, with pains which we cannot name, though our authoress does. In this situation she always withdrew to her own apartment, whither she was followed by M. de Guignes, the Duke of Orleans, and a chosen few, males and females, who were employed in applying warm napkins to the part affected. There she confessed to the duke that platonic jealousy was the cause of her sufferings; and he so far sympathized with her, as to be almost unable to retain his indignation against the faithless lover, although his rival. The confidant of Madame de Montesson, during this comedy, which lasted some months, was her own niece, Madame de Genlis.

About this time, Monsieur de Montesson, who was fifty-nine years older than his wife, very conveniently departed this life, leaving the field open to the ambitious platonism of his widow, who, according to all appearances, had long since formed her plan of marrying the Duke of Orleans, as soon as she should become what the ladies of that day, and of this too, compare to being maréchal de France—i. e. a young widow. Numerous and petty were the artifices to which, as related by her niece and confidant, she had recourse; but we can recount only one. She had persuaded the duke that, victim as she was to her sentiment, she could neither eat, drink, nor sleep. One day, however, when she was most healthfully acquitting herself with a wine posset, he suddenly paid her a visit. The potation was thrust under the bed, but its 'invisible spirit,' rising to the royal nose, betrayed the secret. She reluctantly confessed that her *reason* told her to take some nourishment; and her confidant adds, that *reason* prevailed five times every day.

The duke was not yet entirely caught in her snares, but the following incident, certainly as extraordinary as any that ever blew a nascent spark into a flame, threw his royal heart into a state of amorous carditis.

'Speluncam Dido, dux et Trojanus eandem, &c.'

The duke was *occupied* by another woman, when, being at a stag hunt with her and Madame de Montesson, he was accidentally separated from the rest of the hunters in a distant alley, having no companion near at the moment but Madame de Montesson. His highness was corpulent; the weather warm, the scenery romantic; what think you happened in this situation? We transcribe the words of our authoress, who had the tale from the duke himself.

'Le prince, en nage et tres fatigué, demanda la permission d'ôter son col; il se met à l'aise, déboutonne son habit, souffle, respire avec tant de bonhommie, d'une manière et avec une figure qui paroissoient si plaisantes à ma tante, qu'elle fit un éclat de rire immodéré, en l'appellant *gros papa*; et ce fut, dit M. le duc d'Orléans, avec une telle gaieté et une telle gentillesse que dès ce moment elle lui gagna le cœur; et il en devint amoureux.'

Madame de Montesson, however, was still in need of a remedy for her life interest in the Count de Guignes. At Barege, she found the waters of oblivion; and from that place she wrote to her niece that solitude had restored her peace of mind. On her return, the duke offered to marry her privately. She consented, on condition that his son should approve of the marriage. A probationary delay of two years was agreed to on all sides. The royal assent was obtained after some difficulty, on condition that the future bride was to retain her former name, to assume no rank, nor to declare her marriage, and never afterwards to appear at court. Before the ceremony, however, she thought fit to be presented there, and—strange coincidence!—her presentation took place the very same day when Madame du Barry was first publicly received. The delay of two years was soon infringed; the Archbishop of Paris bestowed the nuptial benediction, at midnight, in the duke's private chapel, in the presence of two witnesses;—the secret was religiously kept for three weeks, after which it became the 'secret de la comédie.'

During the whole of this transaction—and indeed all through her career—there is no kind of artifice, duplicity or meanness, of which Madame de Genlis does not accuse her aunt. Now we do not intend to be the champions of this lady, being much inclined to credit what perfidious friendship has thus revealed. But we must ask, why has not Madame de Genlis been equally severe upon every dissembler, upon every artful and designing person; upon vice, profligacy and libertinism, wherever she found them? Was her aunt the only one, for instance, among her friends and connections, at whose door such charges could lie? Is she alone, among the nearest intimates of this respectable niece, stigmatized by public opinion? Has not notoriety stamped its disgrace or its honours upon some, and a tribunal upon others? Had a spirit of universal justice guided our authoress, we should not make these allusions: but it is far otherwise.

One of the greatest events in the life of a matron is the marriage of her daughter; and this important incident in the history of Madame de Genlis leads to many reflections. We shall relate the circumstances faithfully, as they stand in our original. A certain Madame du Pont, knowing the *friendship* which Madame de Montesson felt for Monsieur de Valence, advised Madame de Genlis

Genlis to propose a marriage between her second daughter and him; supposing that Madame de Montesson would amply provide for the young couple. To this proposal Madame de Montesson, who, says Madame de Genlis, would not have made any sacrifice for her *grand-niece only*, consented. The marriage took place. Pulcherie was beautiful, her heart excellent, and her principles as pure as her heart. Of course, as Madame de Genlis had educated her, she possessed every accomplishment—singing, dancing, painting, declamation, with forty &c.'s. An excess of vivacity, which she had shown in her infancy too, was subdued, and she was altogether a most delightful person.

'I must confess, with the sincerity which I profess, that my ambition for my daughter on this occasion outweighed my prudence; for the very motive which decided me in favour of the marriage should have turned me from it. The rumours of the world with regard to the affection of Madame de Montesson for Monsieur de Valence were *doubtless without foundation;* but she did such extraordinary things for him, that these surmises were confirmed; and the *universal opinion* was, that her intention, in promoting this marriage, was to fix near her person the man whom she loved. I ought to have said to myself, Madame de Montesson, incapable at all times of being a good adviser, never could love my daughter; besides, I am acting contrary to good morals in taking advantage of a sentiment which is thought to be criminal, however platonic it *may be* in reality. But I encouraged myself by saying, *perhaps* this intimacy is pure; at all events, even if Monsieur de Valence has been the lover of my aunt, now aged forty-seven, (Monsieur de Valence being twenty-nine, and his intended bride seventeen,) he will cease to be so when he marries my daughter; and my daughter, who places all her confidence in me, may receive from me such advice as will ensure her happiness. In short, my ambition in this being only relative—for my daughter, not for myself—I ceased to reproach myself. I never was ambitious for myself, but only for those whom I loved, &c.' 'I must refute,' continues our respectable French moralist, 'an idle tale then generally current in the world. It has been said, that one day, when the Duke of Orleans was supposed to be at a distance from home, he suddenly entered my aunt's cabinet, and there found Monsieur de Valence upon his knees before her; that she, with admirable presence of mind, said, "He is soliciting, as you see, the hand of my niece." From this incident the marriage is reported to have arisen. I can certify that this anecdote is entirely without foundation.'

This is bold in Madame de Genlis. The anecdote certainly was, and still is, universally believed.

Now let it be remembered who and what Madame de Genlis is, and what is the society in which she moved, and which she paints. She did not, like Madame d'Epinay and many others, belong to a set whose privilege it was to sin with more renown and levity than all the rest of their fellow-citizens. She lived in

a general society, which may be held as affording a fair average of the morality of the upper classes. She herself is, from the beginning to the end of her book, a moralist, very religious, almost a *devote;* perpetually talking of piety and prayer, and abusing all who do not. Yet she solicits her aunt, whom she reviles from first to last, to bestow a fortune upon her daughter, and to marry her to the man whom 'universal opinion' held to be the paramour of that very aunt; and she can calm her conscience by saying, '*perhaps* he is not her paramour.' Neither is any person shocked at such a marriage or such conduct. Such things are, and pass over their heads, indeed, like a summer's cloud, without any special wonder. A grey-headed adulteress, without exciting horror, or any thing like horror, bestows upon her grand-niece the man whom she wishes to fix as a lover near her own person; and the woman who solicits this marriage—and tells the tale without a blush—is the spotless mother of the virgin bride.

This anecdote is bad enough; we must relate another. Madame de Logny, a rich widow, had two daughters, one of whom married M. de L——, the other M. de C——. A very trifling dispute excited in her bosom the most violent hatred against Madame de L——; she ceased to see her during her life, and, on her death-bed, she literally dowered her with her curse, and bequeathed her entire property to Madame de C——. Madame de C——, however, had the extreme delicacy not to take advantage of the will, but gave up to her sister the share of her mother's fortune, to which she was otherwise entitled. Nay, so far did she carry her scruples, that in dividing a certain quantity of gilt spoons, the number of which was odd, she ordered that which had no fellow to be broken, in order that each might have the half —a procédé most eminently French. This disinterestedness excited universal admiration; and the first time that our authoress met Madame de C——, she jumped upon her neck and swore eternal friendship.

This admirable Madame de C—— had a brother-in-law, the Vicomte de C——, aged twenty-seven, accomplished and handsome. The intimacy of Madame de C—— with the autobiographer gave this gentleman frequent opportunities of seeing the latter, and he declared himself enamoured, in a letter which he had conveyed to her during the absence of Monsieur de Genlis. The letter, she says, was clever, but too studied and emphatic. It remained unanswered; but that same evening our heroine, more curious than embarrassed, went to supper at Madame de C——'s. There he contrived to seat himself beside her, and said—

'"You remained a long time this morning at the public baths." I asked

asked him,' says our authoress, 'how he knew that. "I know all that you do," said he; "I follow you every where, and disguised in a thousand shapes. How often did you not see me without knowing me! Yesterday, at twelve, you were in the Luxembourg gardens in a blue gown; this morning, in returning from the bath, you went to mass at the Carmes. I was behind you for a quarter of an hour; then I waited for you at the door of the church, where, as you went out, you gave me alms." This information astonished me, and I asked him how much I had given him. "Two sols," answered he; "I shall have them set in gold, and wear them all my life next to my heart." These disguises excited my curiosity, and amused me, (the lover certainly attacked her on her weak side,) and as he gave me an exact account of all I did, I could not doubt his veracity. Every Sunday he wrote me volumes containing all that I had done during the week, so accurately, that I could not but be convinced that he had never quitted my most private footsteps; yet I never gave him the least encouragement or ground for hope. One evening, as I was tuning my harp, he approached me, and, opening his waistcoat, showed me the two sols set in gold, and suspended to a string platted of dark hair. I smiled, and asked him whose hair that was. "To whose hair could I attach those sols but to yours?" "To mine!" "Yes! I cut this string myself from your own head, one day as I was dressing your hair." At this I burst out laughing. "It is true," continued he; "Madame Dufour, your coiffeuse, (for in those good days men hairdressers were thought indecent,) often sends you a female apprentice in her room. I bribed one of these to let me take her place, and, dressed as a woman, aided by the talent which I possess in a supreme degree for disguising myself—a talent which I owe to you—about three weeks since I cut off this hair from your head." In the midst of my astonishment I recollected, in fact, that one of Madame Dufour's girls had been very silent, and had often excited my laughter by her sighs; and though my memory could trace no resemblance between her countenance and that of the Viscount, I was convinced that he was the person, and conceived the highest opinion of his powers of mimickry. This belief was confirmed when he assured me that he had spent six weeks in studying the art of hairdressing, in order to cut that lock from my head with his own hands. Nevertheless, I could not help discovering in his recital an infinite number of falsehoods; and, notwithstanding my predilection for the marvellous, his audacity frightened me. Every instant I apprehended some disaster; every strange face I saw I thought was his; and these perpetual alarms made me take a decided aversion for the hero of this wild romance, which, during the first three or four months had amused me. I returned him, unopened, the next letter which he sent me; *and this, indeed, I ought to have done after knowing the contents of the first.* When next I met him, he darted his angry eyes at me, threatening me with every kind of extravagance if I continued not to read his letters. Fear made me comply. (What a state of society, where a woman can find no security against the importunities of a libertine, but is compelled to listen to him because she knows that public opinion would call her aversion prudery, and where prudery

is a more serious reproach than gallantry!) A visit to L'Ile-Adam, where he was not invited, interrupted this epistolary intimacy, but upon my return to Paris the suppers began again. At one of these, the conversation turned upon some young men of the court, who had gone to Corsica, to serve in the wars there, as simple volunteers. Many persons blamed them, but I undertook their defence upon the principles of chivalry. When the Viscount de C—— was handing me to my carriage, he said, "Madam, have you any commands for Corsica?" "How," said I, laughing, "are you going to Corsica?" "Do you not approve of those who do?" "But this is not in earnest." "Perfectly so. At five in the morning, that is to say in four hours, I depart." The next morning a note from his sister-in-law came to chide me for having thus determined him to set off for Corsica so suddenly. This adventure was much talked of in the world, and I must confess that it flattered my vanity; while the sentimental ladies were quite shocked at the little sensibility which I showed for a lover worthy of the best days of chivalry. *One of my friends in particular* assured me that he was the most *virtuous* man upon earth; *confessed that she herself had once most passionately loved him*, and that, in a moment of "*égarement*," she had *told him so*; that he threw himself at her feet, implored her pity and her friendship, declared that his heart was mine, and that he loved me most tenderly, though unrequited. *My friend* was in raptures at the frankness of this conduct, and I myself found it *estimable*; though I could not help admitting the evil thought, that the Viscount, knowing *the candour* and vivacity of my friend, acted thus merely in the hope that she might inform me of it. M. de C—— remained a year in Corsica, where his valour was most conspicuous. On his return he spoke no more of his love for me; but hearing me once express some anxiety about a friend who was ill at Brussels, he entered my room the next day but one, booted and spurred, with a whip in one hand, and in the other a letter. "Here," said he, "is a letter from your friend. She has, indeed, been ill, but is now recovered; I saw her on her couch." "What! have you been to Brussels!" "Certainly. You were uneasy, and that was sufficient motive." I was moved even to tears at this act of kindness, and the Viscount thought he had at last found the way to my heart. A few days afterwards, being alone with me, he threw himself on his knees, repeated his protestations, and swore that if I did not requite him he would kill himself. His impetuosity filled me with terror and indignation. I rang the bell, and ordered my servant to show him down stairs. The next morning I received a note from him, (what still another note!) dated "23d August, the last day of my life." I wrote to the Count de C——, his brother, who immediately came to me, and on whose face I read confirmed the sad news. He told me that the Viscount had disappeared that morning at four o'clock, leaving a few lines to say that none should ever hear of him again. "It is you who have driven him to this act of despair," repeated the Count at every moment. My anxiety and my grief were extreme, and we agreed to keep this story as secret as we could.

'Four months passed thus, when I received a letter from the Count de

de C——. "Let us no more deplore the fate of the unfortunate lover; he is come to life again." He then told me that the Viscount had gone into the forest of Senard, to execute his purpose of suicide; that at the very moment when his arm was raised to strike, a hermit stood before him and dragged him to his hermitage. There, *restored to reason and religion*, he lived three months in the midst of a society of brothers, unknown to them, edifying them by his conversation, and passing among them for a saint. He left this retreat occasionally, indeed, to go disguised as an Armenian to the Palais Royal, in order to watch me, and to observe the impression which the rumour of his death would make upon me. Finding me, however, neither changed nor emaciated, he confessed to his brother that my insensibility had cured him; and one of my friends called me a monster of obduracy.'

Now we think that, all circumstances considered, it would be difficult to find a companion to this tale out of France. That this state of morality should be so general as to excite no special disgust, that public opinion should but smile at it, denotes a truly fearful and established reign of depravity. What should we think of a person whose friends, like those of our authoress, universally found nothing reproachable in her conduct but her hard-heartedness? What should we think of *her* wonderful esteem for the married lady who made a declaration of her passion to this Vicomte? What of the reproaches of this Count? And what men must they have been who gloried in the duplicity, the folly and the talent lavished on such a pursuit?

Neither is this all. We hope our tale is not too long, for we must continue it. Mere indiscriminate unimpassioned seduction was not the boundary of our hero's depravity. One day the elder brother, the Count de C——, entered the apartment of Madame de Genlis.

'"Ah," cried he, "I am going to relate to you the horror of horrors!" "Of whom?" "Of the most accomplished villain in existence, of my brother." He then proceeded to state that Madame de C——, his wife, lately dead, had left a box which he knew to contain letters. "I had long," said he, "deferred opening it, but this morning I resolved to examine it. I found epistles from many persons, but the thickness of the bottom convinced me that I had not seen all. At length I found a secret spring, and the false bottom flew out. Under it I detected an immense number of notes and letters from my brother to my wife, declaring in the most passionate language his love for her, which he protested was perfectly pure, but which nevertheless employed every means of seduction. These letters prove that my wife always treated his protestations with severity, though he frequently threatened to commit some desperate act, after divulging all to me. He often speaks of you, and says that his passion for you was all a feint to conceal his real sentiments."'

Madame de Genlis then quotes two passages from the Vicomte's letters to his brother's wife.

'At least,' he writes, 'this feint does not disturb her tranquillity. Provided she (i. e. Mad. Genlis) can but amuse herself, provided she is praised and flattered, that is all she wants. Her vanity and her vivacity will always stand in the place of reason to her, and she never will know what a strong attachment is.' (Our roué had no slight knowledge of the person with whom he had to deal. And again:) 'So much the better that the world should think that it is upon her account that I am going to Corsica. But how can you, who, with so much nobleness and sensibility, are only alarmed, not *moved*, by my resolution, fear the dangerous impression which it may make upon her? Trust more to her vanity, and be sure that as long as she thinks herself the cause of my departure, she will find it quite natural.'

These phrases, indeed, help Madame de Genlis to discover that the Vicomte was a Lovelace, much more perfidious and artful than the hero of Richardson.

'What (she exclaims) would have been my misery had I loved him, had my *instinct not warned me of his duplicity!*'

But what did the outraged brother and husband, the Count de C——, feel in this conjuncture? He lives with his brother on the same terms as usual. At first, indeed, the effort pained him, but in six months he '*forgot*' the injury of which he at first pretended ignorance. On this occasion Madame de Genlis bestows the epithet *virtuous* upon the Count de C——. True—forgiveness of injury is a virtue; but what shall we say of the indifference which, in six months, can forget such depravity as this? Madame de C——, too, our authoress holds up to the world as a model of virtue; and the delicacy of dividing the gilt spoon we have already noticed. But a woman who can receive, keep and hoard up in a secret treasure, love-letters from her husband's brother, to the day of her death, would certainly not be held as very virtuous in most countries with which we have any acquaintance.

Of all the serious concerns of life, says Beaumarchais, the most farcical is matrimony; and such seems to have been the universal creed of his countrymen. It is, indeed, difficult to suppose that rational beings ever did or could treat with such levity a thing upon which so much of human happiness depends. But it is—or at least it was—in the moral constitution of that nation to consider serious things with frivolity, and trifles with importance. Of all that can be turned into ridicule, of all that can raise a smile in private or in public, in the closet or upon the stage, the most fertile source of laughter is an injured husband; and the thing which, religion not excepted, creates the greatest mirth, is the rupture of the marriage vow.

Under the old monarchical regimen, the only value that was set upon female virtue was in its sacrifice, and matrimony was little

little more than a sacramental license to become unchaste. Before marriage, no communication was allowed between men and women; and the daughters of France were hardly permitted to hear the sound of a male voice. Their usual place of education was a convent, whence they were occasionally taken out by their mothers, whose apron string—to use a vulgar phrase—they never quitted, unless now and then at a ball, during the hurried movements of a country dance. This was the only diversion they were allowed to share; and such were the limits of their intercourse with the sex with whom they divided the world. They had no opportunity of knowing what mankind was; none of forming their hearts and minds in the likeness of the being with whom they were to pass their lives, or of searching out one congenial to their own. No gradual developement, no imperceptible transition led them from infancy to womanhood, and prepared them to fulfil the condition of wife and mother. The state of matron, the blessed state of consort and parent, they never knew; for between education and dissipation, whatever passions might be awakened, the affections slumbered. In the greatest concern of their lives, they were bereft of choice, even of a preference, and others selected for them. In high life, the parents looked around them among their acquaintances of similar birth, rank, and fortune, for a male child whose age might suit that of their daughter, and at a very early period, sometimes long before the children were marriageable, an union was agreed upon between the families, upon the same principle as Arabian breeders couple their horses, upon richness of blood. A day or two before the ceremony was performed—generally indeed not more than twenty-four hours sooner, and long after the gowns and jewels—or, to use the technical terms for these important pieces of French paraphernalia, the *trousseau* and the *corbeil*—were purchased, the parties were led out of their respective nurseries, to meet for the first time; to show and see each other's shapes and motions. If these were mutually pleasing, the omen was propitious; if not, the marriage did not the less take place. The nuptial service over, it sometimes happened that the new married couple were permitted to reside together; though not unfrequently the bride was conducted back from the foot of the altar to her former abode, and the bridegroom sent to travel or otherwise improve himself until his papa and mamma judged him fit to undertake the care of his wife;—and then began the honeymoon. From that instant a new era opened in the life of the female. Her former mien and manners were sunk in the new part which she had to play. Her retreating look became advancing; her timidity was changed to confidence, and she immediately assumed a per-

a perpendicular assurance in the world, without which no married woman could have maintained her footing among her fellows. This conversion began to be apparent in twenty-four hours, though it was not always completed in so short a time; and its suddenness proved that one or other, if not both of the parts so performed, must be the result of very high and general endowments for that species of disguise of which we find so many instances in the Memoirs of Mad. de Genlis.

During the first year, the bride was consigned to the superintendance of her new mother, as the person most interested in preserving the honour of the family. By 'the honour of the family' we do not mean, as an English reader might suppose, that nice and delicate honour which is sullied almost by the breath of falsehood, and sickens even by calumny; but that distinction which a family derives from the air and gait, the mien and manners, the general deportment and fashion of a female newly adopted into its bosom. To form and perfect these, to give that fluent practice of the etiquettes of high life, which habit only can bestow, was the mighty matter of the first year of matrimonial education. This maternal tuition, indeed, was a restriction upon the developement of the principles which universal custom sanctioned; and it seldom happened that, during the first twelve months, any affair of gallantry was set on foot, or that any thing more than a little general manœuvring took place. Self-defence made some instruction in amorous tactics necessary; for, even if sure to fall, let us fall with honour. In consequence of this vigilance, the spuriousness of the heir was a rare occurrence; and the real father of the first born of the land very often was, in fact, the *pater quem nuptiæ demonstrabant*.

But the precaution of not allowing the heart to speak for itself before marriage was not adequate to the end of general legitimacy. Consciences quite timorous as to the representative of the family, yet allowed the utmost latitude as to all the *puînés*; these, generally destined to the trade of arms and gallantry, which required no wife, or else to be knights of Malta, abbés,—and, if they could, archbishops and cardinals—to live in sworn celibacy —were mere dams in the current of genealogy. Indeed, anecdotes innumerable are upon record, of the most extraordinary squeamishness on the former head, and the most admirable liberality on the latter.

Two things are much commended by the encomiasts of this system of female morality; first, the honour of French ladies is intact, for they are constant to their lovers: second, they never degrade themselves by fixing their affections upon persons of inferior birth; and considerable superiority is thence inferred

over

over the ladies of other less polished lands. Now it may be true that these Parisian dames were constant to their lovers; but we should like to have this phrase explained. Among the profound commentaries of that nation—for it has been said that the whole spirit of the nation resides in its songs—we recollect one which may assist us in the present inquiry.

'Je pense à ma belle,
Quand je m'en souviens;
Et je suis tout fidèle,
Quand son tour revient.'

But, supposing the assertion to be true in the literal meaning, and admitting the full claim of honour which is grounded upon it, we cannot help thinking that there might have been as much honour, and perhaps more virtue, in being faithful to a husband.

The second assertion may also be true: this kind of love admitted not of discrepancies in or out of marriage. But then what was this French love? why, the very fact alleged explains what it was. It levelled no distinctions; it broke no boundaries. It could indeed run even upon even ground; but it could neither overleap the mountain, nor descend into the valley. It had its etiquette, its forms of demeanour, its titles of nobility, its heraldry and its parchments; and any thing short of sixteen quarters dishonoured it. That is to say, it was not love. It was, in its best sense, gallantry; in its least refined, appetite. It might spend a year in Corsica, or ride post to Brussels; it might commit every extravagance, it might do all but love. The heart of a lover of this school might beat for glory, for renown; it might glow with courage, or pant for admiration; it might swear, protest, and fight, run wild, and rave; but it could never melt with tenderness, nor dissolve into affection.

Such was the principle upon which the rising generation of old France was annually supplied with wives and husbands. The annual rotation of population brought into the matrimonial market a certain quantity of nubile head of cattle of whom society absolutely required the consumption, and provided these were paired off, it mattered not with whom the individual was mated. In the same manner a regiment of dragoons is provided with chargers at every remount, and every trooper has his horse—though none has the right to choose; neither is the service of government injured. The selection of lovers between their married folks proceeded on another principle, and reminds us of a play of our youth, blindman's buff, where, when our eyes were well closed, we were told to turn about three times and catch whom we could.

The state of things in our islands has placed the intercourse between

between the sexes upon a very different footing from the above. Our unmarried females stand on the same ground as the other individuals who compose society. As soon as their age and acquirements permit, they are allowed every opportunity of studying mankind, and of becoming acquainted with the being with whom they are to make an interchange of happiness, a barter of affection. Neither are their hearts condemned to apathy, 'to death-like silence, and a dread repose.' They may feel; they may speak, and unblushingly own the true but chastened language of nature. It is theirs to choose, and to say which the man is whose mind and temper they hold to be the most congenial to their own, from whom they may expect to receive, and on whom to confer the largest portion of happiness. The choice indeed of youth and inexperience may not always be that which the anxiety of parents or the prudence of age would suggest; and the voice of affection may differ from that of interest or ambition. But interest and ambition must be heard with caution in such cases; and age is too frozen a counsellor for the heart of youth. To maintain that conjugal happiness is more to be expected from another's choice than from our own, is little less than saying that, in a lottery, the wheel of fortune would help us with more constancy, than if we were allowed to put our hand in her coffers ourselves, and made our own selection of her favours. Some prizes have indeed been thus obtained; but how many disastrous blanks, with all their attendant depravity, have been poured upon society to make up the amount!

When this choice is made and crowned, the transition from the single to the married state is attended by no moral violence, no expansion of feelings never known before. No new part is to be enacted; no new forms of behaviour are to be conned and learned by rote. New duties indeed are imposed; but they are so in unison with all the preceding obligations, that they seem to flow from them as a necessary consequence. By previous intercourse proportioned to circumstances, by example, by the esteem and sympathy which precede her union, an English female is gradually trained up to the frame of mind which suits a wife; and to feel as a mother needs no tuition. She is not, the day before her marriage, a blushing child, a boarding school miss, or a 'pensionnaire de couvent;' and, the day after it, a heroine dubbed with connubial intrepidity. In both situations she is the same person, in mind and in manners; but now, with a dilated heart and augmented affections.

Like all other things in the two nations—and more especially those which depend on delicacy of tact, and nicety of perception—the question of female morality has been the subject of much

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mutual misunderstanding and misrepresentation. The natural and the artificial language between the sexes are so different in the two countries, that it would be strange indeed if many mistakes did not occur.

The social habits of France have established a more constant intercourse between the adult and emancipated individuals of either sex, than the manners of England. The French indeed live more generally in public than we do; and to them domestic privacy is rather an affliction. Hardly any occurrence, of whatever nature, indispensably requires the separation of men from women. There was a time—before a political mania had seized their brains—when one of those apocryphal creatures, called an abbé, was a necessary appendage to every female toilette of fashion; and colonels of hussars have embroidered falbalas with their armed hands. Whether the conversation of such men may have raised the female intellect a little higher than it otherwise would have stood, we know not; but we mightily suspect that the system must have very much weakened that which should be the strongest. But a consequence was, more general ease in society; greater familiarity between the sexes; and more uninterrupted opportunity of indulging whatever feeling or passion might ensue from the presence of each other.

To remove all restraints, yet to preserve the decency of which highly polished society is so jealous, was the great aim of all who sighed for personal gratification, and their nation's glory—of all to whom their own vanity and the vanity of *la belle France* were dear. Every sophistry was employed to honour depravity; every corner of ingenuity was ransacked to beautify deformity. Illicit perseverance was revered; illicit constancy was held sacred; success was applauded; and to snatch a married mistress from the arms of a favoured rival deserved a Paphian crown, brighter than shone even for him who had the glory of being her first seducer. But, in all this, the forms of good breeding were preserved; in the midst of every wounded feeling of injury and mockery, politeness reigned.

To an Englishman, the masonic language of looks and gestures, which, to the initiated, reveals the past or present intimacy of the parties; the bow, the smile, the word, which all understand, but none will interpret aloud, are not immediately comprehensible. What he sees he believes, and he looks for no more. He interprets that kind of social jargon, as he would a letter written with the common alphabet, and upon a common subject, never suspecting that every word contains, besides what is ostensible, some hidden sign, instantaneously intelligible to all who possess the key of the cipher. He suspects no secret, and no cipher. But with

with a single glance, the hackneyed Frenchman catches the clue of every intrigue, of every amour in a crowded assembly; and the discretion to which he is bound is as great a proof of his *savoir vivre*, as the rapid accuracy of his observation is a proof of his *tact*. Even in society exclusively French, a respectful silence upon these points in public is required; but it has been justly remarked that, in the presence of Englishmen, scandal—even on the most notorious topics—is absolutely mute. They have somehow picked up a notion that we are fastidious about female morals—and suspicious about the female morals of France, and not to act accordingly would be unpatriotic—it would be worse still, 'mauvais genre'!

If we Englishmen possess no key to decipher the French secret, the French, on the other hand, have one so general that it only serves to lead them astray whenever they apply it to our language. The freedom which they see between unmarried persons in this country, they cannot admit to be innocent, because they know that, with them, the like could not be so; the reserve they take for hypocrisy; and a very general opinion among them has long been, and still is, that all our unmarried females are unchaste, and that our men care not whether they be so or not. They cannot conceive that two persons of opposite sexes can see each other unrestrained, without giving loose to every passion; and all that we look upon as barriers to profligacy they hold as nothing. Neither do they entertain a higher opinion of British wives and mothers; and the modesty which they cannot deny, they consider as a veil to cover secret wrong.

Admitting, for the sake of argument, the shyness and diffidence of English women to be all that these people suppose, we will ask them what has made such hypocrisy necessary? Surely if the French could reason at all, they would stand convicted of absurdity by their own assertion. What is hypocrisy but an extorted homage paid by vice to virtue? The man who does not feel that virtue must be respected has no call to be a hypocrite. Madame de Staël, who abounds in felicitous perceptions, says that the secrecy or the notoriety of amours in England is a proof of morality; and her remark is perfectly just. English women who err are chained to one extreme or driven to the other, by one and the same cause; by the respect in which female virtue is held in this country. As long as they can conceal their misconduct they do so, and use every means to play the hypocrite, and preserve the good opinion of society. When detected, or even suspected—when they know that public censure hunts them down, that no management can retrieve them, they throw off the mask, and discard at once all the modesty of their sex. Their gallantry becomes

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as notorious as it had been mysterious, as barefaced as it once was blushing; for with public opinion, with esteem in England, there is happily no compromise. Rank and wealth, and extraordinary dexterity, may keep some women afloat for a season upon the surface of society, in spite of faults and errors; but the surest weight which drags them to the bottom is opprobrium. The very great share of public attention excited in this country by the unexpected emersion of a female from the privacy of concealment to calamitous celebrity, as if a sun were to burst into the meridian at midnight, is precisely the thing which proves the comparative unfrequency of error. Yet, strange to say, much of the depreciation of the reputation of English women, both at home and abroad, is due to this very circumstance. In certain more civilized regions, it must be owned, one is amused with no extraordinary tales of love and intrigue. All goes on smoothly; no Doctors Commons, no damages, no divorces, no intrusive husbands. If a woman escapes the general contagion, she becomes almost as remarkable as those in England, whose loves have been brought before the woolsack. When Madame de Genlis mentions a lady of whom she chooses to tell no scandal, or of whom no scandal can be told, she seldom fails to bestow upon her the due note of singularity.

It would be difficult to refine upon the principles of depravity with more ability than the French have done; and, whenever their mettle is not raised by our assertion of purer morality, there is no subject which elates them more than the superior elegance of their corruption. 'Perhaps,' say they sometimes, 'perhaps we may be as vicious as the English, but then we are bad more gracefully;' and a few instances of very ungraceful vice indeed in some of our fair countrywomen have confirmed this opinion. But a thing which the French have hardly seen at all, or ever can see, is the interior of an English family in the middling ranks of society; in that numerous class which is the broad and solid basis of English worth, and English prosperity. There they might behold —though perhaps they might not comprehend—woman in all her glory; not a doll to carry silks and jewels, a puppet to be dangled by coxcomb children, an idol for profane adoration; reverenced to-day, discarded to-morrow; always justled out of the true place which nature and society would assign her by sensuality or by contempt; admired but not respected, desired but not esteemed; ruling by fashion, not by affection; imparting her weakness, not her constancy, to the sex which she should exalt; the source and the mirror of vanity. They would see her as a wife partaking the cares, and cheering the anxiety of a husband; dividing his labours by her domestic diligence, spreading cheerfulness around her; for

for his sake sharing in the decent refinements of the world, without being vain of them; placing all her pride, all her joy, all her happiness in the merited approbation of the man she honours. As a mother, they would find her the affectionate, the ardent instructress of the children she had tended from their infancy; training them up to thought and virtue, to meditation and benevolence, addressing them as rational beings, and preparing them to be men and women in their turn.

Our morals, male and female, are chastened by one general cause—a cause of which, even while the French confess its existence, they deny the effect. We are too busy a people to be vicious. We have not time to carry on long and complicated intrigues, to be profound in duplicity; to lavish away a year in Corsica, write volumes, and travesty ourselves perpetually, for the purpose of blasting the reputation of a woman, of seducing her, or of making the public believe that she, and not the wife of our brother, is the object of our desires. We have other matters to settle; and better is it for us to be condemned to labour for our country's good than to luxuriate in olives, vines, and vices.

If the various occupations of Englishmen divide them more from the fair sex than the futile pleasures of the French, we cannot but think that though there may be some cause for regret, on both sides, for this separation, yet the advantages of our system more than compensate its defects. The men remain more men than when softened by the perpetual presence of females. Their minds are more masculine, more capable of the great affairs to which they seem destined by nature, and not unfitted for any of the minor social relations. The women have more leisure for their domestic concerns, more time for improvement; and, as they know that their mates and partners will return to them with invigorated minds, it is natural that they should endeavour to meet them on the same heights. The avocations of the men to public meetings, public dinners, &c. and the seclusion in which the ladies live during those moments, are, we are convinced of it, favourable to both parties; and their meeting again, when those are past, has no taste of satiety. The exclusive tea-table may sometimes be as dull as Madame de Staël has described it in her Corinna; and the evening sittings of the gentlemen may be now and then abusive. But we are persuaded that were these daily secessions to be abolished, as in France, both sexes would be the worse for it, and the nation would lose a part of its greatness. France, says Madame de Genlis, is the paradise of women: but never do we see any of those noble creatures, whose true and Christian paradise on earth we maintain to be Britain, wiled away from their native land to wed in foreign climes, to give up their country, their religion, to wish

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for the defeat of England in some future war, to disbelieve their Bible, or else to think salvation impossible to the friends, the relations of their youth, without a sentiment of deep regret; and most bitterly do we think those parents to be blamed who, for their own gratification, or for the purpose of teaching a daughter to dance at a little less expense, expose her to such temptation. Generally indeed those who yield to it are not the most to be regretted of our females, but still they might have been preserved.

In making these observations we would be understood not to give them a careless breadth of application. We do not mean to say that there is no female chastity in France, no female profligacy in England. We mean to say that the proportions in each country are such as to authorize the conclusions we have drawn, and to make these not universal, but general. We are ready also to make some other concessions;—we are quite willing to allow that the dissoluteness of one country diminishes much of the blame, and some of the degradation, attached to the individual;—that a French woman may err with less contamination to herself than an English woman—that she who has been educated in English principles, who is allowed to make her own choice of a husband, who has so many domestic joys, who is called away from them by so few seductions, who has eternally before her eyes the respect paid to those of her sex that perform their duty, and the contempt and misery which awaits those who do not—who must practise so much dissimulation, or brave so much fame—is more to be blamed and pitied when she 'swerves from virtue's rule.' La Rochefoucault has said, that the smallest fault of a woman of gallantry is her gallantry. If this be true generally, it is particularly true *here*.

Over such a state of morals as the earlier volumes of these *Memoirs* exhibit in such glaring light, a revolution swept with all its blasting virulence. The portion of virtue which it had to destroy did not consume much of its strength; the refinements of vice soon yielded before its open profligacy. Its new laws permitted a promiscuous intercourse, and marriages were dissolved on demand. Many of the beasts who roam wild in the woods are bound to their females by more lasting ties than those which the legislature of regenerated France made necessary among the human creatures which it governed; and this system predominated, in various degrees, for more than twenty years. It was not till after the restoration of the Bourbons that it can be said to have ceased; and even then the marriage bond was, in every catholic opinion at least, left incomplete. The law which made wedlock a mere civil contract was maintained; the parties were allowed to perform or not, as they pleased, the ceremonies of their respective churches; and the catholic rite,

which held it as a sacrament before, was thus shaken in one of its seven fundamental points. During many years, the ceremony before the municipality alone was practised; and when the churches were re-opened, and religion *restored*, as was the language of the day, by Buonaparte, a few couples proceeded to the altar—and but a few indeed. We have seen extracts from parish registers between 1800 and 1814, in which the average of these was only one in seven. Now indeed the clergy of France *exhort* their flock to have recourse to the church, after the municipality, and, if they never did worse than this, we should applaud them. A small portion of public opinion too helps them a little; but, in all the concerns of religion in France, those who will have any thing will have too much; those who will not have too much will have nothing. Sooner or later the people will demand a reformed creed: And they will obtain it, but the waters of their baptism will be blood.

To annul the marriage contract—and its vow—was, however, at every step toward returning order, made a little less easy: and in 1814 and 1815, the two first years of the restoration, it had become very difficult indeed! for, in the city of Paris, in a population then much under 700,000 souls, there were in each of those years, only thirty-two divorces; that is to say, one divorce in about 20,000 persons; or, according to an official statement of the number of marriages at the same time, one divorce to 184 marriages.

Now in England, as we have been told, not two divorces and a half are the annual average; which being pronounced in a population of—to be within bounds—fifteen millions, makes one divorce in six millions of persons, or only $\frac{1}{30}$ of the proportion of French divorces at the time when they were the most difficult to be obtained. If it be said that we allow but one ground for divorcing, we grant it, and rejoice in the morality of our legislation. If again it be objected that we have many legal separations, &c., we answer, no number that, even were they divorces, could raise our ratio to any thing like one in 184 or even 1840 marriages. The French are convinced that the sale of a wife in the public market, with a halter round her neck, is with us a legal dissolution of marriage, and quite in our habits—and let them think so.

The system of society was so torn during the revolution, that it would require a separate dissertation to give a just idea of that immense chasm; and it creates no small surprize to see that so much has been already brought back to its former order. Nevertheless many essential differences still strike the observer. The feelings and opinions upon female virtue, upon chastity, are indeed, we greatly fear, the same as formerly in all classes; neither atheism nor bigotry could improve them much. But the style of present intercourse,

intercourse, the habits of the times, cares, anxieties, the loss of fortune, the dependence upon royal or ministerial bounties, the trade of arms no longer exclusive to the nobility, no longer the domain of gallantry, with numberless other influences great and small, have produced some changes in the relations between men and women, which, without correcting the principles, have considerably modified the practice of morality. One of the most prominent features of actual manners, is the diminution of that politeness so remarkable formerly; and which, though it consisted entirely in forms and behaviour, though a very large portion of it could be taught by the dancing-master, though it was utterly independent of the heart, very much facilitated the circulation of society, and was unquestionably the great, the boasted charm of France. Now, without this, there is not gallantry; and, without gallantry, love intrigues, of the sort described in Madame de Genlis's earlier tomes, cannot be so generally and so systematically pursued, as when both men and women were the pampered foudlings of luxury. A chapter in one of her later volumes will afford a sad contrast, in this respect, to the suppers of the old régime; and show the dismal ebb of that elegance and refinement which had studied gracefulness even in their offendings, and a show of good breeding even in their impertinences. Mad. de Genlis dined at her son-in-law's, Gen. Valence, with four French peers—two of whom were dukes—four marshals, and three generals. At dinner she was placed between two peers, who opened not their mouths to her, but talked politics across the table during the whole time. After dinner they returned to the drawing-room where she seated herself; but suddenly all the dukes, peers, marshals, and generals, made a rush, carrying off their seats, and established themselves in a ring, outside of which sat the deserted proprietress of the most charming 'petit nez retroussé' in the world. Her first surmise was, that these grave personages had formed their impenetrable circle for the purpose of playing small games, which she thought an innocent and not unlaudable pastime; but what was her surprize when she heard them discuss the most difficult questions of state; declaim, scream, dispute, roar, as if they were in the chamber of deputies!

'They had no president, (says she,) and I had a mind to take upon myself the office and call them to order; but I had no bell, and I feared that my voice would be extinguished by their vociferations.'

They continued thus during an hour and a half, after which time she left them hoarse and perspiring, without having advanced a step in argument, and still arguing.

'Oh le bon tems (exclaims the reminiscent) que celui où, lors qu'on se

rassembloit dans un salon, on ne songeoit qu'à plaire et s'amuser: où l'on n'auroit pu, sans une excessive pédanterie, avoir la prétention de montrer *de grandes vues sur l'administration!* où l'on avoit de la grace, de la gaieté et toute la frivolité qui rend aimable, et qui repose le soir du poids de la journée, et de la fatigue des affaires. Aujourdhui—on se croit profond parce qu'on est lourd, et raisonnable parce qu'on est grave; et lorsqu'on est constamment ennuyeux, comme on s'estime! comme on se trouve sage!'

In a drawing-room, she continues,

'où tout le monde entassé, pressé, se tient debout, on vante l'esprit de la maîtresse de la maison; mais à quoi lui sert-il? Elle ne peut ni parler ni entendre. Un mannequin placé dans un fauteuil feroit aussi bien qu'elle les honneurs d'une belle soirée. C'est là une assemblée à l'Angloise! Il faut convenir que les soirées à la Française passées jadis à, &c. valoient bien mieux que cela. Mais nous retrouverons sans doute les graces Françaises dans les soirées particulières: point du tout; vous n'entendrez là que des dissertations, des déclamations, et des disputes.'

The picture is correct, and much more might be said to heighten it. Let any person, after reading the works which give an account of French society in former times, go to a ministerial reception of the present day, and then to the best private circles, numerous or small; and he will not credit that what he read and what he sees relate to the same people. Before, male and female were chequered through society, like the houses on a chess board, in such a way that every man was surrounded by women, and every woman by men; but now, on a formal line of chairs are seated the fair, while, at the opposite extremity, stand the others; and in the waste between them, silence—silence—reigns. The ladies indeed maintain a tolerable countenance in their melancholy solitude; the topic of the toilette extricates them from every embarrassment. But the exhibition of the men is disastrous beyond description. Gallantry rejects them, politics have not yet received them; and between the two they make the most amphibious appearance. Where gravity is not natural it becomes grotesque; and Liston would be as irresistible in Cato Uticensis as in Tony Lumkin.

It may be admitted, then, that in the upper circles, regular affairs of gallantry and systematic intrigues are less frequent to-day than formerly: but it remains doubtful, to say the least, whether it is so because the feelings upon this head are chastened, or because female virtue is held in higher estimation now than it used to be. The reason, many acute observers maintain, is to be sought for in circumstances of another class—in the diminution of intercourse attendant on a different system of society, a greater separation between the sexes, and the ambition of the men directed in another channel. The present condition of the women, say

these,

these, is to the full as equivocal as that of the men; for if they are not treated, as formerly, like idols, neither is the sex respected as in England. Their state is something between that of a useful and of an ornamental thing; not enough of the former to gratify the mind, or of the latter to make them as rapturous as their grandmothers used to be. Their posture certainly is awkward enough, and the present generation of men is not inclined to help them out of it; to pull them over towards reason, or to lure them towards pleasure. And this desertion is the more unpardonable in the descendants of so many knights errant, as the evident propensity of the ladies is to become again their bauble.

Whether the present state of society in France will be lasting or not we cannot say. Whether it will make the distance between men and women habitual, and thus really improve the feeling of morality, is equally doubtful. Did we see religion and virtue increase, and probity and justice upon some most important points becoming healthy and vigorous throughout the nation, we should not hesitate to answer this question affirmatively. But there are many bad symptoms to be got over; and the fact which we have admitted is, we much fear, a mere accident in the system.

It may be necessary to say something in defence of ourselves for thus avowing the suspicion that female virtue is not held in much higher estimation in France now than formerly. There is a law, humane enough, which declares that the only son of a widow shall be exempted from drawing for the conscription. About five years ago an unmarried woman presented a petition to the chamber of deputies, praying that her natural son might be put upon the same footing as the only sons of all widows. The commission of petitions unblushingly read this demand at the tribune, and the honourable assembly heard it unmoved. Certainly so public a mark of indifference to female virtue never was given by any constituted, by any legislative authority, in the old regime. Yet the French are very fastidious upon some parts of female concerns. When the Duchess d'Angoulême, after an exile of a quarter of a century, returned to Paris, the principal thing which struck all ranks in this daughter of the Cæsars, the child of a murdered king and queen, the female heir to the throne, was the smallness of her hat and the English *tournure*.

Formerly—to speak plainly—adultery was the vice of the fashionable; it belonged too much to high life to be permitted to inferiors; and the French peasantry were pretty generally supposed to be the fathers of their own children. But, when the blast of equality levelled the mighty, this lordly privilege was invaded; and the sins of the nobility, torn with their titles from their loins, descended

to their vassals. The bond of religion and the dread of law, the awe of superiors and the authority of parents were laid low, and every passion prowled without restraint. Marriage was no longer necessary; and those who did go through the ceremony observed but slightly its injunctions. The most unbridled license prevailed in classes who, before, had no more pretensions to unchastity, than to a coach and six; and the wives of artizans became as faithless as duchesses had ever dared to be. In these ranks of society, we lament to say, depravity is at this moment incredibly profound and common; and we shall conclude the subject by a picture, which, were it not authentic, official, issuing from a ministerial portfolio, we should not dare to present. Fabulous as it may appear, it is nevertheless a part of the annual report of the minister of the home department, on the state of the city of Paris.

NUMBER OF CHILDREN BORN IN PARIS.

	Legitimate.	Illegitimate.	Total.	Deserted by their parents.
1815	13,630	8,982	22,612	
1816	13,568	8,890	22,458	
1817	The returns for this year were mislaid by accident.			
1818	14,978	8,089	23,069	6,094
1819	15,703	8,641	24,344	6,657
1820	15,988	8,870	24,858	6,779
1821	15,980	9,176	25,156	7,063
1822	17,129	9,751	26,880	7,481
1823	17,264	9,806	27,060	7,585
1824	18,591	10,221	28,812	7,843

From this table it appears that, from the year 1815 to the year 1824, both inclusively—and deducting 1817—the number of children born in Paris was 225,259, of whom 82,426 were illegitimate; that is to say, that, during the last ten years, thirty-six per cent. or more than one-third of the new annual population of Paris was born out of wedlock. The returns of the children deserted by their parents dated only from 1818, and include but seven

seven years. During that period 180,189 children were born, of whom 54,554 were illegitimate, and 49,503—an almost equal number—were deserted by their parents; that is to say, that during this period $\frac{30}{100}$ of the new annual population born in Paris were illegitimate; and $\frac{27}{100}$, or more than one-fourth, were deserted by their parents. So much then for the city which the French consider to be more moral than London, or, at least, to be more refinedly vicious. But, moreover, they hold Paris to be the seat of luxury, of elegance, of pleasure, of civilization, of intellect, of the arts, &c. &c. &c. We shall now add a table of the births and deaths, and of the places where these occurred, in order to show the advantages which all these things procure to the said city.

BIRTHS AND DEATHS IN PARIS.

	BIRTHS.				DEATHS.	
	LEGITIMATE.		ILLEGITIMATE.		At Home.	In the Hospitals.
	At Home.	In the Hospitals.	At Home.	In the Hospitals.		
1815	13,380	250	4,505	4,477	12,123	7,873
1816	12,300	268	4,617	4,273	10,961	7,883
1817	The returns for this year were mislaid by accident.					
1818	14,499	479	4,101	3,888	13,403	8,160
1819	15,303	400	4,363	4,278	13,641	7,010
1820	15,633	355	4,479	4,391	13,216	8,293
1821	15,660	320	4,630	4,546	14,155	7,799
1822	16,841	288	4,986	4,765	14,320	7,855
1823	16,958	306	4,882	4,924	15,273	8,227
1824	18,245	346	5,205	5,106	13,961	7,796

From this it appears that, during the last ten years—1817 omitted—10 per cent. of the children born in Paris came into the world in the hospitals, and 37 per cent. of the deaths occurred in the same abodes of wretchedness. It might from this be inferred,

ferred, that hospitals are very numerous and very excellent in Paris. They are not so, and private charities contribute little to their support. When the filth and poverty of the Salpétrière and of the Bicêtre, the two principal receptacles for the starving, are considered, it must be confessed that the luxury of Paris is a sad succedaneum for happiness. Such a picture of depravity, and of its sure attendant misery, could not be found in any other Christian capital; yet, in none, is so much gilding so beautifully performed. It must be recollected too that this picture is not drawn by spleen or envy; nor, on the other hand, by persons who, fearing to retain any national prejudice, overstep the modesty of truth, and become illiberal from excess of liberality. It is the ingenuous report of a prefect to a minister, and from him to the public, neither of whom saw the least harm in it, or they would not have published it.

To bid adieu to Madame la Comtesse de Genlis—We never met with such a work before. It is not full of such disgraceful vice and meanness as the Confessions of Rousseau, but it is as much disordered by vanity as they are by susceptibility; and we know not whether we have been more amused or disgusted by the perusal. We should be much puzzled to decide in what class of literature to place this performance; whether it belongs to fact or to fancy. The authoress is too much versed in the composition of historical romance to give it up at once; and these eight volumes certainly partake of the mongrel qualities of that hybrid walk, in so much that she is allowed never to have indulged her imagination more than on the present occasion. Some persons, however, have been bolder than we wish to be; and, on account of the part which her harp plays toward her self-adulation, and a little too by reason of the inscription which La Harpe the critic—who, by the bye, without possessing a word of English, pronounced Racine to be a greater master of human nature than Shakspeare—placed upon her bust, have called these eight tomes *le roman de la harpe*. In the mean time we cannot but thank Madame de Genlis for giving us, in the midst of much fiction, of many reticences and embellishments, of no little filth, and some indelicacies, which we could not, even in a foreign language, hint at, an image of the manners and morals (mœurs) of her contemporary Parisians, which we must most heartily recommend to the perusal and proper study of our countrymen.

ART. VII.—*Memoir of the Life and Character of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke; with Specimens of his Poetry and Letters; and an Estimate of his Genius and Talents, compared with those of his great Contemporaries.* By James Prior, Esq. Second Edition; enlarged to two volumes by a variety of Original Letters, Anecdotes, Papers, and other Additional Matter. London. 1826. 8vo.

THE life of Burke is in truth the history of the period in which he flourished; and that, whether we consider it in a literary or in a political point of view, is unquestionably one of the most memorable in the whole course of English annals. His limited fortune, and still more strongly his taste, impelled him to devote the earlier portion of his years to the labours of literature: and in these he ere long attained a distinction so high and conspicuous, as to render in his case the adopted pursuit of political fame more than commonly adventurous. But his very first exertions established him here also in the public opinion, and he quickly rose to be the Parliamentary Leader of the principal division of the Opposition—an eminence which, able as were his competitors, he maintained without a rival for ten busy years. During that time, and indeed to the close of his public life, his fame is connected with every interest of his country, whether in domestic or in foreign policy. On the comparative eloquence of his great contemporaries, as on their comparative fitness to govern the country, there must prevail decided and lasting divisions of opinion; but to Burke, by the admission of all, and to Burke alone, it was given to plant on his age the stamp and the character of his own genius; it was his alone to divert the attention of men from the contemplation of events, in themselves of surpassing interest, to the discussion of his opinions, to the applause or the censure of his writings and his eloquence. It was also his lot not merely to bequeath to posterity the tradition or the record of eloquence; but, unassisted by any continued possession of power, by rank, by wealth or by connexions, to leave on the free institutions of England, and on the frame of society itself, the deep and lasting impress of his labour and his wisdom. It is little to say that his life deserves to be treated as a theme of lofty and general interest; to preserve a fair and correct estimate of his principles and his services is a sacred debt of national justice, as well as of national policy. Every step which we are taking at the present day in the career of national improvement, while it confirms the sagacity of his forecast, should revive the sense of his merits, and add to the lustre of his just reputation. This mighty name may, by the malice of party,

party, or by the neglect of friends, be for a time obscured, but neither in the annals of English literature, nor of the English constitution, can it be permanently effaced or effectually degraded.

With regard to the period itself comprehended in the life of Mr. Burke—to describe it *worthily* as a whole, or even to survey in their splendid succession the events which crowd and dignify it, would require powers not inferior to those of Burke himself, when his opinions and his passions had been tempered by age and by some repose from the tumults of political conflict. This task may yet be reserved, in our own times, for one of the most accomplished of his antagonists; and to a contest with that great mind, the survivor may be in part indebted for the capacity of completing it with success and with honour. The progress of the national liberty, the conflicts between the several orders of the state, the *then* truly important and animated contests of party—these are but a small part of the topics in domestic history, of which the selection alone must be embarrassing to the pourtrayer of that period. Those of its external history are not inferior in rank or in interest. The loss of a magnificent empire in America, and the gradual acquisition of another yet more magnificent in Asia; the revolutions of Poland and of France, with the wars and negociations to which they gave birth—these are events which seem to raise the dignity of history itself, and which cannot sink into obscurity because they are not chronicled—*carent quia vate sacro:* Their results are still progressive; their influence is indelibly impressed on the condition of nations—on the general fortunes of mankind.

While topics like these give splendour and interest to the work of the writer, they confirm our sense of his numerous difficulties. If his essay be not degraded by an unfair or illiberal spirit, if it does not display any signal defects of knowledge or of taste, we feel a sincere disposition to accept it with gratitude; and to abstain from the censure of imperfections, of which the nature of such an enterprize is at once the cause and the apology. A period, so productive of all the materials of history, and in which the faculties of individuals were roused into such strong and continued action, could not fail to inspire men with qualities proportioned to the gigantic interests that surrounded them; to produce beings capable of reflecting back upon their times some portion of the lustre which their times conferred on them. It would not, indeed, be an easy task to fix on any æra of English history, at which every branch of active or of contemplative life has been so abundantly filled with characters above the level of ordinary capacities, and fairly entitled to a prominent and permanent station in our political and literary records.—And that writers, in all

all respects qualified to record the lives of such men, so favoured by circumstances, should have rarely and gradually appeared, is rather a subject of regret than of surprize.

Until the publication of Mr. Prior, which, though not a faultless, is yet unquestionably a valuable addition to English biography, Mr. Burke, not more fortunate than his greatest contemporaries, had been in one instance consigned to the mean malignity of an adverse partisan, and in another to a scanty and imperfect memoir, totally unworthy of himself and of his country.

It must be admitted, that no branch of literature is more difficult than the biography of eminent statesmen; and the difficulties are unhappily in exact proportion to their eminence. It presses so closely on history, that to draw the necessary line of distinction between the two walks is not the work of ordinary judgment and taste. Beside all the principal qualifications of the historian, this requires greater delicacy of tact, and a finer discrimination, as it is more strictly conversant with manners and with individual character. And then again the right selection of the details of private life is obviously more embarrassing in the case of statesmen, than in lives of men distinguished in the arts or in literature. To dismiss these matters entirely, as various authors have done, is to strip biography of its peculiar advantage, its essential attraction. On this point we are bound to commend the work of Mr. Prior, by whom these details are judiciously selected and related with excellent feeling; many of them had been hitherto unknown to the public, and they are neither too numerous nor too trivial to encumber the narrative of the political life, to which they give relief and interest. The book before us is also guiltless of a defect fatal to all writers who trespass too largely on the province of the published debates in parliament. It is not a dry register of the speeches of Burke; yet the quotations from them are not insufficient to the purpose of marking the peculiar character of his eloquence.

That it is absurd to wish for a better life of Burke, it would be ridiculous to assert. Mr. Prior is perspicuous, and sometimes forcible, but he cannot be deemed an elegant writer, nay, he is often an incorrect one. On the defects of composition, however, we hesitate to enlarge, when there is no gaudy profusion of ornament, no ambitious parade of rhetoric or of learning; and when we have the more grateful task, whatever may be the credit given to this *critical* assertion, of pointing out substantial merits in the matter. Our author has entered into the importance of his subject with a zeal so entire and so heart-felt, that on no occasion is it sacrificed to his own vanity; we have not to fear the danger, as in some contemporary instances, of being seduced to forget the hero

hero himself in the display of the learning or the opinions of his historian. The work certainly is a friendly and a defensive statement of Burke's political career; but when we reflect on the decided tone of his principles, on the marked character of his actions, we never desire to meet with any English writer, who can preserve an absolute neutrality in describing them. Moreover, it is undeniable, as Mr. Prior has observed, that the memory of this great man, as yet unprotected by any honest record of his actions, has been, down to this hour, persecuted with a 'hunt of obloquy' even fiercer and less relenting than that which he has himself described as 'pursuing him full cry through life.' We are happy, therefore, to receive some statement on the favourable side of the question—not at the same time unconscious that the truth must be extracted from a cautious examination and candid estimate of the conflicting testimonies.

In treating of the earlier part of Mr. Burke's career, in times which have been thrown into comparative obscurity by the interest at once nearer and higher of more modern events, Mr. Prior has added to the ordinary stock of public information, and has for ever established the claim of Burke to many services affecting the freedom, the laws, and the constitution of England, which had been studiously cast into the shade by his numerous revilers, or slighted and overlooked by his injudicious advocates. Nor can we omit to bear our testimony to the value and interest of the Correspondence which these volumes include. The Letters to Barry, in whatever work they had appeared, must at once have been referred to the taste and the genius, which alone could have produced them. These, and many other original papers recently given to the public in various periodical works, while they present a new and unsuspected testimony to the kindness of Burke's heart, and the humanity of his disposition, illustrate at the same time the extent and the penetration of his intellect, which by a rare combination of qualities enabled him to master the minutest details, as completely as the general principles, of every subject; and in all to reach the point of excellence, to which nature and habit impelled him to aspire.

We cannot feel the necessity of any apologies to justify some remarks on the prominent actions and on the national services of Burke, since not only their value and their quantity, but their very nature and quality have been skilfully depreciated, and industriously misrepresented. The naked truth of the case would indeed justify language on this subject, far more pointed and more indignant than Mr. Prior has applied to it; to any animadversion on Burke as an orator, a writer, or an individual, we must never forget to apply the rule of ascertaining the political sentiments of the author, before we assent to any one of his conclusions: for this reputation

reputation has long been considered as a sort of open unbarriered arena, on which every sciolist of politics, every raw pretender to patriotism had the right to exercise his studied common-places. The ordinary fate of illustrious statesmen has been reversed in this case; reviled and calumniated as these may have been in life, they commonly obtain in the tomb, not only justice but favour, from their bitterest enemies. But no reader of Mr. Moore or Mr. Belsham requires to be informed, that with the zealots of party and of reform there is, down to this hour, no truce in the warfare against the memory of Burke; that with them suspicion is uniformly to be admitted as guilt; that all his real defects are to be magnified, and his real merits to be extenuated; while the bare imputation of inconsistency is to cancel 'at one fell swoop' the services which cannot be disputed. Yet if all the claims of his active life were renounced, Burke has a posthumous right to some defence of his fame, which the most exalted republican might well hesitate to refuse; since from some part of his writings the first conception of many liberal doctrines, nay more, of many state measures of a liberal policy, the sole foundation of the merit of living statesmen with the revilers of Burke, have been distinctly if not confessedly derived. For what great question regarding the constitution of his country, the improvement of her policy, or the general advancement of nations in freedom and refinement, has he left untouched; or, we should rather say, unprobed? In law, as in commerce, in the theory as in the practice of constitutional freedom, he had outstripped the spirit and the knowledge of his age, and anticipated the conclusions of posterity.

Let us briefly advert to the motley composition of this host of enemies. That he should be brauded as a deserter from their cause, by the representatives of the numerous and powerful party, whom he abandoned at the time of the French Revolution, is natural enough; but what can be sufficient to account for the peculiar and ferocious malignity, with which the name and memory of one man are assailed, excepting the number, the character, and the influence of the statesmen who followed and justified the example of his flight?

Far below this party in dignity and in influence, but far superior in number, there is another political party in England, by which the name of Burke is held in still deeper execration. These may be said to be the reverse of that class of mankind, to whom the reputation of this great man is the most valuable, and who are not so alert and stirring a portion of the community;—namely, those who, if they feel and reason, can never reflect on the secure possession of their property, or the peaceful enjoyment of their civil rights, or the exemption of England from the long succession of calamities which has afflicted every other nation of Europe, without some conscious

conscious feeling of gratitude to the genius of Burke. The dogma of the school is very simple, being in fact comprised in a single proposition—*Whatever is, is wrong.* Resting on this truth, of which the depth is proved by its simplicity, they fairly infer that every change, and *à fortiori* every revolution, is a national benefit. All power is corruption, and every institution having the misfortune to be old, is *therefore*, as were the aged in some Scythian nations, to be discarded without the benefit of clergy. To talk of the wisdom of any generation, saving the present, is worse than drivelling folly; it is the disguise of crafty and self-interested politicians, whose '*Gospel is their maw.*' These opinions, not of the genuine English growth, are well represented abroad by a coalition, formed of materials apparently discordant, but in practice most harmonious—by the disappointed worshippers of military despotism in France—by the remnant of the primitive and genuine jacobins—by the ultra-liberal of the new school in all countries. All these, combining in their hatred and their abuse of Burke, labour in full chorus to hunt down his credit as an author, an orator, a statesman. To confute and to ridicule his reasoning, to degrade his personal motives, and to reduce the value of his authority—these are the favourite labours of their common vocation.

We cannot but admire their policy in the selection of their victim. Of all statesmen he, without doubt, is justly the most odious to the domestic and to the foreign disciples of this faith, who was disqualified by his deep and varied instruction, still more than by the native penetration of his genius, for the preference of novelty to knowledge, of metaphysical maxims to experience; who was attached by the noblest reason as by the warmest affection to the ancient institutions of his country—and the proofs of whose transcendent ability to defend these can only perish with their existence. Yet even such natural haters might hate on without overstepping the limits of fair hostility or rather of truth, which they unquestionably do when they represent Burke as a prejudiced *aristocrat*, and hold him up to the aversion of mankind as the natural enemy of all political freedom, and all political improvement. There is no rashness in asserting that very few *liberals* of the present day have more fairly earned the title, honourable as it is in the rational sense of the term, than Burke has done by the unbroken tenour of his speeches, his writings, his life. Nay, we advance a step farther, and we should not hesitate to maintain, that the records of parliament present the name of no statesman since the Revolution of 1688, to whom Englishmen are more distinctly indebted for the practical extension of their freedom, and for the lasting improvement of their constitution; or for whom, in a wider sense, all men who value the *principle* of genuine freedom,

freedom, are bound to cherish and to express a more cordial gratitude.

We are induced to attempt some proof of this assertion, not merely by the desire of aiding, in our vocation, to vindicate the memory of a great man from injustice and from calumny:—we feel the more powerful motive of pointing out one of the most striking evidences in English history, that an aversion to consider revolution in *the abstract* as an infallible guide to liberty, and an honest preference of the existing order of society, are not incompatible with the love and the pursuit of genuine freedom; that they may not only co-exist with, but be in themselves the best proof of, the most active and the most liberal feelings in favour of the advancement of nations in knowledge and in liberty itself. We shall be enabled, in pursuing our purpose, to survey, without any pretension of writing another Memoir of Mr. Burke, some of the prominent transactions of his life—a life, of which it is, in our humble opinion, the most remarkable characteristic, that every stage is marked by some signal triumph, some lasting advantage obtained by him for the very principles of which he is eternally reviled as the most deliberate, systematic, and fatal enemy. Nor can we better introduce our own observations than by quoting those of Mr. Prior on Mr. Burke's own admirable defence of his Life contained in 'the Letter to a Noble Lord.'

'The striking passages are nearly as numerous as the sentences. A collection of flashes of indignant genius, roused by a sense of injury and aggression to throw out its consuming fires with no common force on the heads of the aggressors. I perceive in it, says the Author of the Pursuits of Literature, sights more than youthful poets when they dreamed,—the philosophy of Plato and the wit of Lucian.

'The pathetic lamentation for the loss of his son, the glowing tribute to the memory of his old friend, in whose heart he had a place to the last beat, Lord Keppel, uncle to the duke of Bedford, show a different but not less striking style of powers. The notice of his own services to the country is less a formal recapitulation, which the occasion in some degree called for, than a manly and modest allusion. It is forcible and comprehensive, and what perhaps (the assertion is not made without deliberation) no other English statesman of the period can say. *My merits were in having had an active, though not always an ostentatious, share in every one act, without exception, of constitutional utility in my time.*'

At the very outset of his parliamentary career, Burke may be traced, through the imperfect records of that day, as the ardent and the successful opponent of the doctrine on general warrants; which, at the risk of the public peace, was supported by the ministers of the time. He justly states the final defeat of that doctrine to be one of the brightest merits of the short administration in 1765; and it would now be idle to labour in proving that

that its success would have in effect annulled the securities of our personal and political liberty. If that principle had once been fairly admitted into the sanctuary of the constitution—how many years of political contention must have been passed—what national evils might have been suffered—in the struggle to dislodge it!

Again, as early as the year 1766, and in every question touching America, from the commencement to the close of the disastrous struggle, Burke is the prominent and the consistent advocate of the rights of the colonists. He labours to prevent the war which he had predicted. He not only enforces the policy, but devises the expedients of conciliation. Failing in this object, he endeavours to mitigate the cruelties of the warfare—*plusquam civilia bella.* His exertions are never relaxed, until peace had extinguished their motive and their use. If not equal to Lord Chatham in the fire, the condensed energy of his eloquence,—yet is he far superior in the patient examination of the subject, in depth of research, in the nature of his views at once comprehensive and practical. In the very last effort of his vehement declamation, Lord Chatham proclaimed the ruin of England to be the certain consequence of conceding our claim of supremacy. Let the admirers of national freedom be reminded, that Burke was not deterred by his aversion to innovations in government, by his decided, and at times perhaps extravagant passion for established systems, from opposing throughout the obstinate and fruitless assertion of that claim. If the same counsel had prevailed in the more recent and somewhat parallel case of Spain, it would have advanced her interests without injuring her honour.

We are tempted to cite a passage from Burke's 'Observations on a Publication called the Present State of the Nation,' not only by the intrinsic merit of the sentiments, but because they cast the strongest light on the motives of his conduct, in the very different, or rather opposite cases of the American colonies and Republican France. It should be noted, that these 'Observations' were published in 1769.

'Thus the two very difficult points, superiority in the presiding state, and freedom in the subordinate, were on the whole sufficiently, that is practically reconciled; without agitating those vexatious questions, which, in truth, rather belong to metaphysics than politics, and which can never be moved without shaking the foundations of the best governments that have ever been constituted by human wisdom.'

Is it a strained construction to infer from this and from many similar passages, that even thus early Burke, when contending for the rights of English subjects, claimed on his own behalf a fair distinction, very intelligible to common understandings, although

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in all likelihood the thorough-paced admirer of the French revolution will never admit it? To the plain, the definite and practicable objects, professed and accomplished by the English revolution of 1688, he cordially assented; to the American colonists, when contending against a practical grievance, he allowed the justice of their resistance; but it is evident that, long before he can be suspected of uttering such opinions for any base or temporary purpose, he denounced upon principle the vague theories of metaphysical statesmen. These he could not admit to be mere harmless generalities when transferred from books to action; and he well knew them to be the convenient disguise of selfish and profligate ambition.

Again, in 1771, Burke was the leader in accomplishing one of the greatest services on record, not only to the fair influence of the people, but to the strength and the stability of the English constitution itself. Chiefly by his exertions in the contest between the House of Commons and the magistrates of the city, the government were compelled tacitly to concede the privilege, against which they had long and zealously contended, of publishing the debates and proceedings in parliament. We dare not attempt, in our confined limits, to sketch the consequences of this victory. Of their importance in the narrowest view, he alone can judge, who may have laboured to glean some notion of the political eloquence of those days, from the scanty fragments, the mysterious initials, the *disjecta membra* of the reports then tolerated. That Mr. Burke should have been mainly instrumental in effecting this *revolution* was strictly and peculiarly just; for the merits of his own conduct, and the character of his eloquence while he was leader of his party, are, unless as occasionally recorded by himself, most obscurely and slightly represented. Without enlarging on the obvious benefits still flowing from this privilege, when considered in a higher point of view, we may confidently assert, that neither the parliament nor the constitution of England—nor consequently England herself—could have survived the open and the insidious attacks of enemies foreign and domestic that awaited her, unless public opinion had gained this new principle of force. The conduct of statesmen themselves has been purified by this inevitable test; and the people of England, on the other hand, more enlightened on the real condition of the country, more firmly satisfied of the grounds on which they bestow or withdraw their confidence, are less exposed to the influence of faction, or to the oppression of power.

The order of time leads us next to remark the early, the continued, the disinterested exertions of Burke in favour of Ireland, the country of his birth, the constant and the last object of

his labour and his care. Those who are not ignorant of the less liberal views of Mr. Fox, and of some of his greatest contemporaries on this subject, are bound to record that he always supported her interests at the sacrifice of his own; and that on the subject of her trade more especially, all the principles, by which the intercourse between the two countries has in the sequel been regulated and improved, were traced by his sagacity. His exertions in regard to the Roman Catholics of Ireland, whatever may be the natural differences of opinion on the great question yet pending, cannot surely be perverted into proofs of his indifference to the civil rights of mankind. From them at least no evidence of an aristocratical or abstract love of oppression can be extorted. Long before the first relaxation of the penal laws in 1778, Mr. Burke had examined every branch of the subject, and had explained to the more leading statesmen of Ireland his feelings and his opinions. It is not possible to deny that before that period the whole system was odious and unwise, and incapable of producing any other results than those of hatred and turbulence on the one side, of insolence and of fear on the other. Of the first bill of relief, to which Sir George Savile's name was given, Mr. Burke was known to be the author; and after the greater bill of relief in 1792, he continued, to the moment of his death, to urge the policy of granting to the Roman Catholics the political privileges from which they still continued to be excluded. The man who acted thus, whatever else he might be, was not a bigoted advocate of the *existing order of things:* this *Apostle of Institutions* could consent without alarm to the removal of political restraints, when the case in his opinion justified such a concession.

But—to leave Ireland—if the claims of Mr. Burke to be ranked with the most successful friends of English liberty, had rested on the single foundation of his reforms in the public offices, and the public expenditure of the country, the most sincere alarmist on the influence of the crown must surely hesitate to reject them. For he must be sensible that it cannot be deemed the same enterprize, requiring the same spirit, or opposed by the same difficulties, to have attacked the very citadel of royal influence in the year 1780, which it would be considered in the year 1826. He must feel some respect for the hand, which inflicted the first serious wound on the system of sinecures; which deprived the crown of so many sources of influence and means of corruption; which so largely exalted the character, by increasing the independence, of parliament. We have observed that a very narrow and unfair estimate of the national service accomplished by these reforms, is too frequently admitted. It is supposed to consist in fixing a limit to the pension list,

list, in reducing the accounts of the civil list to the system of all other parliamentary accounts, and in suppressing the unlimited use of the balances of public money. But difficult and praiseworthy as were these services, they form but a small and an inferior part of the whole. For to the laws for which we are indebted to Mr. Burke, and to the public discussions by which he introduced them, a total change in the feelings and the conduct of all public accountants may be distinctly ascribed. Without any arrogant pretension to an immaculate purity in our own times, one cannot consider the habits and practices of the public departments before those reforms, without many emotions of shame, and some of disgust and of indignation. The exorbitant fortunes amassed by the possessors of offices, and amassed by means that would not bear description; the studied and ingenious profusion of expense in all the details of official business; the unsparing application of the large balances of the revenue to private emolument; these are some of the features of that ancient system, which the single arm of Burke combated and destroyed. Some lovers of antiquity may certainly regret, that the old distinction between a public and a private account is no longer maintained, and that so much of the clearness, the simplicity and the precision of the latter has been introduced into the former. But those who reflect, how much the risks of embezzlement and the temptations to dishonesty were at once retrenched, how many resources of a sinister influence were for ever severed from the crown, may well be startled by the statement that the original parent of all this national good was himself, above all other men, the zealot of corruption and power, the most bigoted and relentless of all the systematic advocates of thrones and dominions.

Nearly at the same period—when the intense interest of domestic politics absorbed the attention of every other mind—that of Burke, soaring above the scene of his personal interests, and the contests of his party, calmly examines the whole system of negro slavery, and exposes it to public inquiry and to public reprobation. Not satisfied with declamation on a topic as yet unhackneyed, or rather untouched, he frames a code of regulations so admirably adapted to the case, that after the experience of forty years it has been made the model and the ground-work of the measures recently adopted by the English ministers. The scheme of Burke proposes, by gradually raising the condition and above all promoting the instruction of the slave, to render his ultimate manumission at once conducive to his own welfare, and safe to his master. Sensible of the risk, and indeed of the inevitable failure of any sudden alteration in such a peculiar state of society, Burke calculated his system for the same end,

and sketched out nearly the same means, that have found favour with the present government. But while popular applause is lavished on vulgar intellects incapable of originating anything, and equally incapable of treading in, without trampling into inutility, any path marked out by such a mind as this, the man who first directed the attention of England to the condition of the negros is utterly forgotten.

We may take this opportunity of pausing for a moment on a popular notion regarding Mr. Burke, which has been partly refuted by the better experience of his countrymen, but which still exists to a very considerable extent: we allude to the habit of discarding and vilifying him as an extravagant theorist,—as one, whose barren generalities are unfit for the test of practice and of real life. That this clamour should be echoed and re-echoed by sheer ignorance, or by the malice of those to whom such *theorists* as Burke are always dangerous, cannot be the subject of any reasonable surprize. But the charge sometimes proceeds from more respectable quarters. It is, in fact, the favourite topic of those 'mechanical statesmen' who treat with majestic contempt every thing in politics beyond the bustling intrigue, the exclusive attention to details, valued in proportion to their minuteness, on which their own chances of fortune and of reputation are wholly founded. These make their own horizon the boundary of the political universe. The party-battle of the day, the routine of official or of parliamentary duty, presents to their imagination the whole circle of political science. They regard the excursions of such a mind as Burke's with the same feelings which some men apply to the invention of balloons; that is to say, with a faint emotion of wonder, and a much stronger one of contempt. No subject can be named, on which an indulgence in general topics, and in the mere flights of oratory, is more tempting or more pardonable, than the slavery of so large a portion of mankind, with all its attendant evils, and its peculiar sufferings. Yet may we observe that here too, as on the great questions of America, of civil reform, of Indian abuses, and of religious liberty—the attention of Burke, this mighty theorist, is devoted to the *practical* mitigation of evils, of which not his own ignorance or incapacity, but the state of national feeling at the time on the one hand, and his own knowledge of the nature of man and the history of the world on the other, forbad him to attempt the total and immediate abolition. He not only penetrates but methodizes the minutest details of this inquiry, then not less novel than intricate; and is able to chain down even his expansive genius to the strictest forms of business. Let us not conclude that this was simply a proof of his industry or his intellect; it is the best evidence that

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he was *in earnest;* that he steadily aimed at the attainment of practical good. And here is in fact the distinction between pretension and utility, between the genuine and the spurious patriot.

The industrious and continued attention of Mr. Burke to the system of our Indian government, and the impeachment of Warren Hastings, greatly tend to confirm the same general impression as to the character of his views and principles of political action. Valuing himself more highly on these than on any of his political labours, he justly asserts that *their intention, at least,* cannot be mistaken. These toils, whatever else may be said of them, were not undergone in deference to arbitrary power; they cannot be accused of forming a precedent of impunity to great delinquents, or of encouragement to the future oppressors of our distant colonies and dependencies: they were strictly constitutional in their tendency; and their effect has been to cast the light of parliamentary inquiry on a system, which requires that corrective more than any part of the British government; to impress on the most powerful officers of the state the wholesome conviction of the controul of parliament, and of their absolute responsibility to it. This was not an injury to the crown; but unquestionably the *service* was of a popular nature and advanced the progress of freedom. Dazzled by the splendour of the impeachment, we do not always reflect that it was but the closing scene of Mr. Burke's labours on East Indian subjects, that it was the result and not the cause of his patient drudgery in that pursuit. We may regret the dilatory course of the trial, in itself a penal infliction that few crimes would justify; but that is now properly ascribed to circumstances above the controul of the accusers. From this reproach, the statements of Mr. Pitt and Mr. Dundas are amply sufficient to relieve the memory of Burke. If however there are still sceptics on the subject, we should refer them to the detailed Report on the delays of the trial, prepared by Burke himself; and unless that succeed in effecting their conviction, we must consider their prejudices irreclaimable. The closeness of the reasoning, the accuracy of legal and of historical research, are as remarkable in this composition, as the perspicuous precision and force of the style. As a record of constitutional law, the tract is in itself a national service.

To follow the stream of incidents—in the discussions on the rights of jurors in cases of libel, we may still trace this consistent enemy of freedom, this champion of power and of abuses, insisting on the widest construction of popular rights, and combating at every step the pretensions of the bench. The Bill of Mr. Fox in 1791, was nearly a literal copy of an act framed by Mr. Burke at a much earlier period, and to be found in a volume of his posthu-

mous works. This, therefore, was another of the many instances, in which he anticipated the decisions of public opinion. What were the merits of this service to the constitution, what has been its effect on the national freedom, are not now the grounds of any dispute. But how many of the bitterest enemies, of the most malignant revilers of Mr. Burke could be named, who, in their own cases, are living witnesses of the effectual aid which Mr. Burke lent to the cause of free discussion! Here as elsewhere the essential distinction between his public exertions and those of statesmen in general, whatever may be their ability or their diligence, is not to be overlooked. His views were seldom if ever limited to a victory in debate, to the success of a party, still less to the theatric display of his own ingenuity or his own eloquence. The objects of his ambition are more exalted; and he is rarely satisfied with labours of which the description alone is startling to ordinary minds, until they have conducted him to some permanent improvement in the laws, the policy, or the constitution of his country.

Our limits warn us not to expatiate, as we might do, on many other points of Mr. Burke's career illustrative of the same high and consistent liberality. His successful exertions on the question of Wilkes's election; his act to limit the claims of the crown on the property of the subject; his continued efforts to procure not only liberty of worship, but civil privileges for the dissenters;—these are not inadequate proofs, though but a part of the existing proofs, of the proposition which we have undertaken to maintain. They distinctly negative the accusation, repeated by numberless writers *usque ad nauseam*, of any natural bias to arbitrary principles, of any aristocratic hatred of popular interests and genuine freedom. But we cannot pretend to deny, that Mr. Burke was guilty of *one* political crime; which, it would seem to be decreed by his enemies, is to mark him an outlaw for ever from all political honour, and to bar his claim to any portion of national gratitude. From the very first dawning of the French revolution, he certainly presumed to doubt the wisdom of its principles, and the honesty of its agents—above all, its tendency to promote the cause of freedom. We are perfectly aware, that the proof of his objects and his disposition before the period of that revolution, cannot be presumed to embrace the whole case against his character. It is fair to require the further proof, that his conduct was in that conjuncture a consistent consequence of his own principles; or, rather, as we should be inclined to contend, that it constituted in effect an additional and a splendid service to the very cause, to which the whole of Mr. Burke's previous public life had been devoted.

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If our space had enabled us to pursue at length the latter branch of this argument, we should still have hesitated to effect our purpose by any other means, than that of copious reference to his own works—to the Letter to a Noble Lord—to the Letters on a Regicide Peace—and, above all, to the masterly Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs. Their merits, as a personal defence, are not inferior to their literary excellence. But we are able to refer to an authority, perhaps more generally convincing—the series of events by which that revolution was followed. For these, whatever the more distant results may have been, present the most perfect and complete justification of the conduct of Burke, in his refusal to confound the doctrines of anarchy with the principles of freedom.

Because the French Revolution has, in the *ultimate issue of events*, proved beneficial to France; and, because other nations of the old and of the new world have, in the sequel, if not in consequence of it, advanced in freedom and the general improvement of their institutions—it has *therefore* been assumed that Burke, in opposing its first eruption, was guilty of an error in judgment, or a defect of honesty—and *therefore* he is denounced as the apologist of despotism, the arch-enemy to all political liberality, and to national freedom. Now that the French revolution has not proved an unmixed evil; that, in strict analogy to all the leading events in the history of nations, it has eventually been productive of advantages even to those whom in its earlier progress it oppressed with the severest calamities; this is a truth, which might be fairly advanced, as an evidence of a Supreme Providence, capable of working good out of evil,—and not in this case relaxing its beneficial controul over human affairs. But if employed to inculpate the resistance of any statesman to systems, and to principles, of which he perceives and feels the present mischiefs—while he apprehends, as in the question before us, the more remote and contingent evils; it becomes a very whimsical and somewhat absurd argument. For it leads directly to the conclusion, that it is the first of his political duties to remain a passive spectator in all great convulsions in his own, or in foreign countries: that in the perfect assurance of some beneficial result, however distant, he is criminal in opposing their immediate effects, injurious or even ruinous as these may be to his own generation. The rapid changes in the government of France, all of which were but modifications of despotism; the tyranny of the mob in the earlier, and the tyranny of Buonaparte, in the later years of the revolution, distinctly foretold as all these had been by the prophetic genius of Burke, explain and justify his resistance to the system itself, as not conducive, in any human probability, to

the good of mankind, or even the freedom of France. For if the restless and unlimited ambition of Buonaparte had not united all the leading nations of Europe against his power, and so, in the end, caused his ruin, it is still, at the very least, questionable, whether France would have gained any thing of liberty or of more liberal institutions by her revolution. The truth, however, is that the argument, if it deserves to be called one, might be applied with equal justice to private as to public conduct. Because God's providence works good out of all evil, therefore let us stand idly by, and witness a robbery, or a murder!

But never let the adversaries of Burke forget, that the fate of France was an inferior point in his consideration,—that this was all along the weakest motive of his fears and his exertions. The successful incursion of the principles of *anarchy* into England, and the consequent injury or ruin of her *free institutions*, was to his mind the main cause of apprehension. To pronounce this alarm chimerical, is not to settle the question. It neither confirms nor refutes the imputation of folly or of knavery: for the whole question in dispute was to England one of *degree;* and, in this view, the possible and remote advantages which in the course of years might or might not spring out of present confusion and present oppression, could have no defensible influence on Mr. Burke's conduct as a statesman or a patriot. It could not be questioned that England actually possessed a considerable share of freedom; nor could the most sanguine republican deny that even that portion, in the desperate and lasting contest which must have followed any violent attempt at innovation, might have been totally lost to England. To the country of Burke, then, the acquisition of any improvement was at best uncertain and contingent, while the risk to be incurred was no less than the absolute loss of all the objects in dispute. The case of France, we fully admit, was very different. Her government was in its nature despotic—there was no popular representation, and scarcely even a partial enjoyment of virtual freedom. In her case separately considered, therefore, it might be fair to infer, that without passing through the ordeal of a severe contest and of great though temporary suffering, France could not hope to escape from a pressing and admitted evil. But the circumstances of the time rendered it impossible to look to France alone. That despotism is the worst of national evils, and freedom the greatest of national blessings, was not less the argument of Burke than of his adversaries: but he preferred the imperfect enjoyment of the latter, admitting it to have been imperfect in England, to all the hazards of a contest, which in too many instances has ended in the permanent success and establishment of the former. We have endeavoured to prove that, by *constitutional courses*, he could

could labour long and well to enlarge and to confirm the liberties of his country. He had limited the power of the crown—he had extended the rights of juries—he had exposed and greatly remedied the abuses of authority. We must contend that it is a most difficult task to trace with precision the chain of cause and of effect in the course of national events; but estimating at their highest value the advantages to France and to the world resulting from the French revolution, we are persuaded that, without gross injustice, these cannot be quoted as affecting the honesty or the wisdom of Burke; and it is manifest that they cannot, in the slightest degree, disprove the justice of his fears regarding the success of the revolutionary doctrines *in England.*

We cannot enter into the latter question, which it is no longer the fashion to treat as an absurd and extravagant theory; but we might safely rest this part of our case on the answer which any honest opponent of Burke in 1792 would at the present time give to the question—whether the experience of the subsequent twenty years had not altered his notions as to the probable consequences upon English freedom, of the adoption in 1792 of the principles which Mr. Burke at that period resisted.

But let us not be misled by words in a case, in which, above all others, words may be strictly said to have been things. We are justly entitled to take a higher ground of defence. Burke had never admitted revolution to be synonimous with freedom, nor reform with improvement. He had not sworn allegiance to all reforms and all revolutions, whether foreign or domestic, whether seasonable or untimely. From his first entrance into public life, reformer as he was in many senses of the word, he had constantly opposed, without exception, all the various projects of reform in parliament. This principle, not assumed by him to meet a particular case, or as a specious disguise of a real inconsistency, may be traced in his speeches and his conduct long before there could be a suspicion, even to his extended forecast, of any event resembling the French revolution. As a consistent statesman, he was not only justified but bound by all his previous opinions, and by the previous actions of his life, to resist the violent and unqualified innovations, the metaphysical tenets of French jacobins and French philosophers. Of the various shades of whiggism, Burke had chosen the Rockingham school; which, whether a good or a bad school in point of doctrine, was not without numbers nor without respect in England. Is it then more fair to judge any statesman by a criterion suggested by his enemies, than by the principles professed and acted upon by himself? Was it rational to expect that, with the pliancy of younger statesmen, Burke could admire that which had, through all his lifetime, been the express

express object of his abhorrence; '*a liberty unconnected with order, which could exist without honesty or virtue*'? It was the principal boast of the party in which he had served and which he had commanded, to be the accurate and even the responsible representatives of the principles by which, in the English revolution of 1688, certain definite rights and securities were obtained for this country; could he, then, in the pursuit of vague and undefined freedom, consent to risk the loss of those defined and constitutional benefits? could he consider the doctrines and the practices, which he was, by every principle of his political creed, bound and sworn to condemn if they had been of English growth, as rendered pure and harmless by their importation from *France?*

If a statesman can be proved to have been mercenary and treacherous, the remaining parts of his political character may be abandoned to their own merits; and these, therefore, are the favourite and laboured points of attack to the enemies of Burke.

The first charge resolves itself, upon a strict examination, into Mr. Burke's acceptance of a pension at the close of his public life; for, by all the preceding actions of that life, it is refuted in a manner as distinct and unanswerable as Mr. Thomas Moore himself could require. Some allowance, indeed, may be demanded for a scandalous story in certain unpublished papers of Lord Orford: but on the point of scandal purer authority may well be expected, and Mr. Moore has not suggested its existence. But let us come to facts. Nearly the first action of Burke in connection with his political life, when the condition of his private fortune gave the highest value to the sacrifice, was the voluntary abandonment of a pension obtained for him by Mr. Gerard Hamilton, who had made some proposal on the subject implying an expectation of political servitude, and therefore offensive to his feelings; and who will deny that the forbearance of Burke in never proclaiming this action, even as a defence of his supposed desertion of a friend and a patron, greatly enhances its merit? Again, in 1765, Lord Charlemont relates the offer made by Burke to resign his office of private secretary to Lord Rockingham, the moment he learned that prejudices were entertained against him by some of his lordship's colleagues in the government. Lord Charlemont is not a mean authority on any question of political integrity; and it should be observed, that, at the period of this offer, this office was to Burke the only opening to parliament and to political distinction. Again, on the formation of Lord Chatham's administration, though urged by Lord Rockingham himself to accept the office of a lord of trade, Burke refused to abandon the fortunes of his earliest patron. Once more, the seat in parliament for Bristol, so honourably conferred on him, and in itself

itself an honour of which neither the value nor the effects should be estimated by the feelings of the present times, was risked and lost for no other reason but his intrepid avowal of principles more liberal than those of his constituents. And lastly, in 1782, when paymaster of the army, he voluntarily retrenched from his own emoluments various profits depending on the management of Chelsea Hospital—and the whole interest of the balances of public money, which had been enjoyed by all his predecessors; and even a few years enjoyment of which (for the amount of the interest on these balances was actually upwards of £20,000 *per annum*) would have made himself infinitely a richer man than he ever was or hoped to be.

If to these unquestionable facts, not arguing corruption or laxity of principle, we add Burke's persevering refusal to accept any office after his junction with Mr. Pitt; if, moreover, we reflect that his pension, 'the head and front of his offending,' never solicited by himself, was not accepted before 1795, after his retirement from the active pursuits of his political career; that it was neither a retainer for future service in parliament, nor a bribe to indolence or to incapacity, but the hardly-earned recompense of a laborious public life and of many substantial services to the state:—If we look to the case in all its bearings as it really stands, we shall impute the charge rather to political malice than to political justice. At the worst, we shall hesitate to admit the propriety of the verdict which, on the ground of a single offence, would obliterate the merits and defame the character of a whole existence; and even find some difficulty in admiring the policy or the candour of those who reject, on this sole plea, the honour and the advantage which the long and disinterested attachment of a splendid genius might shed on their own cause.

With regard to the charge of political treachery, we shall be contented with one observation, and that we borrow from Mr. Moore's Life of Sheridan, of which a very unreasonable portion is filled with the most vulgar common-places of rancorous abuse against Burke. It is, in fact, an unconscious refutation of many of this sprightly partizan's own statements.

'In general,' Mr. Moore remarks, 'political deserters lose their power and their value in the very act; and bring little more than their treason to the cause which they espouse; but Burke was mighty in either camp,' &c. &c.

What then was the true cause of this rare exception in the instance of Burke to the common fate of political deserters? Why did not his influence, his power and his character expire with his faith to his party? There is but one intelligible solution of this problem—that he deserved and received the credit, commonly denied

denied to similar cases, of an honest conviction, of a conduct neither capricious nor interested; in other words, that even in the opinion of those from whom he separated himself, there was not only a plausible, but a natural and substantial reason in the events of the times for the apparent inconsistency of their former champion.

Whatever might be said, it was deeply and bitterly felt by those most concerned, that although he quitted the ranks, he could not justly be said to abandon the creed of a party, who had not only carried their own old dogmas to an extreme hitherto unknown, and in the opinion of a large and respectable division of their own army, dangerous to the country; but actually had adopted entirely new principles—principles in direct contradiction to the leading doctrines, and the previous conduct of Burke himself.

In truth, not only did his influence and his character survive the change, as Mr. Moore has confessed, but they were greatly and naturally increased by it. The fortitude, which in deference to a clear public principle enabled him to encounter the storm of personal obloquy, was in itself a just subject of admiration and of gratitude: and the sentiments with which he was received by the party he had adopted, were directly the reverse of those, which are, and ought to be, the unfailing portion of political traitors. The national feeling on the subject was well expressed by Sir Joshua Reynolds, when he applied to Burke Milton's description of Abdiel: that 'the fervent angel' did not abandon his friends, until his friends had proved faithless to his principles.

> '——————— Faithful found
> Among the faithless, faithful only he:
> Among innumerable false, unmoved,
> Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
> His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
> Nor number, nor example, with him wrought
> To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,
> Tho' single. From amidst them forth he passed.'

To trace minutely the influence of Burke as an orator or a writer on his own and on the succeeding age, would lead us far beyond our prescribed space; yet in the most superficial view of his character, it would be unpardonable to omit the subject altogether. Admitting the correctness of the celebrated definition of eloquence in the Treatise 'De Causis corruptæ Eloquentiæ,' we must consider the period of his life to have been as favourable as any part of English history to the cultivation and the exercise of the art; since in the abundance of the matter of parliamentary eloquence, in the frequent and continued excitement of political agitation, it has assuredly been surpassed by none. Not only is this true of

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the season of war, when revolutions in the government and the social condition of great nations were the common topics, the daily resources of public debate: In his days, 'peace also had her victories,' not less remarkable, nor less animating. The questions of constitutional law from the great case of Wilkes, to the Regency in 1788; the novelty and splendour of the East Indian inquiries; and the still more forcible stimulus of party, called forth all the vigour of men, endowed with every faculty for succeeding in political pursuits. And the daily and visibly increasing importance of parliament itself, while it extended the range of subjects in debate, imparted to all which that range included a more general and a more fervid interest.

Among the causes of this increase, there can be no hesitation in classing the influence and the exertions of Burke, as more efficient than those of all his contemporaries. Lord Chatham had probably opened the way to it by the peculiar force of his character, by the original and impressive nature of his eloquence; and still more by the example, so rare before his career, of elevation to the highest power and honours of the state, founded solely on personal merit and parliamentary success. But the secure enjoyment of the right of publishing the debates and the proceedings, to which Burke was mainly instrumental, has, in its skilful and industrious application, contributed far more than any other influence whatever, to transform the House of Commons from the scene of the limited warfare of partizans —not only without interest, but absolutely unknown to the vast majority of the English people—resembling the discussions of a parish vestry, as Burke himself said of them—into the arena of more splendid and more important contentions. No political question, no interest of any class in the nation, could thenceforth be excluded. The whole nation may be considered, without a figure, to be the spectators of the contest; and the prizes are not only political power and honour, but rapid and universal fame.

In forming our judgment on the oratorical merits of Burke and his competitors, we must avoid the too common injustice of applying to them the rules and the habits of other times. To consider the House of Commons as an audience, of which the feelings and the taste can be judged by any fixed and invariable standard, is to take an incorrect view of its character. In the notion of reformers its decisions may not represent with sufficient accuracy the opinions of the people; but its proceedings cannot fail at all times to reflect with the truest precision the tone of national feeling, and the leading points of national interest. The questions, therefore, by which at any given period its attention is engrossed, will vary with the condition, the wants, and even the passions of the people; and the nature

nature of the eloquence, by which its decisions are to be influenced, will naturally obey those variations. This will and must adapt itself to the character and the description of the particular interests and the prevailing questions, which occupy the attention and divide the opinion of the country.

A philosophical view of these periodical changes in the eloquence of parliament would scarcely be inferior to any work in instruction or in interest, and would illustrate not only the political history, but the taste and the manners of England. In these later times, when the practical business of parliament is increased beyond any precedent or any calculation—when the constitution is more settled, and the gradual recovery of the country from the effects of a long and costly war, has of necessity narrowed the questions of public interest, in so far as their character is concerned, to almost a single point—we cannot be surprized to observe, that the eloquence of parliament has assumed a more decided character of business; that dramatic effect should be less studied; that less favour should be shown to the flights of imagination and to rhetorical ornament; in other words, that we should look in vain for many of the characteristic qualities not only of Burke, but, comparatively speaking, of all the orators of his day; that the formal and laboured arrangement which then prevailed, the frequency of illustration, the indulgence in general topics, and in classical allusion, should have given way to the qualities by which the pressing details of public business are most easily advanced, and most rapidly concluded. But beside the changes in the times, there is another cause of this difference, which must not be excluded from any just estimate of Burke's oratorical character. It is true of excellence in the art of eloquence, as in all other arts, that it is contagious; and there was a competition in that day, which cannot be soon equalled, and perhaps was never surpassed in the history of parliament. The assembly, in which so many master-spirits laboured to gain the ascendancy, could not fail to witness the struggle with a disinterested pleasure, and to feel almost as keenly for the success of the several combatants as mere intellectual gladiators, as for the substantial results of the contest. Omitting numberless occasions of brilliant competition, we should say that the trial of Warren Hastings, by its duration, by the intense interest of the nation in its earlier proceedings, and calculated as it was, from the magnificent nature of the topics involved, to draw forth into public exhibition all the oratorical talent of the country, had greatly contributed to give to the parliamentary eloquence of that time the character by which it is distinguished from that of all preceding and subsequent periods. This

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impression would be naturally more powerful on Burke, than many of the actors in that great drama, from the eminence of his station in the trial, from his deep conviction of its justice, and not less from the natural force and ardour of his own imagination. The recorded effects of his eloquence on his audience, on his antagonists, nay, on the accused himself, almost justify the tales of the marvellous effects of the art in remoter ages. To apply the critical rules of the present day to the exertions of speakers on such subjects; to judge them by the standard of times so inferior in the motives of personal excitement, and perhaps in the interest of political success generally, is in a double point of view unfair and illogical.

That the discussions themselves in parliament were improved and exalted by Burke, there can be no difficulty in believing. The character of his eloquence is essentially original, and defies imitation. It leaves the impression, not uncommon in works of the highest cast of genius, of bordering on the defects and the vices, which lead to certain failure. Its effect was heightened by his great personal influence, by the unspotted integrity of his private life. In no orator of the times shall we find a more constant or more correct application of general principles, a more sustained tone of philosophy, or a knowledge on all the branches of human inquiry, so general and yet so practical. If, indeed, we were called upon to state some peculiar mark of distinction between his speeches and those of his most successful contemporaries, we should be inclined to say, that he always appears to have in view some higher object of attainment than the immediate success of the exertion; that he is possessed by some abstract notion of excellence, of which the too ardent pursuit frequently leaves him for the moment defeated by his more astute and less excursive adversaries. This justified the good-humoured sarcasm of his friend Goldsmith;

> 'Too deep for his hearers, he went on refining,
> And thought of convincing, when they thought of dining.'

But this, at the same time, marked him as an orator in the loftiest sense of the term—the 'heir to immortality.' We shall not pretend to institute a comparison between Burke and his great competitors, not only because we cannot pretend to any novelty on the subject, but because there are not in truth materials to form an accurate and fair judgment. It is sometimes forgotten, that for ten of the most vigorous and most active years of his political career, when he was the undisputed leader of the most considerable body of the opposition, we have, with the exception of his own occasional reports, nothing but most meagre, scanty and partial records on which to ground any opinion. If, however, the recorded effect of

of his speeches, the panegyrics of adverse as of friendly parties, are to be taken as evidence of his excellence in discussion, we should be inclined to deny the justice of the common opinion which denies to Burke the more limited merit of *a debater*. For, in reference to the parliament of England, the continued and permanent success of any speaker is conclusive evidence of his possession of this talent; and that without the aid of rank, of connexions, or of wealth, Burke so long maintained the station of leader of a great party in the House of Commons, is a simple fact that appears to us to remove all doubt on the question. The false notion which prevails is principally, we cannot doubt, to be ascribed to the reports of his orations, which Burke himself has bequeathed to posterity, and to which all men unite in referring as the most finished models of English eloquence. For admirable as these are, and remarkably free from the ordinary coldness and formality of reported speeches, they unquestionably have, and from their very nature must have, more of the air of studied compositions, of disquisitions in short, than belongs of right to the 'winged words' of the busy senate. To conclude, however, from their elaborate and artificial structure, that this was the only manner of the orator, the only test of his capacity, would not be less unfair, than to decide that a general, deeply versed in the science of war, was thereby rendered incapable of success in a real contest. But whatever may be the true estimate of Burke's merit as a debater, or even as an orator in the more extended sense, we claim for him a merit in its nature more exalted, in its effects more permanent. By his reforms he raised the character, and increased the constitutional influence of parliament; by his eloquence he enlarged the sphere, and improved the quality of its discussions; and in his example he has left to Englishmen the most impressive instance on record, of surpassing fame, honour, and influence, strictly and solely acquired by parliamentary exertion and public service—this last too almost entirely un-official.

To our imperfect notice of some of the benefits, not less durable than numerous, which Burke achieved for the civil liberties, the national welfare of his country, we cannot neglect to add —and to rank in the highest degree—the marked and still living influence of his writings,—an influence derived not only from the personal character, and the earnest and impressive language of the writer, but from the gradual and conclusive testimony of events. If we supposed their value to be confined to the refutation of the doctrines, and the exposure of the tendency of the French Revolution, we should underrate the matter most unjustly. Great and useful as may be this merit, the works of Burke would possess, if entirely stripped of it, undoubted claims to the gratitude of

of Englishmen. The honesty of his alarms at the danger of the contagion of French doctrines, and of jacobinical anarchy, has been, and will continue to be, questioned; but it can scarcely be disputed that, in pursuing his purpose of denouncing the influence of revolutionary France, he did profoundly examine the true principles of the British constitution, and explain its genuine excellence with a force of argument and a wealth of illustration of which our preceding political literature had exhibited no example. He made it an object of affection and of reverence on the higher grounds of reason and of philosophy; and by displaying in the strongest light the value of the possession, he rendered the possible loss of it a more active and more general cause of apprehension. It might be true, however paradoxical, that in exposing the crimes and the excesses of another nation in the pursuit of the very advantages which Englishmen actually enjoyed, he had conferred no benefit on Englishmen; but to have diffused a more perfect understanding of our own system, in its details as in its general principles, more enlarged yet more practical views of its real spirit—above all to have confirmed the national feeling of its superiority over specious theories and metaphysical dreams—this was a national service not limited to that crisis of revolutionary phrenzy, but splendid in the highest degree, and lasting as the existence of the English Constitution itself. Henceforth it was as easy to disprove the existence of that constitution, as its value; and in the merit of having rooted this principle of national faith and personal devotion more firmly in the hearts of his countrymen, Burke stands alone and far above all competition.

It is now a truism to assert, that to this unshaken attachment to her established institutions, rather than to the resources of finance, of armies and of navies, England was mainly indebted for her success, and therefore for her present station and her present security. This was the vital source of her triumph; that *salient living principle of energy in the public mind of England*, which, as Burke expressed it with his latest breath, *left him no fears for the result*. This alone can explain the constant and enduring spirit of the people throughout the alarms and privations of a contest, of which his prescience, and his alone, had not ill calculated the duration. Even among those who had direct influence on the management of the national resources, there were, we may believe, in the course of the long and dreary contest, moments enough of doubt, if not despondency. What then but this living and universal principle, this national instinct of elasticity, admitting no compromise and limited to no time, could have unfailingly encouraged the timid, confirmed the wavering, repressed the malevolent? To the constitution of England, of whose advantages he

was in himself no mean illustration, Burke thus nobly and effectually discharged the debt of grateful genius.

But the beneficial influence of his writings is not confined to their political effect: they inculcate a tone of manly morality, as distant from any rigid and puritanical austerity, as it is from the heartless levity, the profligate selfishness of the revolutionary school. No professed writer on ethics has supplied rules of conduct or principles of action, better adapted to the various conditions and exigencies of life. Their uniform tendency is to inspire the active and social spirit becoming the citizens of a free nation; to connect more closely the interests of the individual with those of his country, to render the motives to integrity and patriotism as attractive as they are powerful. His maxims have all the force without the pomp of Johnson. An intimate experience of the true springs of human actions gives to them the truth and the animation of real life. Let them be compared with the political Essays of Lord Bolingbroke, who, forgotten as a philosopher, still maintains his station as a model of political writing. Burke commenced his literary career by proving that he could expose and refute Bolingbroke's flimsy doctrines, while he could surpass the beauty of his composition; and he concluded it by a vindication of civil society, which has most powerfully contributed to set at rest the questions agitated by an unsound and a mischievous philosophy.

The principal and the most popular censures of Burke's writings, whether in point of literary taste, or of political doctrine, may be comprised in the word *exaggeration*. We cannot refrain from suggesting some few reflections on this criticism. That they are guilty of an occasional diffuseness, manifestly not the result of any barrenness or any languor of ideas, but of an intense anxiety to impress his own opinions on the reason and the passions of mankind, we most willingly admit. It would also be absurd to deny, that his metaphors are sometimes harsh and strained to a degree not entirely excused by their forcible illustration of his meaning; or that his propositions themselves are sometimes carried to a faulty extreme in taste and in reasoning. But does all this, in truth, amount to more than a superfluous proof, that in ardour of temperament, the heartfelt and zealous attachment to a favourite cause may overcome the severer rules of the judgment? No author has explained more clearly or more rationally than Burke himself, the principles of taste which he may too frequently be accused of violating. Nay, if we examine what are more strictly his literary works—the Inquiry into the Sublime and Beautiful—the Vindication of Natural Society—the Introduction to the History of England—or even his earlier political writings, we shall

shall admit them to be free from these defects in sentiment and in composition. They have less of rhetorical amplification, are more simple in the language, more temperate in description and in statement, though not less powerful in argument, than his later productions. What then is the cause of this difference, which it were idle to attribute to chance, or to any depravation of taste?

Assuming the honesty of his motives, and without this concession it is useless to reason on the subject, we must be sensible that it was the main object of Burke to excite the fears, and to stimulate the energies of that class in society, whom the security of possession and the habit of inaction render the least susceptible of such impressions. No calm and languid description, no reasoning 'coldly correct,' could effect this purpose—could convince them either of his sincerity and zeal, or of their own danger. It is unnatural as well as unwise to employ the same language and the same tone of feeling in order to rescue a person from some great and imminent peril, which would be adequate to a situation of common and trifling risk. But over and above this reason in the very nature of the particular case, it is vain to expect that an author or an orator in attacking any system, to the vices and the dangers of which he is acutely sensible, should not often in appearance, and at times in reality, be guilty of some exaggeration. We may observe, that individuals whose sincerity and whose taste are equally remote from suspicion, fall continually into this practice, and scarcely admit that it requires any defence. The language of an opposition in parliament, whatever may be their tenets, must be more deeply coloured, more impassioned and bordering on the extreme, than that of government, or, in other words, of the defensive party:—'Hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.' Nor should it be forgotten that, in the system of principles which Burke laboured to expose and to defeat, *all was exaggeration*. The principles of freedom, the doctrines of metaphysics—the jealousy of property, of rank, of priestly influence, were all carried to the most extravagant degree. We are not contending that this justified the employment of the same weapons by the adversary of the whole system; but it would obviously have been unwise if not impossible to attempt such a contest with nothing more than the moderate resources of opposition to definite evil.

To assert in general terms that these writings, aided by the personal example of the man, constituted a most effectual defence of the religion, the civil institutions, and the very frame of society in England, conveys no distinct notion of Burke's peculiar merit. Many statesmen and many writers may justly share with him in such glory. The greatest service which he effected for England and for the world was, in our opinion, the exposure and the refutation of

that mock morality, which, assuming to be a fit substitute for religion itself, directly tended to overturn all morals, and every mode of faith. This was a disorder, perfectly distinct from the political evils of the French revolution, and of which no precautions of law or of arms could prevent the contagion. A very superficial observer may perceive some remains of it in our own times. Rejecting the plain and manly distinctions between right and wrong, it inverts the natural course of human feelings. All the objects of philanthropy become valuable in the proportion of their distance. The plainest interests of our country are to be risked for some presumed advantage to other nations; and if that advantage should happen to take the shape of a revolution, no enterprize can be rash, no risks are unreasonable. But let it be admitted that the object of pursuit is in itself an indisputable good; this peculiar morality rejects all discretion in the employment of means to attain it, and considers moderation and caution as treason to the cause. The very worst principles of the Jesuits are thus revived by those whose old stock of merit is founded on their resistance to Jesuitry:—though among these heirs sometimes, by a curious perversion, it is not that the end sanctifies the means—but that the means appear to increase in value, as they increase the hazard of missing the attainment of the end itself. No restraints of truth, no calculation of consequences, are to be admitted. Neither the unalterable nature of things, neither justice nor humanity are permitted to obstruct for an instant the favourite purpose. Such is the sickly but still mischievous offspring of the spurious virtue, which Burke encountered with all the force of his learning, his wit, and his philosophy; which in private as in public would exalt sentiment above reason; and delights to sacrifice all existing interests, all actual and palpable good to the success of a general principle.

It was a special merit of Burke's, in the cause which he had undertaken, to quit the defensive topics, the ordinary resource of that cause, and to attack with vigorous spirit and with equal dexterity the strongest bulwarks of his adversaries. In the moment of most critical suspense he, like some bold captain setting his life upon a cast, cheered his adherents by the proof, that the defence of society, property, religion did not of necessity exclude the alacrity and the confidence, which were then employed in assailing them. By enlisting all the powers of imagination and of ridicule in the cause of rational freedom and of social order, he achieved the same service for the political feelings of his countrymen, which Addison had achieved for the improvement of their manners. The topics of his eloquence and the very principles which he defended are displeasing to a large

large class of mankind, as trite and dull in themselves, as leading to no distinction and capable of no novelty. To support established institutions and existing systems; to defend these on the ground not of their own perfection, but because, with all their admitted imperfections, they are preferable to the proposed reforms, is obviously not a task so easy or so captivating as the opposite course of attack: for on this side of the question, over and above the want of enterprize, the common effect of possession, there prevails widely, even among the most purehearted men, the fear of the clamorous imputation of self-interest, a corrupt attachment to abuses, at the best a stupid passion for antiquity. The defence therefore requires not only greater discretion, but often greater courage, than the attack; and that courage could not at any period of history be more necessary or more severely tried, than at the crisis, when fashion, and interest, and power, combined to recommend experiments in society and in government; when it seemed natural to confound, in one common censure, institutions evidently vicious and inadequate to the advance of nations in knowledge and civilization, with those which, though ancient, and not faultless, contain in themselves the principle of their own improvement. It was at such a moment that the various, yet correct information, the prophetic acumen, the fervid eloquence of Burke cast a new dignity and an unknown grace of brilliancy on his cause. He rendered it as attractive to the aristocracies of intellect and refinement, as in the nature of things it must ever be to those of blood and wealth; and, when we consider that the philosophers had then become the political rulers of France, and were labouring, not without abundant symptoms of success, to secure the same power over all the nations of Europe—it is not easy to calculate the value of such an advocate. Let us suppose, for a moment, that Burke had given the sanction of his great name to the doctrines of the French revolution at their first eruption; that, in alliance with Thomas Paine and Brissot, he had devoted the resources of his mighty genius to overturn the ranks of society, and to secure the admission and the success of the jacobinical principles in England. Perhaps it was the infirmity of his mind to carry all his opinions to their utmost extreme. With this disposition, with his commanding influence in his own party, and in the nation, can we venture to limit the effect of such an example? Can we be rash in the assertion, that the mind, so singularly powerful in defending and preserving the free institutions of England, would have been most formidably—if not equally—efficient in the work of ruin? We are by no means anxious to enlarge on the hypothetical case, and we desire to draw from it only this inference: that in adjusting our praise and our gratitude to the real merits, the

recorded and permanent services of Burke, we should not entirely exclude from our reflections the probable result of a course of policy, the direct reverse of that which he enforced by his eloquence and his example;—that the lofty station, the power and the prosperity of England do not justify a complete oblivion of the evils, from which, above all orators, and writers, and statesmen, this one man contributed to save her.

In the case of ordinary men, who reach any moderate eminence in public life, the curiosity which examines their more retired pursuits and habits, is not only natural, but useful, and worthy of encouragement. It is observed to prevail the most forcibly in countries, where the standard of public principle and of private worth is the highest. But when applied to such an individual as Burke,

> ——————clarum et venerabile nomen
> Gentibus; et multùm *nostræ* quod profuit urbi;

we feel that his private life is a species of public property, which may be approached and explored, without any danger of the imputation of a vulgar and prying spirit of inquiry. The malice of mankind delights in detecting and in exposing the failings of those, whose talents or whose fortune have given to them dominion over their fellows. In the inmost privacy of Burke no gratification is reserved for this charitable race. There is no marked or unpleasing distinction between the professions and the fame of the statesman, and the pursuits and the principles of the man. There is nothing to palliate, far less to conceal. His mind was of that happy cast, which can unbend and recreate itself, without the common stimulus of pleasure; which, from the study of the arts, or of literature, could derive not only a relief, but a substitute for the more exciting pursuits of political distinction.

Many specimens of his private correspondence have been recently opened to the world; not worked up ambitiously for the eye of rival wits; most of them written long before the period, when all hope of privacy in any, the most trivial of their actions, has been lost to statesmen. The malignant calumnies invented by his political enemies could not have received a more complete or a more noble refutation: the letters of Burke abound in the proofs of his humane and liberal attention to distress; of the warmth and constancy of his friendships. They, regarded in the series, present a character not only free from the grossness of vice, but unspoiled alike by the indulgences of literary vanity, and the splendours of political renown. Alarming as may be the character of a *candid friend*, we are bound to confess that, in relation to the public life of Burke, there was in his temperament, in his opinions, and often

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in the expression of them, a violence and asperity but ill adapted to conciliate enmity, or to preserve personal attachment. In the course of the trial of Warren Hastings, for example; in the affair of the regency; and even in the quarrel with Mr. Fox, while all men must admire the courage and the firmness of a mind which knew not how to compromise and scarcely to conceal an opinion, his warmest admirers may regret the absence of the more amiable feelings, which in every part of Mr. Burke's private life were not only apparent but prominent. That his character was impregnable in all the severer principles of honour, of justice, or of morality, is an admitted truth. But all the correspondence to which we have alluded, and all the private anecdotes which Mr. Prior and others have recently related, concur in proving, that for the milder affections of the heart, for all the qualities that cheer and exalt ordinary life, and make society delightful or valuable, Burke was as remarkable as for his genius or his eloquence. To his taste and judgment in the finer arts, Sir Joshua Reynolds not only deferred, but was accustomed to confess a debt of gratitude. To the powers of his conversation Johnson himself submitted—or all but submitted. He may be cited as one of the rare examples of great men, whom in the common intercourse of life, neither indolence, nor pride, nor reserve, reduced below the estimate of their public fame. That all these attractive qualities were not obscured by the slightest shade of affectation or of moroseness, it is not useless to record. The all-pervading characteristic was simplicity—a quality which appears to be an inseparable attendant of genius of the highest order. It was equally remarkable in the private habits of Pitt and of Fox, who, alone of Burke's contemporaries, can sustain a comparison with himself, in the splendid distinctions of political life.

We cannot assent to the extreme opinion of those, who, with a spirit somewhat puritanical, will not admit the possibility of public honour being found in statesmen not scrupulous in all the observances of private morality. But in very flagrant cases, it is true that the want of private worth forbids the advance of the most consummate talents to their natural level in the state; and in all cases, according to the degree of this deficiency, we cannot resist a painful sense of imperfection in the character. With what unmixed satisfaction then may the instance of Burke be contemplated:—in which the whole course and tenour of the private life is in perfect harmony with the brilliancy and the success of public service; in which, while all mankind must at once concede the claim to greatness, the most austere cannot refuse the honours of virtue.

ART. VIII.—*Sandoval; or the Freemason.* By the Author of Don Esteban. 3 vols. London. 1826.

AMONG other tricks of *puffing*, the authors of Don Esteban have thought fit to indite a very angry pamphlet, disdainfully rejecting our theory, that their, so called, Spanish novel was not entirely the work of a single, and that a Spanish, hand; and with splendid audacity accusing us of having betrayed entire ignorance of the manners and even the language of Spain, in our mode of criticising their unfortunate duodecimos. We do not feel any very strong temptations to take up seriously the gauntlet so gallantly thrown down by the champion of this Joint Stock Company. The remarks, the authority of which they would so triumphantly crush under the imposing *affiche* of 'A Spaniard,' were not laid before the public until they had passed under the eyes of at least one real Spaniard; and our readers may rest assured that we shall take the same precaution upon the present occasion.

No Spanish scholar, we repeat, can read *Don Esteban*, and as certainly none such can read *Sandoval*, without being perfectly convinced, that in the composition of the pages thus set forth as composed solely and entirely by '*a* Spaniard,' the hand of an English writer—an experienced-penman, though by no means a man of considerable talents—has been largely employed. If it were worth while, we could weary ourselves and our readers with proofs of what we assert; but no person, gifted with any degree of discernment, and possessed of even an ordinary knowledge of Spanish customs and manners, can read thirty pages of either performance without coming to the same conclusion: and with this state of matters we, for our part, remain perfectly satisfied. It would not be an easy thing for a Spaniard to have the principal hand in getting up at Madrid, in the Spanish language, 'a description of England *by an Englishman*,' without betraying himself. He might, not improbably, especially if he had ever been in England and happened to be a conceited person, trust now and then to himself, and neglect to consult his English partner:—He might so perhaps come to represent Sunday as the great play-going and ball-giving day in London; confound English clergymen with English parish clerks, &c.; and such blunders might appear in themselves of little importance:—but each of them, nevertheless, would constitute sufficiently the *shibboleth* of his detection. Exactly so has it fared with the *Don* before us. The *junctura* has not always been *callida*.

For example, how would a native of this island have been staggered, had he encountered, in the pages of such a work as we have been fancying, a *note* of the following import—

'*Cruikshanks, Bootmaker;* literally, Bandylegs, the Freebooter'?—

Yet

Yet the gross absurdity of such an interpretation hardly equals that of the following note in one of these *Spanish* novels:

'*Pero Votero; literally, Swearing Peter, or Old Nick.*'

The mistaking *V* for *B* is a frequent vulgarism among Spaniards. In surnames, and other words of uncertain derivation, (though not in *Esteban*, where any well-educated Spaniard would use the *v*,) it is difficult to chuse between the two letters. Not so in the word *Perobotero*, which, from the derivation commonly given to that softened appellation of the devil, few natives of Spain would spell *Votero*. Yet this slight lapse would prove nothing, if it were not accompanied by another which must arise from such an ignorance of the difference between *Botero* (a skin-bottle maker), and *Votador* (a swearer), as is absolutely incredible even in a Spanish school-boy. To those who are thoroughly acquainted with Spanish this cannot, indeed, appear a more likely mistake for 'a *Spaniard*,' than it would be for an Englishman to take a *picture-dealer* for a *pickpocket*, or making *boots* for making *booty*.*

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* We may venture in a note to dwell for a moment on such a trifling point of Spanish philology as *Perobotero*. That name may be said to be classical in the Castilian language, since it is frequently found in Quevedo; we believe, however, that it is not mentioned in the best Spanish dictionaries. We had never had occasion to think upon the derivation of such a strange euphemism for Satan, till, having mentioned in our review of Don Esteban, the popular notion that it came from *Botero*, a skin-bottle maker—in allusion to the melted pitch which is employed in that occupation—we were led to dwell on the unsatisfactory nature of such an etymology. *Pero* is, indeed, the old Spanish word for *Pedro*. But *Perobotero* is one word, and the devil was never christened in Spain, as he has been in England: *Pero*, therefore, cannot be Peter in this case. Our conjecture, then, is, that *Perobotero* has been vulgarized in Spain, and that it was originally formed from two words of the barbarous Latin of the monkish writers; viz. the mis-spelt Greek word which means fire, and *botare*, used in the Latin of the middle ages for *throwing-out*: *Pirobotarius* would thus be synonimous with the French *boute-feu* and the Spanish *bota-fuego*. The transition of *Piro* and *Botarius* into *Pero* and *Botero*, two significant words in Spanish, would be as natural as that of *Asparagus*, into our, till very lately quite familiar and established, *Sparrowgrass*.

It would have been a strange thing, indeed, that such Spanish scholars as we have proved the manufacturers of Don Esteban to be, should have found us ignorant of Spanish grammar and orthography. This, however, they have attempted (in their *pamphlet*) with all the confidence of half-knowledge. We found the word *Calatayud* (we believe more than once, though we will not take the trouble to hunt after the word through three volumes) spelt *Calatagus*. Had this mistake stood single, we would have passed it over; but, joined as it was with many others, which tended to prove an imperfect knowledge of Spanish in the authors or compilers of the work, we strongly suspected that the substitution of the *g* for *y*, and of *s* for *d*, might be the blunder of an Englishman who, recollecting that the Castilians pronounce the final *d* as if it were a Spanish *z*, (though no educated man follows that pronunciation in writing,) and forgetting the *guttural* sound of the *g* before *u*, had exposed his ignorance and affectation in that mis-spelt word. Here the triumph of the authors of Don Esteban is quite ludicrous. They had never heard (where could they have learnt it?) that consonants are divided by all philosophical grammarians according to the organs by which they are pronounced. The letter *g*, in English, may indeed be called *soft* or *hard*; but in Spanish there is no *soft g*, for it is either a simple *guttural*

We shall not waste time in exposing fully the Munchausen vein of this firm: we alluded to it on a former occasion as gently as possible; for, to say the truth, we ascribed their offences in that sort chiefly, if not entirely, to the Spanish partner, probably some sufficiently unfortunate exile. We certainly did not think that many words could be necessary for placing in their true colours a set of manners-painters, who describe a single peasant as taking a wild bull in full career by the horns, throwing him down without difficulty, tying him, and, still unassisted, so dragging him to the stake![*] But, in remarking on the authors' flourishes of this class, we happened to hint that the national character of the Spaniards appeared to be considerably affected with the turn for pompous exaggeration in more ways than one; and a few words that dropt from us in relation to Spanish vanity in general, have, we perceive, kindled much wrath among certain Spanish writers now in this metropolis, who hold certainly a rank in letters very different from what any of the manufacturers of Don Esteban and Sandoval can ever hope to reach. We are sorry for this: the respectable among the Spanish exiles should consider that our observations cannot in any degree affect individuals. No Englishman ever feared to appear in any unfavourable light abroad in consequence of the descriptions of *John Bull*'s character given by his own countrymen, and the figure which Englishmen and Englishwomen make in the French farces. Such general remarks, and even satires, on national failings, act, on the contrary, as foils, which enhance whatever merit exists in individuals, and turn the mere absence of the defects, which are expected as a matter of course, into personal excellencies. They operate, besides, as salutary warnings; and accordingly the exaggeration of these very authors has, in their new production, assumed at all events a more disguised, a less childish form, than it exhibited in the former one.[†]

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guttural or a strong *aspirate*. Trusting, therefore, that any one acquainted with that fact could not misunderstand us, we called the *g* before *a* a guttural. The worthy Castilian took *guttural* for *aspirate*, and, like all persons of very limited knowledge, conceived it impossible that what he had always called by one name, could be more accurately expressed by another.

[*] To mend matters, the writer assures us in a note, that 'this method of securing bulls is *very common* in Castile'!! Cacus was nothing to this breed of Herculeses.

[†] We could not wish for a more explicit acknowledgment, and more striking proof of the *national* character which we described in the Article on Don Esteban, than the following passage of Sandoval, vol. iii. p. 94. 'It is precisely that cautiousness, bordering on indecision, of which I disapprove,' said Vidal. 'Tardiness, whether caused by distrust or circumspection, is the radical defect of our national character; never do to-day what may be put off till to-morrow, is a proverb too frequently used, and the spirit of which, I fear, pervades the *heart and soul of every Spaniard*. This apathy, this fatal recklessness, which has at all times impeded the success of our most brilliant

The main spring of the plot in the *historical* novel now before us is a friar of the order of St. Dominic, enjoying absolute sway in a wealthy family, with whose only daughter and heiress Sandoval, the hero, is in love. The friar is not only an atheist, but a most systematic hypocrite, who acts the saint for the gratification of his own passions, and for the aggrandizement of a nephew, the most hideous wretch in body and mind of all that graceless brood who do not admire the Constitution of Cadiz. This Father Lobo, we are informed, is a kind of embodied representation of the royalist clergy, in other words, of more than nine tenths of the Spanish ecclesiastics both secular and regular. Let us hear what is said in the preface to Sandoval.

'With respect to the conduct of that grave personage of his tale, the monk, the author can assure his readers, that it is a faithful copy, taken from certain great prelates, who are now at the head of the Spanish church. Every body in Spain, who takes the trouble of looking at things with his own eyes, sees that the generality of them are downright atheists. "*He believes in God!*" said a certain bishop to a friend of the author, alluding contemptuously to another clergyman who passed for a man of talent and intrigue. "What great things can any one expect from him?" But is Father Martinez, bishop of Malaga, or Father Cirilo, general of the Franciscans, or Father Velez, general of the Capuchins, or any other of those who compose the Spanish hierarchy, a whit better than the above-mentioned ecclesiastical sneerer at piety? The author could fill a folio volume with anecdotes of the impious deeds and blasphemies of these men.'

The names mentioned in the preceding extract are real; and the description contained in it of the Spanish clergy is given, as we have observed, in the *preface* of the work. We will not stop to comment on the spirit which such a paragraph betrays, or to ask what degree of fairness or accuracy it promises. We give it as a sample of the tenderness with which a Spanish patriot treats his country. As to ourselves, though firmly persuaded that the Spanish religious system, supported even in the Constitution of 1812 by the exclusion of all others, has a direct tendency to produce atheism—we feel bound solemnly to declare that we never met in that country—and we are now appealing to the experience of half a life-time—with an infidel who assumed the cloak of sanctity. Such persons generally submit with great reluctance to the necessity of conforming externally to rites and ceremonies which they

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brilliant undertakings, and kept us dependent on the will of *nations we despise*, and always a century behind them in improvement, will render us slaves to the end of time.' What but the most outrageous vanity can combine the acknowledged backwardness of a century in *improvement*, with a feeling of contempt for those that have such a decided pre-eminence in civilization?

cannot

cannot omit, much less oppose, without subjecting themselves to severe punishment. Of the speech which the author mentions on the authority of a friend, we take upon ourselves to believe that, if there be any truth at all in the story, the impious sentiment must have been expressed by one of the bishops attached to the author's party, and probably raised to the episcopal dignity through their influence. A *servile* bishop could not have been rash enough to commit himself so madly.

Such is the representation of the Spanish clergy; the very clergy whom the mass of the Spanish people obey so blindly, according to these two novels, as to have enabled them to ruin the Constitutional system. What then can be the state of the flock which clings so pertinaciously to the sway of such pastors? But the patriotic Don who talks of 'nations that the Spaniards despise' shall give us specimens. Father Lobo, wishing at first to secure the beautiful Gabriela for his nephew, (though he afterwards alters his scheme to that of prostituting her to the king of Spain,) so manages the affairs of Sandoval, and the family of Lanza, that the hero has to fly his native town, and the young lady is forced to enter a convent.—We are neither making a regular abstract of the plot of the novel, nor wish to introduce any remarks on the absolute disregard to probability with which the whole story is conducted. Our object is the moral picture which results from it. But in alluding to the affair of the Nunnery we cannot help observing that in the same proportion as the language is more idiomatical and easy, betraying the hand of a practised English writer; in the same degree, that portion of the novel abounds in those little inaccuracies of costume and keeping, of which a Spaniard could not have been guilty. To omit those connected with manners and mere customs, the supposition that a woman could be made a nun when she was heard *publicly* saying that she took the veil against her will, is what could never have entered the thoughts of a Spaniard. Every one in Spain knows that the laws, both ecclesiastical and civil, make that impossible. The victims must be made to conceal their reluctance.—But to proceed: the rascal Artimaña, the monk's nephew, is made *Comisionado Regio*, in consequence of his uncle's sending the portrait of Gabriela to one of the king's favourites, (the name of a real person is mentioned);—and the reverend author of this intrigue is supposed to avail himself of the influence of the confessional to engage Gabriela's mother in a journey to Madrid, from Logroño, her usual place of residence. Thus Father Lobo hoped to put the king in possession of the stipulated price of his nephew's promotion.

In this Artimaña the author intends to present the public with a representative of these royal commissioners. We copy only a small

small portion of the scene at Artimaña's office, with the voucher of its authenticity; and take leave to recommend it, notwithstanding its sickening details, as an important guide whereby to judge of the trust which may be reposed on the author of Don Esteban, when he describes the conduct of the Spanish royalists.

'The young man (a constitutionalist) obeyed, and Artimaña (the king's commissioner) drew from the table-drawer near him a thumb-screw, of which there were several of different sizes, and into which he put the young man's thumbs.* The savage complacency with which he screwed them up, showed that he was now in his element. At every turn of the screw the cracking of the bones became louder, and the blood gushed out of the tops of the thumbs in greater quantity; and as they splintered into pieces one after another, the very marrow flew from them, and besmeared the tormentor himself.'

'* *Note.*—Rufino Gonsalez, whom Ferdinand nominated Minister of Police, after his return to Madrid from Cadiz, and whose barbarous decrees are the opprobrium of the age in which we live, was, at the epoch alluded to in the text, *Comisionado Regio* at Pamplona, and made use of the thumb-screws above described, as did also several of his colleagues in other cities. For this fact, many gentlemen at present in this country, among whom the author himself is one, can vouch, having been eye-witnesses of these barbarities.'

Nothing can equal the disgusting effect of this picture, except the absurd improbability of its details. The note appended to it, is evidently intended to make the public believe that the author and his friends were eye-witnesses of such a scene. But he little suspects that there is a witness above all suspicion deposing against him and his friends: to wit, Nature herself, who has informed all anatomists but this Joint Stock Company that there is no marrow in the bones of the hand.—Let the readers of these works, whenever they are tempted to believe that Spain, since the Freemasons quitted her soil, is exclusively inhabited by fiends; let them, we request, remember the scene of the thumb-screw, with its terrific appendage—the stream of marrow.

Artimaña might be more cruel than the other supreme judges of Spain, but he could not be more venal than their body is represented, directly and by inference, both in Don Esteban, and Sandoval. We cannot crowd our pages with references; but we recollect part of the title of one of the chapters in the last mentioned work. It is: *Method of arranging Affairs with Spanish Judges;* and will, we think, be found in the third volume. Profligacy, and corruption, and want of common honesty are, indeed, so profusely and indiscriminately attributed to the inhabitants of Madrid in that volume, that Spain's worst enemies might make it their text-book. That unfortunately there is some truth in that picture, we lament not to be able to deny. What we detest is the grossness of delineation, the coarse and vulgar taste with which the whole is executed, and, most of all, the monstrous calumnies

calumnies which the author employs for the sake, as he conceives, of effect. Though the Inquisition, for instance, deserves no mercy, as an establishment, the *inquisitors* should not be put out of the pale of humanity, especially in our times, when it is well known that they never used wanton cruelty. To assert in a book solemnly introduced as a faithful narrative of facts, that the author saw the prisoners 'knocked down' by the members of the holy tribunal, and that his own food was mixed 'with drugs,' would deserve the most indignant reproof, if it were not evident that these are mere shifts of distressed invention; the grimace and distortion of a common mind, feverish and distracted, in the search of something that may petrify the reader.*

As Sandoval is evidently written with a political design, every thing that malice can devise has been vented in it against the king of Spain. We will not undertake to defend the conduct of Ferdinand's government towards the supporters of the constitution of Cadiz as a party. We are fully persuaded that it would have been greatly in favour of the crown, and much to the credit of the person who holds it, if the solemn promises which were made to the Constitutionalists at Cadiz, before the king was set at liberty to join the army of the Duke d'Angoulême, had been religiously kept. In obliging the whole party of Constitutionalists to fly to this and other countries, Ferdinand has lost to himself and to Spain some men whose presence must have been of great advantage to both. The number of such men is not great; but their being involved in the fate of the other exiles gives weight and respectability to a party that would enjoy very little of either without them. But it has been the misfortune of Spain that the contending parties, since the invasion of Napoleon, have acted in regard to each other with the most bitter rancour. The desperate state of the country induced some of the most enlightened and honest men to join the government of Joseph; that since, as they thought, they could not prevent his usurpation, they might turn it, by their efforts, to the benefit and improvement of their nation. Some of these men were so conscious of the purity of their intentions, that they would not fly when the French armies were forced to quit Spain. The treatment which they met with was horrible; and their friends, who had taken refuge in France, soon learnt to give up all hopes of mercy from

* The book, we must say, is conceived in a thoroughly bad spirit. The night-scene at the inn of Logroño cannot be read to a modest female, and the description of the dance of prostitutes and cut-throats, at the Lavapies, (it should be *Avapies*,) is gross and disgusting in the extreme. We need make no comment on the statement of 'a *Spaniard*,' that the *Ladies* of Madrid are in the habit of intriguing with the ruffians of its St. Giles's!

the

the constitutional government. A similar conduct has been observed by Ferdinand in regard to the friends of the Cortes. Among the supporters of a limited monarchy are men of the brightest talents and honesty; men, whose detestation of the principles which have ruined their cause—if the madness of the *Exáltados* can by any liberty of language be called principle—whose conviction of the fatal results of the secret associations, defended and painted *en beau* in Sandoval, were and are as strong as those of the staunchest Royalists. A general amnesty in both cases would have preserved those two masses of talent, now improved by experience, to a country, which, though possessed of the most active and abundant intellect, suffers under a lamentable dearth of practical judgment in political matters. Numbers of more or less worthless individuals would, indeed, in both cases have remained in the country; but a little watchfulness, and the moral strength which the government must have gained by the liberality of such measures, would have more than overbalanced the danger consequent on their presence. But envy, jealousy, and ignorance, and the shortsightedness of passion, acted with their usual violence. A considerable proportion of the most honourable, learned and intelligent Spaniards are wandering in poverty and bereavement from all they love. These would have supported the throne with their heart and soul, if the throne had not been identified with despotism. These would have remained quiet in the country even under a despotic government, when they saw the hopelessness of establishing a more moderate constitution. But they are persecuted with no less violence than those who openly called for the death of the king and the establishment of a federative republic. What are the consequences? one is that such works as Don Esteban and Sandoval are published as expressing the sense of *the whole body of Spanish exiles;* thus adding fuel to the already violent flame of political hatred which devours the unfortunate Spanish nation, and affording the absolute government the most feasible pretexts for its continued violence against the *Liberales*. We do not intend to indulge in declamation when we say that these pernicious works present a very plausible apology for the past conduct of Ferdinand VII. towards the Constitutionalists; and that if they have any effect at all in Spain, it must be that of precluding for a long time the chance of any relaxation in the royal system of action in relation to that party.

The picture of the King personally, which these two works exhibit without the least disguise to the English public, is so evidently dictated by a rancorous hatred, that it cannot but become suspicious to every candid reader. That the education which Ferdinand received in the profligate court of his mother, must have

have had results unfavourable to his character and temper, is in the natural course of moral causes and effects. A slave in his boyhood and youth, a daily sufferer from intrigue and dissoluteness, the moment he dreamt himself an absolute king, like his ancestors, he found himself, by an unheard of treachery, in the hands of a man who treated him with the greatest indignity and confined him to a retired mansion, where he intended to keep him for life, increasing by every means his moral and political degradation. A most extraordinary combination of events broke his chains: but, when most elated with the returning joys of liberty and a throne, he found his way barred up and obstructed by those very subjects from whom he had been taught to expect unbounded obedience as his birth-right. Had those subjects been unanimous, or even equally divided, for the constitution, as it then existed, or for adding strength to the crown under a constitutional charter, it is probable that he would have willingly submitted to the surrender of part of his inheritance of power. But instead of unanimity, he found himself immediately surrounded by the nobility, the clergy, and the best part of the army, who urged him to resume his former authority and annihilate the constitution, now become odious to a great majority of the nation. The violence, the injustice, the cruelty of his partizans against the adherents of the constitutional government made him odious. As is often the case, perceiving that he was hated, he added fresh motives to that feeling. Sandoval discloses the extensive plots which were formed to depose Ferdinand and disinherit his brothers. Lodges of Freemasons were established for that purpose, not only in the Peninsula, but *in London!* Conspiracies were set on foot, victims fell, and blood sealed the eternal hatred of both parties. And now, when both sides were most goaded and incensed with mutual wrongs, the accidental discontent of an army placed Ferdinand in the hands of the constitutional party: not however in its original purity of intention, but mixed up with men of a very different stamp—people accustomed to work in secret and to spare no means that could conduce to their object. At this period the state of the king's mind became, to an attentive observer, most strongly marked by a settled suspicion of all mankind. We know that there were those near him at one time that were his real friends; but he could not bring himself to trust them. Unable to show his real feelings, he let himself fall as a dead weight upon the hands of the constitutional ministers, delighting in their difficulties, and rejoicing at the obstacles which the new men—the *men of eighteen hundred and twenty*, i. e. the promoters of the mutiny of the troops of the Isla in that year—

year—opposed to the *men of eighteen hundred and twelve*,* or the founders of the constitution. He was aware that the constitutional government, as it was at that time, would work its own ruin: and hated equally the two parties who by their dissension were paving the way for his emancipation.

Such we conceive to be the outline of Ferdinand's mental history. Nor is it to be wondered, that in such a state of mind, and familiarized with the prevalent sensuality of his court, he should often be guilty of gallantries which are too lightly thought of among the generality of Spaniards. The authors before us, however, not content with representing him in Don Esteban as a faithless husband, introduce him boldly and broadly in the action of their second fable as a ruffian accustomed to use physical force for the gratification of his passions.

Our limits prevent the insertion of a scene of barbaric pomp in which the company of authors have lavished their united powers of wild invention, unchecked by either a regard to probability or taste. It is a *déjeúné* given by *the Duchess of Ossuna* to Ferdinand, under strong suspicions, if we attend to inuendoes, that it was expressly intended by the duchess to offer an opportunity to the king of committing a rape upon the heroine of the novel. As a description of all the ancient amusements of the Spanish nobility, of which there is still any remnant, was to be inserted in this part of the book, and the scene of Ferdinand's brutal violence could not well be laid in broad daylight, it was necessary to prolong the *déjeúné*. Four-and-twenty hours, beginning at four o'clock in the morning, are therefore apportioned to the uninterrupted amusements of the Duchess of Ossuna's breakfast company. During this ample time, the Freemason hero, by means of a *wig*, succeeds so effectually in disguising himself, that, though outlawed and in danger of his life, he makes one of the party at the same table with the king of Spain; challenges a gentleman, who being a royalist is, of course, an arrant coward; has a long *tête-à-tête* with his beloved Gabriela, without being known to her; gives his arm for a long time to her mother, and even ventures to contradict the old lady, all without exciting the least suspicion. Night comes on: *Artimaña* leads Gabriela to a retired tent; the king follows, and Sandoval dogs them all in his magic wig. Screams are heard coming from the tent; the Freemason implores the assistance of some ladies, who happen to be the king's sister-in-law and her attendants: Gabriela's honour is saved, while Sandoval flies at *Artimaña*'s throat, who in self-defence pulls off the hero's wig—and, alas! the charm being broken, he is instantly

* *Hombres del año veinte. Hombres del año doce.*

recognized. Yet the hue and cry which is raised proves ineffectual, and Sandoval is most fortunately preserved for his historians' literary wants, though he walks in a court dress a considerable distance on the road to Madrid—we forget the exact number of miles.

Now the question, with every sensible reader, must be, whether the king's conduct, represented in this scene, is copied from reality, or whether the representation is merely the effect of the author's venomous spite against him.

That such horrible scandal was industriously propagated by the most violent of the Constitutional party, we doubt not. We have lived at Madrid, in times when people hardly ventured a whisper against the court; and yet even then, such is the greediness with which the most improbable reports are received where there is no real liberty of mental intercourse, when Ferdinand's first wife (a daughter of his uncle the late king of Naples) died, it was rumoured that her death was the effect of poison. The suspicion was grounded upon the fact that the body had been opened, and a description of the immediate cause of her death given in the gazette! The credit which the story of the rape in Sandoval deserves, will be illustrated by the style in which an if possible more atrocious accusation is brought forward in Don Esteban.—We should premise that the passage is preceded by an account of a quarrel between Ferdinand and his wife, on account of an alleged amour with the daughter of a Spanish apothecary.—

'On the 27th December, having just returned from the promenade, she (the queen) was seized with one of her fits; and the physicians who attended, being of opinion that she was dead, determined to perform an operation to save the infant. This was actually done with the king's consent, only five hours after she had been seized with the fit!—The *Camarera Mayor*, who was present, affirmed, that, while it was performing, she saw her shudder!'

Observe the wording, the pointing, and the conclusion of the paragraph, and what can be inferred? The queen was not dead when the operation was performed: this the author gives as an unquestionable fact: he implies blame to the king for giving his consent for the opening *only five* hours after the beginning of the apparent death. He therefore supposes that the king knew she was alive. What can we then think of the opinion given by the king's physicians?—It is true that the ignorance which appears in the passage is worthy of a clown; but can that ignorance excuse the intention with which it is written?

Were we to collect all the traits of villainy, cowardice, venality, profligacy, hypocrisy, and impiety which are attributed to the royalists

royalists in Don Esteban and Sandoval, Spain, to use a phrase well known to Spaniards, would appear the ante-room of hell. Proud, and constantly boasting of national courage as the author appears, his spite alone could have betrayed him into charging the greatest part of the Spanish army with cowardice. We say the *greatest part;* but indeed, by his own admission, almost the whole of that army joined the king's party. The reader of Sandoval, when he is told that '*one* of Riego's soldiers alone arrested the progress of an advanced party of ten horsemen of the Royal Carabineers, who were reputed the most formidable corps of the army,'* may be pardoned for asking, was not this individual originally a Castilian herdsman? But to be serious—were the Liberals really so much better soldiers than the Royalists? Even under the truly brave Mina, the Spanish general who in our times has shown himself most worthy of the renown which his countrymen enjoyed in former days for military talents—even under the man whose honesty and consistency were tried much above the point where those qualities have generally been found to fail among those of his rank and profession;—even under Mina, the Liberal soldiery offered a decided resistance when he wished to seize Pamplona, and from that point oblige the king to restore the Cortes. An account of that transaction is given at the conclusion of the first volume of Sandoval. It has probably been compiled from Mina's own notes; and what a melancholy state of things it betrays! Even if the desperate step intended had been fully justifiable—which we can never admit—what ultimate or permanent good could have been accomplished with troops capable of answering a speech of their own favourite general, when he was leading them to Pamplona, in the following manner?—

'"Halt!" was the cry, "not a soul stirs from hence—give us our licenses—the war is now over—we go to our homes only—expect no more obedience from us." Amidst these and other deafening cries, (proceeds our Historical Author) those of the officers, who, mad with rage, endeavoured by oaths and threats to bring the soldiers back to their duty, were not even heard. One deep shout was immediately followed by another deeper still, and oaths and imprecations were fulminated from the mouths of all. Amidst this horrid confusion, the intrepid Mina rushed towards the soldiers, eager to quell the mutiny, and, fired with rage and despair, thundered out his words above those drowning cries, and for a moment silenced the uproar; but it was for a moment only; for no sooner his mighty voice was heard alone, than the soldiery, as if ashamed to have been borne down by a single tongue, again burst out—"Away, General, away, or you are a dead man."—"Fire," cried a voice among them, and an irregular dis-

* Sandoval, vol. iii. p. 369.

charge suddenly commenced. The confusion and disorder that ensued are indescribable.' &c. &c.

We are well aware that we shall be met with the usual Spanish answer, 'These soldiers were *demoralized*, they had been tampered with.' It may be true; but this is no solitary incident: could the soldiers care for a constitution from the defence of which they were so easily, so frequently drawn away? It is the mad determination of working the mass of the Spanish people—soldiers and peasantry alike—into a political fever, that has demoralized that country, and blasted the scanty seeds of genuine liberty which existed at the time when the Cortes assembled. We know (and if we were ignorant of the late transactions in Spain, *Sandoval* alone would furnish us with abundant proofs) that the most desperate measures have been employed to engage the lower classes in favour of the Constitutional system. We will only allude to the public dinner given to the troops of Riego at Vejer, where, to use the words of our Freemason, 'the inhabitants gave a magnificent banquet to the soldiers of the column, in which *they waited on them at table*—AS DID ALSO THEIR OFFICERS.'—But all that such disorganizing methods could effect was, what every sincere Spaniard whom we have lately met laments most bitterly. The quiet and orderly habits of the Spanish peasantry have been sadly disturbed, where they are not quite destroyed; bribery has made the lower classes of Spain to overcome that feeling of shame at being paid, even for their labour, *in money*, which was a characteristic of the nation but twenty years ago. In the large towns, where the negative good qualities of the lower orders were, as usual, greatly impaired by poverty combined with low debauchery, the consequences of the means systematically employed by the Secret Societies, which Sandoval has the assurance to introduce to the admiration of the British public, have been most lamentable.

In the Article on Don Esteban,* we alluded to the *lodges* of the *Comuneros*. The author of the pamphlet to which we have already alluded, believing us hardly acquainted by name with the Spanish Secret Societies, exclaims, 'A *lodge of Comuneros!* Ha, ha, ha!' How shall we meet this pot-house answer? Does the writer of the letter flatter himself that we are as ignorant of the transactions which have—we were going to say *for ever*—ruined the hopes of the true Spanish Patriots, as he supposed us to be of Spanish orthography and grammar? Those who have not had access to better sources of information may learn from the historical parts of *Sandoval* that the mutiny of the army of the Isla which restored

* Quarterly Review, No. LXV.

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the Cortes in 1820, was contrived by the influence of Masonic lodges established, with revolutionary views, *in* and *out of* the Spanish peninsula. At that time the most honourable and enlightened authors and supporters of the Constitution were lingering in prison and exile, through the blind and cruel policy of the absolute government. Their liberation was greeted by the reasonable men of all parties; and, as it might be expected, the public voice proclaimed them the leaders of the new system. Such patriotism, however, as works by means of Secret Societies, cannot be of the purest and most refined kind. Hence sprung the jealousy of the *men of eighteen hundred and twenty*, against those of *eighteen hundred and twelve:* and from that jealousy arose the schism among the Freemasons, in which the association of the *Comuneros* began. Soon after the establishment of the new political brotherhood, we perused a printed pamphlet which contained the organic rules of that society; but as we have it not at present in our power to consult it, we shall mention what we recollect of it. The *Comuneros* called their *lodges*, *Castillos* (Castles:) the districts comprehending several castles *Merindades*, or counties; the grand master, *Gran Castellano*—(grand warden.) Of the fooleries which solemnized the admission of members, and their meetings, we have not a clear recollection. We know, however, that there was abundance of swords, oaths, and imprecations. Instead of the old insignia of the Freemasons, the *Comuneros* wore a full armour, either real or imitated. In their *castles* were planned all the popular commotions, which during the last year of the *Cortes* brought shame upon the Spanish revolution, and drew a French army to Cadiz. By means of those popular tumults, called *Asonadas*, they opposed whatever measures of the government did not suit either their views, or their passions; and even procured the murder of those whom they doomed to death. We believe that instances of such concerted murders have been proved upon unquestionable legal evidence, and we find some of them indirectly acknowledged in a most melancholy, but ably drawn picture of the state of Spain, which, in a fit of anger against some of the exiled Freemasons, was some time ago published in the *Español Constitucional*, the organ, we believe, of the *Comuneros* in London. The letter is signed by a person of rank among the Spanish Patriots.

'From what other source but this (leniency towards the enemies of the Constitutional system) did that flood of iniquity spring up which inundated the Peninsula, till repeated causes of resentment and successive acts of injustice were linked into a chain which left no alternative of seeing the system (of the Constitution) perish before the time when it was actually destroyed, or *causing the horrible murders* of the priest

Vinuesa, of Father Osuna, with his companions, of the Bishop of Vich, and of the prisoners in the castle of Corunna, thrown alive into the sea?

'Without the illegal impunity of the *Persas*, (members of the Cortes, we believe sixty in number, who presented to the king a petition against the Constitution;) without the premature pardon granted to the *Factions*; and without the constant acquittal which the enemies of the new system were sure to receive from the mouth of our judges; would this hideous blot have fallen on our holy cause? though it is probably the only one with which the party who sincerely supported the new system can be reproached.'*

But why should we go elsewhere for proofs that the principle of assassination was supported by some, at least, of the Spanish secret societies, when, notwithstanding a disclaimer at the beginning of the account which 'the author of Don Esteban' gives of them, he himself affords the clearest instances of that murderous spirit? Do we not find Vidal, one of the greatest heroes of the Spanish Freemasons, represented by the *Don* himself as engaging to murder Elio the captain-general of Valencia? Is not that determination extolled as an act of patriotic devotion? Had not several plans been formed to make away with that brave man,—for such we must in justice call him, though we have not sufficient information to judge of his other moral qualities? Did not the Freemasons attend the execution of Vidal in disguise to murder the general, who was expected to be present? Let any man of common sense, and undepraved moral feeling, read in this *Sandoval*, the whole account of the horrible transaction to which we allude;† and judge what must have been the state of Spain, governed, as it was during the last year before the arrival of the Duke d'Angoulême, by secret societies, in which those principles prevailed. Even the ministers were appointed or ousted through their influence, and the monthly presidency of the Cortes was not independent of their controul. No set of men, however, were so fatally exposed to the insulting interference of the *Comunero Castles* as the Spanish judges. Our readers may perhaps remember that a kind of jury was established in Spain, exclusively for cases of libel. But how were the trials managed by the secret societies? The courts were crowded with the mob which they kept in their pay; and we have documents in our possession which prove, that no honest man could sit as one of the jury without danger.

But nothing shows so thoroughly the spirit of those societies as the character of the writers whom they employed. We regret that we must give some parts of the history of one of the most eminent

* Español Const. No. XL. p. 451. † Sandoval, vol. iii. p. 87. & seq.

of

of those apostles of profligacy and atheism from memory, for want of a copy of the life of him published at Madrid. The facts, however, which we are about to mention are notorious. A native of the province of Biscay, whose real name we have not the means to give, resided as a friar of the order of St. Francis at Cadiz, about the year 1809. Having, as it not unfrequently happens among the Spanish priesthood, become an infidel, and being of too bold a temper to continue in that kind of passive dissimulation which is the common resource in such cases, he left Cadiz for Mexico, where he expected to enjoy more liberty. But he could not escape the eye of the Inquisition, and he was soon lodged in one of its prisons. Thence he contrived to escape, and in the dress of a layman, lived for several years in Portugal. The surname which he assumed, was *Clararosa*, a compound, as he unblushingly used to declare at Cadiz, of the names of his two favourite mistresses, *Clara* and *Rosa*. Supported by the *Comuneros*, this man ventured back to Cadiz, though there were still many individuals who could identify his person. Clararosa soon became the oracle of the lower classes, and his penny tracts of impiety and immorality, their Bible. The mischief which he did among the uneducated part of the town was terrible, and is, we fear, enduring. Husbands were heard openly retailing to their wives the doctrines which declared all restraint of the passions to be a human contrivance, an encroachment of religious tyranny; and quoting the authority of Clararosa for the truth of their statement. A prosecution of the wretch was undertaken by some spirited inhabitants of Cadiz; but Clararosa was in favour with the *Comuneros*, and he laughed at his prosecutors.

Unfortunately for the apostle of immorality, there ensued by and by a schism among these *Comuneros*, in which he adhered to the most violent, though then the weakest party. Some of the more sensible among them had perceived, that the Constitutional system could not subsist, if the secret war, which had been so long carried on between the Freemasons and Comuneros, was not discontinued. A declaration signed by about fifty *Comuneros* was published, in which these men declared their adherence to the original institution of Freemasons, and renounced the violent revolutionary principles of the *Castles*. Among the subscriptions to this document were found the names of not a few members of the last Cortes; and Clararosa, being too violent a *Liberal* to join some of his old patrons in this secession, was given up to the regular course of the law. Being sent to prison, he was there seized with a paroxysm of a disease which his irregularities had probably brought on him; and he died in a few days, not without the usual suspicions of poison—suspicions, however, which the cir-

cumstances of his death will prove, to any one not quite ignorant of the rudiments of pathology, to be perfectly groundless.

It is strange that 'the author of Don Esteban,' who is so fond of striking scenes, and goes so often out of his way in search of the picturesque, should not have favoured us with a description of Clararosa's funeral. We will supply his omission, in order that those who wonder why the people of Spain allowed the French army to cross the whole of the Peninsula without opposition, may explain the fact to themselves.—The man had been allowed to quit the prison when he became alarmingly ill; and consequently his body was, after his death, in the care of his friends the violent *comuneros*. These friends of freedom determined to set every feeling of the country at defiance, in order to honour their *protegé* according to the principles of the association. The body was dressed, not in the monkish frock, which is the established shroud in Spain, but in a coat and cocked-hat. In imitation of the funeral of the despondent lover Chrysostom, described by Cervantes, the body was carried to the burial-ground beyond the city gates, covered with copies of his own tracts, and with flowers. A band of blind men, who are the regular hawkers of newspapers in Spain, preceded the coffin; an immense mob composed of Clararosa's readers, the lowest of the populace, followed it. No clergy attended the procession, though their attendance is an established custom. Instead of the usual psalms, republican songs were vociferated by the crowd; and thus the unfortunate priest, who during his life had attacked the first principles of Christian faith and morality, was made, even after death, an instrument of open insult to every Christian feeling.—We take no pleasure in recording these deeds of shame. But it is necessary that the public should know what principles and maxims are prevalent among a party which seems to be even now far from quiescent. For anything we know, the *lodge* or *castle*, (we do not care to be very correct in such a nomenclature,) which in London prepared the mutiny of the Isla, may still exist in this capital—we think it extremely likely that it does. These glowing descriptions of Spanish freemasonry—these atrocious libels on the king and his party which have appeared in six volumes, within a short period, may be intended as party engines to prepare the public mind for some embryo plan to increase the miseries of Spain by a fresh convulsion:—we strongly suspect that such is the unhappy truth of the case.

We decidedly condemn the severe system which has been pursued in Spain against the partisans of the Cortes. But must not such works as Don Esteban and Sandoval increase the violence of the King's party against the *liberales?* Is it not possible that

that one object of such publications may be to preclude an amnesty which would separate those who might return to their homes with equal advantage to themselves and their country, from those who have forfeited their liberty, and perhaps their lives, to the real justice of the laws?

It is a subject of annual declamation in parliament, that Spain is allowed to remain in the military possession of a French army. Let those who are disposed to blame the government for their supposed apathy upon this subject, examine the spirit of the books which we have been considering, and they will not be in want of official papers to obtain a satisfactory answer. From everything we know of the state of Spain it would be cruel to leave her entirely to herself for the present; nor is it from any excessive tenderness for the bigoted and royalist party that we fear the premature removal of a foreign force from her soil. Our fears and concern have the *moderate constitutionalists*, both in Spain and among us, for their object. We wish to see the exile and privations of the latter at an end, and feel sincere anxiety for the safety of the former. But there is no hope for either, unless the great mass of the Spanish population are prevented from giving way to their hatred of all who have, in any degree, supported the constitution. We do not make this assertion upon vague surmise. We have good reasons for asserting that the Duke d'Angoulême intended to have made the establishment of a Political Charter the condition of the restoration of Ferdinand. But such was the almost universal hatred which these anti-Christian and murderous Secret Societies had created against anything like a constitution, that he was soon compelled to perceive that even his military force would not have been sufficient to keep his kinsman on the throne under *any* charter. The fact, though not the cause, is acknowledged in the tract already quoted, from the *Español Constitucional;* and in that part of it which the author, a Spaniard of high respectability, has sanctioned with his name.*

There is a very numerous body of Spaniards who would most gladly sacrifice their lives to the improvement of their country, by means of a definite charter of popular liberties. But a sad experience has abundantly taught these that such an improvement cannot originate in the mass of the Spanish people. Any attempt at re-establishing the Spanish Constitution, by a violent overthrow of the present system, must fail, after shedding torrents of blood. No moderation can be expected, either from the constitutionalists or royalists, in their present state of violent exasperation. Both have already tasted and re-tasted blood, and every alternate

* Español Const. No. XLI. p. 45.

superiority

superiority over each other must increase that horrible and insatiable thirst. The *Liberal* soldiers who, in 1814, according to this same Sandoval, were determined to *burn an officer alive*, for being the bearer of Abisbal's* proclamation in favour of the king, and the general and officers who waited to hear the destined victim's protestations, before they interposed to save him, —these soldiers, the heroes of our Freemason-novelist, cannot be fit instruments for the restoration of liberty to their country. Nor are we more disposed to expect any improvement from the *Soldiers of the Faith*, and their leaders. Whatever is to benefit Spain must proceed from the *royal authority* of that country, under the advice and influence of more enlightened nations. But no *moral* power can exert itself in favour of a people as yet so fearfully divided; all that humanity can achieve, is to prevent the opposite parties from imbruing their hands in each other's blood. The occupation of Spain by a foreign army is melancholy, is galling to every one who loves that unfortunate country; but, if there be a class of Spaniards who derive any direct personal benefit from it, we must not look for them among the *Serviles*. The French army has been now four years affording protection to those *moderate* friends of Spanish liberty, who are still confounded in Spain by a blind and irritated populace with those who are the real cause of their irritation. It may be the interest of some Spaniards to prolong this state of things by means of such books as Don Esteban and Sandoval; but it is also the duty of every true friend of Spain to watch and expose the workings of a political spirit which is the true cause of her present miserable degradation.

* 'No sooner was the purport of the proclamation discovered by the assembled multitude, than cries of "To the fire with it—to the fire with it—and its infamous owner!"—At these words the speaker suddenly disappeared; his supporters, alarmed at the doom pronounced by the crowd, dropped their load, and endeavoured to escape the fury of their comrades by mixing with them. The orator, however, was not so fortunate; for, as he fell down, he was collared by some of those who were nearest to him, and kept fast, to undergo the summary sentence passed upon him. Meantime, several of the soldiers were seen climbing to the windows of the surrounding houses, and presently chairs and tables were hurled out of them to furnish fuel for the intended political auto-da-fe. In a few minutes the pile was prepared in the middle of the square; volumes of thick smoke rose on high, performing their vertical evolutions, followed by immense sparkles, and at length by a pyramidical column of flame, which waved its terrific radiance over the heads of the infuriated soldiery. During these fearful preparations, the destined victim was protesting to heaven and all its saints, that he was perfectly innocent of any evil intentions; that he had not read the proclamation previous to his reading it in public and, consequently, could not know its contents; and that, moreover, he was as ready as any of them to lose his blood in support of the Constitution. General Cienfuegos, *who heard his protestations, and various officers of the staff who were then present*, interposed in his behalf, and obtained his acquittal, *to the no small disappointment of many soldiers, who had been feasting their imaginations with the prospect of seeing* a Servile roasted.'—*Sandoval*, vol. i. p. 78.

ART. IX.—*Transactions of the Geological Society of London.* Vol. i. 2d Series. London. 1824.

THAT the speculations in geology are peculiarly vague and unsatisfactory—the observations uncertain—and the deductions inconclusive—these appear to be notions not yet quite out of fashion, although the number of facts and discoveries established by this science during an exceedingly brief period of time, are perhaps unprecedented in the whole history of physical inquiry. 'Il n'est pas de science plus avide de faits que l'économie politique,' observed Talleyrand;* and geologists have long felt the necessity of applying similar language to their own pursuit. But, in truth, to estimate fairly the value of the results already obtained by geological research, is as yet scarcely possible; so much are we lost in the contemplation of that wide range of subjects, concerning which curiosity has been for the first time awakened, and ignorance made apparent. As we advance, new prospects open to the eye at every step, and the imagination is often so busily engaged in anticipating future conquests, that those already achieved are very apt to be forgotten.

Persons not immediately employed in these investigations hear only of conflicting hypotheses and disputed facts; of the questions, for instance, whether certain rocks are of igneous or aqueous origin—whether contemporaneous with the associated strata, or subsequently intruded—whether certain formations or groups of strata are co-extensive with the surface of the globe—whether the earth's temperature has diminished—and various others equally difficult and hitherto undecided. But however numerous the disputable points may appear, they are insignificant when contrasted with facts and conclusions now universally conceded. That, for example, the strata composing the crust of the globe are not thrown together in inexplicable confusion, but arranged in a regular order of superposition; that this order is never inverted; that the greater part, whatever be their present elevation, were once deposited at the bottom of the sea; that they have been subject, at different, and often distant, epochs, to violent convulsions; that their dislocation and contortions are most remarkable in the neighbourhood of great mountain chains; that certain series of strata are continuous over extensive districts, and often characterized throughout by peculiar assemblages of organic remains; that in the very oldest rocks no impressions of plants or animals have been discovered; that such organized bodies as occur in ancient strata differ most widely from those at present

* Mémoire sur les Relations Commerciales, &c. p. 5. 1797.

known

known to enjoy life; that as we ascend in the series, from the lowest towards more recent deposits, an approximation may be traced in the characters of the fossil species to those of the species now in life; that many classes of these fossil remains are so perfect and entire that their nature can be accurately determined by naturalists; that fossil plants and animals abound in high latitudes belonging to families and genera now confined to tropical climates;——these and a multitude of other discoveries are no longer contested, and are all well worthy of admiration;—some for their practical utility; others for the refutation of popular errors and ancient theoretical fallacies,—all for the new insight they afford into that grand and boundless scheme of nature, in the midst of which the human race are placed.

The first investigators of the mineral structure of the earth directed their chief attention to the primary rocks, for these are fertile in metallic riches, and may be studied in mountainous districts without the aid of artificial excavation. But the spirit of inquiry kindled by Werner and his scholars in Upper Saxony soon extended to the banks of the Seine, and here at home descended from the Pentland Hills and the Grampians, where it had engaged the powerful minds of Hutton and Playfair, to the naturalists of our southern plains. Geology, thus transplanted into a new soil, immediately assumed an altered form and aspect, and in the hands of its new cultivators yielded fruit of a different and much more attractive kind. Until within the last twenty years, the secondary strata were regarded with as much indifference as the sand and pebbles of Alpine torrents, or the muddy sediment of lowland rivers. It was never suspected that they contained the records of various and extensive revolutions in the condition of the land and ocean, as well as in the classes of organized beings with which our globe has been successively peopled. Still less was it supposed that evidence could be deduced from the same sources illustrative of the original formation and subsequent disturbances of older rocks. The examination of the volume before us has led us to the consideration of these comparatively modern strata, and its contents afford a satisfactory answer to the few *cui bono* philosophers, who may question in what manner geological researches can contribute to the advancement of the useful arts or the enlargement of the human mind. The real importance of geology in promoting the general interests of society certainly does not consist in a direct and immediate tendency to advance the useful arts, although we shall have opportunities of showing that it can lend its aid to these collaterally. Its chief claim to our estimation is founded on the new impulse imparted by its discoveries to minds engaged in prosecuting various

various philosophical pursuits—an impulse proportioned to the novelty and magnitude of those discoveries, and the wide range of sciences with which they are connected.

When a comparison is instituted between what now is and what has been, whether with reference to the works of external nature or the history of mankind, the desire of explaining what is obscure in the past supplies an additional motive to examine a multitude of facts, within the reach of our actual observation, with more minute accuracy, and to generalize them with more comprehensive views. Geology is continually concerned in such comparisons; by prompting us to investigate in more detail both the animate and inanimate kingdoms of nature, it has enlarged these departments of study and revealed a multitude of new phenomena connected with them; but it has done more than this: it has elevated their rank and dignity, by teaching us the laws of the aggregation and distribution of simple minerals, and by requiring more comprehensive systems for the arrangement of the animal and vegetable productions of the earth. This latter branch of science has engaged the energies of many powerful minds from the days of Linnæus to our own times; M. Cuvier, in his preface to the 'Règne Animal,' justly remarks that 'the habit necessarily derived from the study of natural history, of classing in the mind a great number of ideas, is one of the advantages of this science, the least talked of, but which may rank perhaps as the principal when it shall have been generally introduced into ordinary education.' In addition to these advantages, derived from the study of natural history, geology has the merit of exerting continually the *reasoning* faculties in deducing conclusions from numerous data and complicated phenomena; and although it cannot appeal to demonstrative proof, it may often conduct us to moral certainty. It is constantly concerned in weighing a great mass of *probable* evidence, and is therefore powerfully instrumental in exercising the mind and strengthening the judgment.

It is now our intention to take a rapid view of some of the principal accessions to our knowledge derived from the geological investigations of the few last years; but we shall chiefly confine ourselves for the present to the consideration of Fossil Organic Remains. We are aware that other branches of geology, intimately connected with chemistry, and exerting a more decided influence on the general process of physical science, may lay claim to higher rank, but we select a department abounding in recent and splendid discoveries, and which has till very lately been treated with unaccountable neglect. We shall have occasion to advert to most of the memoirs in the volume before us,

us, but we shall treat of them only when they happen to throw light on the chief subject-matter of this Article. When controverted questions of interest present themselves, or generally received opinions chance to clash with our own, we shall discuss their merits without staying to inquire how far our digressions may sometimes be inconsistent with the Horatian maxim,—'sit quodvis simplex duntaxat et unum.'

A very limited number of Mammiferous quadrupeds are natives of the British islands, or have inhabited them since we have any traditionary information. If we include the Bear, Wolf, and Beaver, now exterminated, and the Fallow Deer, which is supposed not to be indigenous, they may be comprised within twenty-three genera. But we have now discovered that this part of the earth was once peopled by many other animals of the same class. The horns of the Scandinavian,* and almost entire skeletons of the Irish elk, (the latter a species now unknown throughout the globe,) have been found buried in peat and marl, evidently of origin posterior to the last extensive revolution which modified the surface of the land. Besides these, in superficial loam and gravel, consisting of transported materials, and in caves and fissures of rocks, the remains of species belonging to at least fifteen distinct genera occur; some of them identical with those still surviving in England, others being extinct species. Of these last, the remains of the Elephant, Rhinoceros, and Hippopotamus are very extensively distributed. Those of the Cave-bear and Cave-hyæna have been found in but a very few spots; but the bones of the hyæna already obtained must have belonged to several hundred individuals. Remains of a Tiger and two species of Deer have been also found, but too inconsiderable in number to enable us at present to decide on their specific characters. In similar geological situations in other parts of Europe, where the existing viviparous quadrupeds do not greatly out-number those of England, there are found in company with the fossils above enumerated a species of mastodon, (a lost genus that bore some affinity to the elephant,) a small hippopotamus, three species of rhinoceros, a gigantic tapir, a camel,† and several others. But we have not yet penetrated beyond the first boundaries of this new region of discovery. Even since the very recent publication of the third edition of M. Cuvier's Fossil Osteology, in which all the above were described, no less than thirty species of animals have been found in volcanic tufa in the department of

* Edinburgh Journal of Science, vol. v. p. 129.

† Discovered near Montpelier by M. Marcel de Serres. Mém. de la Soc. Linn. de Paris. 1825.

Puy-

Puy-de-Dôme in France,* principally in Mount Perrier near the Issoire, and a large proportion of these prove to be extinct and hitherto unknown quadrupeds. Among them are an Elephant, a small Mastodon, a Rhinoceros, Hippopotamus, small Tapir, many of the genus Cervus, two Bears, three Panthers, an Hyæna, a Fox, and an Otter. We shall not at present extend our views to North America, a field rich in the same class of fossil remains, belonging chiefly (like those in the alluvial deposits of Europe) to existing genera, and also to such as are in a great degree confined at present to equinoctial regions.

We have spoken of extinct animals, because it is now admitted by all naturalists that the animals of our own acquaintance are not mere varieties of fossil species gradually changed by climate and other local circumstances,† and that the probability is extremely remote of discovering even a small proportion of the supposed extinct quadrupeds in a living state in regions hitherto unexplored.‡ Surprizing as the above facts may appear, there are others relating to the same department of the animal kingdom, which attest far greater changes in the form of the land and the ancient character of its inhabitants. At a yet earlier epoch that part of the globe where the continent of Europe now extends, was peopled with a race of terrestrial quadrupeds of an entirely different description; a race, of which most of the genera and all the species known to us in fossil remains have been since annihilated. Their skeletons are found entombed in strata evidently deposited in the estuaries of rivers, and at the bottom of freshwater lakes, in a manner closely analogous to strata at present in the course of formation in our own lakes and rivers. In these last the remains of quadrupeds, as of oxen, beavers, and some more, are also found buried in considerable abundance, together with freshwater shells, and aquatic plants, sometimes corresponding generically with those which characterize ancient freshwater formations. The lost race of mammiferous quadrupeds above alluded to has been found in the neighbourhood of Paris, Aix, and Orleans, in Berri and Auvergne, in several parts of the South of France, and in Alsace. These remains are particularly distinguished by the abundance of genera belonging to a division of the order Pachydermata, which has now only three living representatives in the globe—the Tapir of South America, the Tapir of Sumatra, and the Daman of the Cape—whereas nearly forty fossil species of it are already ascertained. Among them are more than ten species of Palæotherium, a genus resembling the Tapir and also in some particulars the Rhinoceros:

* Ferrussac, tom. v. sec. ii. p. 436. and also No. 3, March, 1826, p. 366.
† Cuvier, Discours sur les Rev., &c. p. 117. 1825. ‡ Ib. p. 64.

the

the largest of these equalled a rhinoceros in magnitude, others were of the sizes of the pig and the sheep, and the smallest was no larger than the hare.* Of the Lophiodon, a genus that also bore a considerable resemblance to the Tapir, more than twelve species have been determined; the largest of these was about the size of the rhinoceros, and the smallest about that of a lamb three months old.† Of the extinct genus Anoplotherium, which differs extremely in anatomical character from any now known, six species are already ascertained:—the largest came near in size to the ass; another to the gazelle, which it is supposed to have rivalled in the elegance of its form; another did not exceed the hare in size, and some were still smaller.‡ The species most frequently met with in the gypsum of Paris was 'about the height of a wild boar, but had nearly the proportions of the otter; it had a thick and long tail, and probably swam well and frequented the lakes, in the bottom of which its bones have been incrusted with the gypsum there deposited.'§ Of the extent of these ancient lakes the geologist can still form some idea, when he has traced in his map the boundaries of strata replete with the remains of freshwater animals and plants. Of the genus Anthracotherium, two species have been found, one of the size of a Rhinoceros, the other smaller: these were intermediate between the Palæotherium, Anoplotherium, and Hog. Of each of the genera Cheropotamus and Adapis, one species only is known, about the size of a rabbit. In the same formation with these herbivorous animals a few carnivorous ones are found; a Fox, a Gennet, a Bat, and a small Opossum, (a genus unknown till the discovery of America,) and some few others. Skeletons also of a dormouse and a squirrel occur, besides the bones of birds, crocodiles, freshwater tortoises, and fish; nor are shells wanting. The whole of these are either of extinct genera or of unknown species.

The plants on which these large herbivorous animals were supported differed as widely as themselves from all known species. Palms, reeds, and many other kinds are met with in these strata, indicating upon the whole the vegetation not of tropical climates—as does the flora of our secondary formations and particularly of the coal—but rather such as now clothes the countries bordering on the Mediterranean.

No remains of *the human species* have been found with the above fossil animals, nor elsewhere in any stratum having pretensions to immemorial antiquity. It is nearly a century since Bishop Berkley remarked, that if Man had existed for so many

* Cuv. Discours sur les Rev. p. 315, 316. 1825.
† Ib. p. 319. ‡ Ib. p. 320. § Ib. p. 321.

ages

ages as some nations and some philosophers have maintained, gems, medals, and implements, in metal or stone, would have lasted entire, 'as the shells and stones of the *primeval world* are preserved down to our time;'* he might have added that human skeletons would have also attested the fact, for Cuvier has shown that there are strong grounds for believing these to be as little perishable in their nature as those of other animals.† But the entire absence of all *Quadrumana*—such as the ourang-outang, ape, monkey, baboon, and many other genera—is a circumstance not less striking. The animals of this family are at present as numerous as other grand divisions of Mammalia, and in their osteological characters they approach much nearer to the human species than any others. They are almost exclusively confined at present to countries lying between the tropics, and never far exceed this limit;—but as the same may be said of the Elephant, Rhinoceros, Hippopotamus, Tapir, and other genera, as well as of the reptiles so abundant in a fossil state in Europe, some extinct species at least of the Quadrumana might have been looked for. An opinion was entertained soon after the commencement of the study of organic remains, that in ascending from the lowest to the more recent strata, a gradual and progressive scale could be traced from the simplest forms of organization to those more complicated, ending at length in the class of animals most related to man. And such is still the general inference to be deduced from observed facts, though some recent exceptions to this rule are too well authenticated to justify an implicit reliance on such generalizations.

But what is most important with regard to the history of the above-mentioned lost race of quadrupeds, is the circumstance that both in the environs of Paris and in those of Orleans, as well as in Berri, and in a district not far from the Rhine, near Strasburgh, the strata inclosing them are again covered with marine deposits. A careful examination of the contents of these leaves no doubt that the sea returned and covered the land on which the animals had lived, and where the rivers and lakes were situated, in the beds of which their remains had been buried. To such an event M. Cuvier has attributed with great probability the annihilation of the quadrupeds then inhabiting the ancient continents. But to what known agents in nature can we ascribe such destructive catastrophes? 'The great winding sheets,' says Lord Bacon, 'that bury all things in oblivion are two, deluges and earthquakes.'‡ That these two causes have in fact conspired in former

* Berkley, Min. Phil. vol. ii. p. 84.
† Cuvier, Discours sur les Rev., &c. p. 137. 1825.
‡ Essay on the Vicissitude of Things.

periods and at different intervals of time to destroy the animate productions of nature, modern industry has afforded ample proof; but the labours of geologists have also shown how much of the history of extinct races may yet be rescued from oblivion. It is now twenty years since Playfair observed, 'that the land has been raised by expansive forces acting from below, and there is reason to think, that continents have alternately ascended, and descended, within a period comparatively of no great extent.' When the Huttonians first advanced these doctrines, no geologists disputed that there existed proofs of former changes, in the relative level of land and sea, but Playfair's hypothesis appeared extravagant to many, and those were deemed 'fearless of paradox who,' as Mr. Greenough expressed it,* 'attributed to the waves constancy, mobility to the land.' Yet the Huttonians were conducted to these conclusions by the observation of a class of phenomena altogether distinct from what may now be considered as furnishing the most decisive evidence in favour of them. Playfair had examined with attention the dislocations and disturbances of rocks, but the alternation of a great series of marine and freshwater formations was not then established,—nay, has only been generally admitted since all the facts from which it is inferred have been rigorously examined by persons possessing a competent knowledge of organic remains, and who have compared recent with ancient freshwater deposits.

It may not be superfluous to mention a few of the most striking of these facts. The strata associated with the Coal contain in many countries indications of a fresh-water origin; and the vegetable remains preserved in them prove the existence of dry land at the period of their deposition. The bituminous copper slate of Thuringia is of an older date than the magnesian limestone of the English series; it contains reptiles of the Saurian family, closely resembling the great monster that now lives in fresh water in the torrid zone,† and the unknown fish that abound in the same slate are regarded by Cuvier as related to freshwater genera. Strata of freshwater origin, and of considerable thickness, exist between the chalk and the oolitic series in the south-eastern districts of England.‡ The chalk is exclusively a marine deposit; and, from its great extent in Europe, and the absence of vegetable matter, sand and transported materials, is considered to have been formed at the bottom of a deep and tranquil sea. But above the chalk, both in this island and on the continent, alternations of marine and freshwater strata occur. The lowest of these are

* A Crit. Exam. of the First Principles of Geology, 191.
† Cuv. sur les Rev. p. 299.
‡ See Mem. by Dr. Fitton, Ann. of Phil. Nov. 1814.

filled

filled with vegetable matter, and in some localities in France with freshwater shells. Upon this group of strata a formation rich in a great variety of marine remains is placed, both here and in France: above that formation, again, is the freshwater deposit already referred to as including terrestrial quadrupeds; this is again covered in its turn by marine beds; and incumbent upon them in like manner another series of freshwater strata is found.

To explain such phenomena by supposing that the ocean has alternately risen and fallen, in other words, that its level has been, both frequently and permanently, changed *over the whole globe*, is an hypothesis unsupported by facts. But of changes in the level of the land we have ample testimony, and some are particularly recorded in the volume before us,* where an account is given of the late memorable earthquake that visited Chili in 1822, and continued to be felt there till near the end of 1823. The shocks of this earthquake were experienced throughout a space of 1200 miles from N. to S., and at Valparaiso 'it appeared, on the morning of the 20th, (Nov. 1822,) that the whole line of coast from N. to S., to the distance of above 100 miles, had been raised above its former level;' an old wreck of a ship, which before could not be approached, was now accessible from the land. The alteration of level† at Valparaiso was about three feet, and some rocks were thus newly exposed, on which the fishermen collected the scallop, which was not known to exist there before the earthquake. At Quintero the elevation was about four feet.

'When I went to examine the coast,' says Mrs. Graham, 'although it was high-water, I found the ancient bed of the sea laid bare and dry, with beds of oysters, muscles, and other shells adhering to the rocks on which they grew, the fish being all dead, and exhaling most offensive effluvia. I found good reason to believe that the coast had been raised by earthquakes at former periods in a similar manner, *several ancient lines of beach, consisting of shingle mixed with shells, extending in a parallel direction to the shore to the height of fifty feet above the sea.* The country has in former years been visited by earthquakes, the last of any consequence having been 93 years ago.'‡

Part of the coast thus elevated is stated to consist of granite, in which great parallel fissures were caused by the earthquake. Besides the excellent account of these phenomena given by Mrs. Graham, the observations of several other persons were published in the Journal of the Royal Institution,§ where it is stated, that 'the whole country, from the foot of the Andes to far out at sea,' was raised, the greatest rise being at the distance of about two

* Page 413. † Page 415. ‡ Ibid.
§ Jour. Roy. Inst. for 1824. vol. xvii. pp. 40. 45.

 miles

miles from the shore;' the supposed area over which the earthquake extended on the land was estimated at 100,000 square miles. 'The rise upon the coast was from two to four feet:—at the distance of a mile inland it must have been from five to six, or seven feet.'*

Nearly at the same period, when these stupendous events were occurring in South America, Dr. Jack was, by a singular coincidence, composing his paper (which also appears in the present volume) on the geology of Pulo Nias, near Sumatra, to which island the author accompanied the late amiable and lamented Sir Stamford Raffles.

'Near the surface on all the hills,' he observes,† 'masses of coral origin are found lying immediately above the rocky strata, and, to all appearances, precisely in their original position, in general so little altered, that their different species can be determined with certainty.' These species are described as obviously the same with those which now abound in the neighbouring sea, such as the madrepora muricata, and other branched kinds,

'and sometimes,' he continues, 'the transition from the recent to the fossil coral, is only effected by the gradual rise of the land from the shore. Large kima shells (chama gigas) are also found on the hills, exactly as they occur in the present reefs, and are collected by the inhabitants for the purpose of cutting into rings for the arms and wrists. *Every thing seems to indicate that the surface of the island must at one time have been the bed of the ocean.*'‡

From the great inclination of the strata of Pulo Nias, and the dislocation they sometimes appear to have suffered, and from the absence of similar unchanged and unfossilized corals and shells on the adjacent coast of Sumatra, Dr. Jack inclines to the hypothesis that there has been a heaving up of the island by a force from beneath;—Nay,

'although it must be regarded,' he adds, 'as a phenomenon of a most singular kind, that so large an island, diversified with numerous hills from 800 to 3,000 feet in height, should have been heaved up from the sea with so little disturbance to the fragile marine productions on the surface,—the appearance and nature of these productions would indicate a comparatively recent date to the event.'§

In a paper by Mr. Strangways on the geology of Russia, (also included in the volume now under review,) are some very important observations on the great changes in the distribution of land and sea that seem to have occurred at no distant period in one of those few portions of the globe of which we have any an-

* Jour. Roy. Inst. for 1824. vol. xvii. pp. 40. 45.
† Page 403. ‡ Page 404. § Ibid.

cient

cient geographical information. He describes the *steppe* extending between the Black Sea and the Caspian as

'lying at an extremely low and generally uniform level: it is marked (he proceeds) by an extreme want of fresh water, *and is covered with sand and recent shells, such as are now found in the neighbouring seas.* The lakes and pools which it contains are mostly salt, and the scanty vegetation of the steppe consists of such plants only as are found with us on the sea coast, or which are of a like nature. The rock under the superficial sand is a hard clay, sometimes left bare.'*

Mr. Strangways has traced on the map accompanying his memoir the supposed former communication of the Black Sea with the Caspian, and of the latter with the salt lake, Aral,

'according to which there must formerly have been either two inland seas separated by land in the neighbourhood of the Bosphorus, or the Mediterranean must have extended to the interior of Asia as far as the low steppe continues; and in that case its eastern shore would have been the high land which, in the steppe of the Kirghis, connects the Altay with the Himalaya mountains. Many considerable islands and peninsulas would have been thus formed; such as the Crimea, Kharizm, the Beshtan, &c., for the bed of a strait is said to be traced across the isthmus of Perecop, including the steppe of the Dnieper on the north, and a part of that of the Crimea on the south; the lake Aral would have been joined by narrow seas with the Caspian on the north-west, and perhaps also on the south-west, &c.'

We must be satisfied with referring our readers to the author's own remarks on the illustration of several ancient geographical accounts and traditions afforded by these geological facts.

No one can reflect on the above statements without being tempted to inquire whether the causes now in action are, as Dr. Buckland has supposed, 'the last expiring efforts of those mighty disturbing forces which once operated;'† or whether, as Hutton thought, they would still be sufficient in a long succession of ages to reproduce analogous results. The opinion repeated by M. Cuvier in his last publication,‡ 'that it is in vain to search in the forces now acting on the surface of the earth for causes sufficient to produce revolutions and catastrophes of which the traces are exhibited in its envelope,' is entitled without doubt to the more respect, as it seems to have been adopted by many in these later times, when additional facts have been so industriously accumulated. The total amount of change that has fallen under the observation of mankind in the course of 3,000 years is, however, so small, that the final decision of this question may certainly be regarded as incalculably remote, and indeed we can be content, for our part, to waive the speedier

* Page 37.

† Vindiciæ Geologicæ, p. 5.

‡ Cuv. Discours sur les Rev. &c. p. 41.

 solution;

solution; for we are not so warmly interested in favour of any theory, as to wish, with King Henry,

> '——— that one might read the book of fate
> And see the revolution of the times
> Make mountains level, and the continent,
> Weary of solid firmness, melt itself
> Into the sea.'

But in the present state of our knowledge, it appears premature to assume that existing agents could not, in the lapse of ages, produce such effects as fall principally under the examination of the geologist. It is an assumption, moreover, directly calculated to repress the ardour of inquiry, by destroying all hope of interpreting what is obscure in the past by an accurate investigation of the present phenomena of nature.

Those naturalists who have prosecuted with the greatest success the study of fossil remains concur in opinion that the earth during the deposition of the secondary strata was not in a state of chaotic confusion. There are proofs of occasional convulsions, but there are also proofs of intervening periods of order and tranquillity. The notion of a continually decreasing energy in nature's power to modify and disturb the earth's surface first originated in the observation that strata of the highest antiquity have suffered the greatest and most general derangement. But such must be the necessary effect of the uniform action of the same cause throughout a long succession of ages; and the frequent unconformability of strata clearly shows that disturbances have taken place at many and at different periods. There would perhaps have been some weight in the argument if the derangement of recent deposits were not merely of more partial occurrence, but invariably on a scale of inferior violence. But the fact is far otherwise. We find the chalk in Ireland extensively intermixed with trap, and in Hampshire thrown together with more recent formations into a vertical position. Beds of the purbeck series in Dorsetshire, and of the plastic clay in the Isle of Wight, are contorted in the same manner as primary clay slate. In no part of Europe are effects of disturbance displayed on so stupendous a scale as in the Alps. Yet the date of this convulsion is, geologically speaking, extremely modern, for marine strata as recent as the green sand, chalk, and even some tertiary formations are discovered in this chain at an elevation of more than ten thousand feet above the level of the sea. Professor Buckland has remarked that these Alpine tertiary deposits are 'contemporaneous fragments of the more extensive strata of the adjacent low countries.'* Since then the disturbing

* 'On the Formation of Valleys by Elevation.' Geol. Trans. vol. ii. 2d ser. p. 127.

force

force continued unimpaired even subsequently to the formation of some tertiary deposits, those geologists who contend it is now in the wane must reason from a very limited number of facts indeed.

Both Mr. Poulett Scrope* and Dr. Daubeny† in their recent publications agree in considering that the effects produced at present by earthquakes and volcanos are at least analogous in kind, if inferior in degree, to those that have resulted from similar agents at remote æras. More than 170 volcanos are at present in activity on the land, even if separate orifices at a short distance from one another be reckoned as one volcano; and there is reason to believe that there are at least as many, and probably a much greater number, beneath the sea—the power of which latter in throwing up islands and altering the bed of the sea is well known.

The chain of extinct volcanos described by the above mentioned authors in Auvergne, the latest of which became extinct before the period of any historical records; the streams of lava, which can be traced from their craters to the choked up vallies, and to the ancient courses of rivers thereby diverted into new channels;—these and many more phenomena raise the strongest presumption in favour of the great antiquity of some parts of the European continent.‡ When we consider the deltas of large rivers, the strata at the bottom of freshwater lakes in Germany, Italy, and England, but, above all, the recent deposits at the bottom of the great American lakes Superior and Huron, inclosing shells of the very species now inhabiting those lakes and exposed to view in consequence of the subsidence of the water occasioned by the partial destruction of their barriers,§ we can affirm with certainty that modern freshwater deposits, of no inconsiderable thickness, far exceed in area the ancient freshwater formations, at present described. As to the scale on which submarine strata are now formed, we remain, of course, in comparative ignorance, but it is certainly more considerable than has been supposed by many. Whether the coral reefs of the East Indian archipelago are built up from an unfathomable depth, as Flinders imagined, or are based on submarine volcanos, as Kotzebue and more modern writers suppose, we are at least certain, from the manner in which these zoophytes increase, and from the necessary accumulation of their broken fragments, that those aggregations of calcareous matter cannot be of slight depth, while we know that their superficial extent is immense. Captain King, in his late survey of Australia, sailed along a continued

* Considerations on Volcanos, by G. Poulett Scrope, Esq. London. 1825.

† See p. 2. Description of active and extinct Volcanos, by Charles Daubeny, M.D. London. 1826.

‡ Letters to Professor Jameson, on the Volcanos of Auvergne, by Charles Daubeny, M.D. F.R.S.

§ Dr. Bigsby in the Journal of Science, &c. No. 37. pp. 262, 263.

line of coral reef for 700 miles, interrupted only by a few intervals not exceeding 30 miles. These reefs stretch from the north-east coast of Australia towards New Guinea, and very far exceed in length any chain of secondary mountains in Europe. It is unnecessary to remind the geologist, how close a resemblance masses of such zoophytes intermixed with calcareous sand and the exuviæ of testacea so abundant in tropical seas, must bear to the greater part of the ancient oolitic formations. A calcareous concreted sand-rock unquestionably of modern formation has been found to exist in Australia throughout a space of no less than 25 degrees of latitude, and an equal extent of longitude, on the southern, west, and north-west coasts. We might adduce many more examples from the Mediterranean, and other seas, but we shall content ourselves with stating, in conclusion, that the stone of Guadaloupe containing the human skeletons is, in parts, as compact as the greater proportion of our secondary rocks. This description of rock is very common in the West Indian Archipelago, and increases rapidly; it forms the 'gained land,' which has extended the plain of Cayes in St. Domingo, and there the remains of pottery and other human implements have been found at the depth of 20 feet.*

There are still, it may be said, some conglomerate rocks in Europe and in America, such, for instance, as are remarkably exhibited both in the old and new red sandstone formations, that evince a continued and destructive action over a great extent of the globe, unparalleled by existing causes. That the sudden elevation or subsidence of land *might* be attended with such catastrophes will, however, hardly be denied. Earthquakes and volcanos are, for the most part, characterized by brief periods of intense activity, interrupted by irregular intervals of quiescence.† Of the duration of these intervals we must be, at present, altogether ignorant, for centuries of complete tranquillity have intervened between recorded eruptions of volcanos accompanied with violent shocks of earthquakes.——But we cannot allow ourselves to speculate farther on these topics, and return to our zoological observations.

Of *birds* an extremely limited number have hitherto been discovered in a fossil state, and their scarcity forms a striking contrast to the abundance of other kinds of vertebrated animals. In the gypsum of Paris, however, before mentioned, several well defined species have been found and described by M. Cuvier. They were coeval with the Palæotherium and its contemporaries, and were different, like them, from any species now living; yet, with

* Cuv. Discours sur les Rev. &c. p. 134. † Scrope, on Volcanos, p. 9.

respect

respect to 'the general laws of co-existence and structure, and all that relates to the nature of their organs and their essential functions,' they were the same as those of our own time."*

But in *oviparous quadrupeds*, remarkable alike for their magnitude and organization, nature has, in ancient epochs, teemed throughout these latitudes with a prolific power not exerted at present even between the tropics. These quadrupeds occur in strata of far more ancient date than the viviparous class. They make their first appearance in England in the lias, where many skeletons are procured in so perfect a state that the most exact knowledge has been obtained of their structure. In the volume before us are two excellent papers, by Mr. Conybeare, on the osteological characters of the fossil genera Ichthyosaurus and Plesiosaurus, both first discovered and determined in this country.

'The Ichthyosaurus is an animal entirely sui-generis; possessing, however, sufficient analogies with the Saurian order to justify our referring it to that great natural division:—it holds an intermediate place between the crocodile and lacertæ.'

Like the Cetacea it was exclusively an inhabitant of the sea; its eyes were of an enormous size, its neck short, its tail extremely long, its paddles broad and flat, and its whole frame admirably adapted for passing with rapidity through the water. Mr. Conybeare has ascertained four distinct species: one of these, I. communis, sometimes exceeds twenty feet in length; and I. platyodon was yet more gigantic.

The Plesiosaurus was still more extraordinary. Of this genus five species are ascertained. An almost entire skeleton of one of these—P. dolichodeirus, found in lias at Lyme Regis in Dorsetshire, and now in the possession of the Duke of Buckingham, is figured in this volume. This specimen does not exceed eight or nine feet in length, but the same species sometimes attained the length of twenty feet. It was distinguished from all known oviparous and viviparous quadrupeds, by a thin slender neck, equalling or exceeding the body in length, and composed of above thirty vertebræ.

'This great increase,' observes Mr. Conybeare, 'of the number of joints in the neck is the more remarkable from the rigour with which nature appears in most cases to have enforced the law of a very limited number. In all quadrupedal animals, in all the mammalia, (excepting only the tridactyl sloths, which have nine,) the series is exactly seven; and so strict is this rule, that even the short and stiff neck of the whale, and the long and flexible neck of the camelopard are formed out of the same elementary number; the vertebræ in the former instance being extremely thin and anchylosed together, and in the latter greatly elongated. Rep-

* Cuv. Oss. Foss. vol. iii. pp. 15. 255.

tiles

tiles possess only from three to eight cervical vertebræ; birds approaching in this more nearly to the present species, but still falling greatly short of it, have from nine to twenty-three, the number being the greatest in the swan.'*

As the tail of the Plesiosaurus was short, and the neck long, its form was the converse of that of the Ichthyosaurus, and

'the views of Geoffroy de St. Hilaire,' says Mr. Conybeare, 'that nature, in the organization of the animal frame, has caused the sternal portion to shift its position along the vertebral column, seem to derive an important corroboration from the structure of this animal; but it is remarkable that whereas the sternum holds a mean position in quadrupeds, and is thrown forwards in fishes, and backwards in birds, yet its position in this instance assimilates the Plesiosaurus less to fishes, though destined to move in the same element, than to birds, and exhibits at the same time a very wide departure from the type of the Saurian tribe.'

From the smallness of its head, its length of neck and shortness of tail, the Plesiosaurus, although it wanted a shell, was in some degree analogous in its general proportions to the tortoise and turtle—the latter it must have resembled in its motion.

'That it was aquatic is evident from the form of its paddles; that it was marine is almost equally so from the remains with which it is universally associated; that it may have occasionally visited the shore, the resemblance of its extremities to those of the turtle may lead us to conjecture; its motion, however, must have been very awkward on land; its long neck must have impeded its progress through the water, presenting a striking contrast to the organization which so admirably fits the Ichthyosaurus to cut through the waves. May it not therefore be concluded (since, in addition to these circumstances, its respiration must have required frequent access of air) that it swam upon or near the surface, arching back its long neck like the swan, and occasionally darting it down at the fish which happened to float within its reach?'—p. 388.

The habits here ascribed by Mr. Conybeare to the Plesiosaurus correspond very closely with those of the Testudo ferox, an inhabitant of Pensylvania, Carolina, and East Florida, whose neck when extended is nearly equal to its shell in length. It is described in Shaw's Zoology,† as 'fond of the muddy parts of rivers, hiding itself among the roots and leaves of water-plants, and thence springing on its prey, stretching out its neck to an incredible length, and seizing with celerity birds, &c.' A restoration of the skeleton of the Plesiosaurus dolichodeirus, and another of that of the Ichthyosaurus communis, are given by Mr. Conybeare. We need say nothing of the discernment and anatomical skill with which these tasks have been performed; it is only necessary to mention that M. Cuvier, by adopting in almost every particular, and after a full examination, in his Fossil Os-

* Page 383. † Vol. iii. p. 65, 66.

teology.

teology, Mr. Conybeare's descriptions and plates, has paid our distinguished countryman the highest compliment that it was possible for him to receive.

In this volume is a notice, by Dr. Buckland, of the Megalosaurus of Stonesfield, another genus of fossil oviparous quadrupeds of prodigious magnitude. Although the known parts of the skeleton are at present very limited, it is ascertained to have belonged to the order of Saurians. From the dimensions of a thigh bone belonging to this animal, in the museum at Oxford, Cuvier, judging from the ordinary standard of the lizard family, assigned to the individual to which it belonged a length exceeding forty feet, and a bulk equal to an elephant seven feet high. But a femur twice as large has since been discovered, together with other bones of another of the same species, in the ferruginous sandstone of Tilgate Forest, near Cuckfield, in Sussex. This is preserved in the collection of Mr. Gideon Mantell, of Lewes.

'If,' says the Professor, 'the total length and height of animals were in proportion to the linear dimensions of their extremities, the beast in question would have equalled in height our largest elephants, and in length fallen but little short of the largest whales; but as the longitudinal growth of animals is not in so high a ratio, after making some deduction, we may calculate the length of this reptile from Cuckfield at from *sixty to seventy feet.*'

We ought not to omit, when speaking of the fossil reptiles found in Sussex, the Iguanodon, which, like the three former genera, has been first discovered in this county. Mr. Mantell, upon comparing the teeth with those of a recent Iguana in the College of Surgeons, satisfactorily ascertained its affinity to that animal; the teeth are remarkable for their serrated edges and the ridges on the vertical surface.* This reptile is supposed to have been *sixty feet* in length, to have been herbivorous, and probably to have inhabited fresh water; for the assemblage of organic remains in the strata that inclose it, afford almost unequivocal proofs of having been deposited in the estuary of a great river. The largest living species of crocodiles are said sometimes to attain *thirty feet* in length,† but they rarely exceed twenty. Huge reptiles now inhabit exclusively warmer latitudes; they are most abundant between the tropics; but in the northern hemisphere, both in North America and in Africa, they sometimes exceed this limit by ten or twelve degrees.

We cannot wonder that geologists have been suspected of a love for the marvellous, and that sceptics should be exceedingly

* Cuv. Oss. Foss. vol. v. part ii. p. 351. † Shaw, vol. iii. p. 186.

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numerous in this our island, although it is still as true as it was in the time of Trinculo, that if 'a strange beast' be exhibited here, 'there is not a holyday fool but would give a piece of silver.' Whether it be a giant or a dwarf, a natural or artificial deformity, a Chinese mermaid, or any creature born with more or less than its due proportion of members, it will not want admirers of a certain class. But there is also no country where so many persons can be found of inquiring mind and liberal education, and yet almost entirely ignorant even of the first elementary steps of natural history. If these are without skill in comparative anatomy, and are yet interested in the results of these osteological researches, we may remind them that a leaning on the side of credulity was deemed truly philosophical by Pliny—'nam mihi contuenti se persuasit Rerum Natura nihil incredibile existimare de eâ.'* 'If any thing could justify,' says Cuvier, 'those hydras and other monsters whose figures are so often repeated in the monuments of the middle ages, it would incontestably be the Plesiosaurus.'† Yet we may confidently say of this creature, and of the Megalosaurus and Iguanodon, what Ariosto had the audacity to declare of his hyppo-griffin:

'Non finzion d' incanto come il resto
Ma vero e natural si vedea questo.'

The Pterodactyls, however, or flying lizards, described by Cuvier,‡ recal still more forcibly to our recollection the winged dragons of fabulous legends. They might, perhaps, have been as inoffensive as the small flying reptile now found in Asia and Africa;§ but the size of some of them, their long jaws armed with sharp teeth, and the hooked nails of their claws, would render them truly terrific were they to revisit Christendom, now no longer under the shield of the Seven Champions. That we should find some fictitious animals of romance nearly realized, upon being suddenly admitted as it were to the creations of new worlds, will surprize none who are conversant with the laws of organic nature, and who have well considered the principles on which the charms of poetic fiction depend. In fabricating imaginary animals the license of fiction does not extend to extravagant violations of known analogies, but merely to the combination of parts and functions never yet seen to co-exist. It is not long since naturalists discovered in a living animal, the Ornithorhynchus of New Holland, the organization and habits not

* Pliny, lib. xi. chap. 3.
† Cuvier, Discours sur les Rev. p. 303. 1825.
‡ Cuv. Oss. Fos. vol. ii. part ii. p. 358. 380.
§ Draco volans of Linn. See Shaw, vol. iii. p. 177.

only

only of different genera, but of three distinct classes of former systems, all united and blended together in one single individual.

To enter at large into the consideration of other classes of organic remains, or to examine in detail those described in the present volume, would be inconsistent with our present limits and scope. In the illustration of these objects, lithography has been successfully employed. This art, so strongly recommended by its surior cheapness, may exert a favourable influence on the future progress of science, and particularly on natural history, which has always been retarded by the unavoidable expense of engraving. The plates descriptive of the osteological structure of the large Reptiles we have been mentioning deserve especial commendation, as do the figures of plants discovered by Mr. Mantell in the same strata with the Iguanodon, near Cuckfield in Sussex. These remains consist partly of ferns, that numerous fossil genus, and partly of vegetables analogous to the genera Zamia and Cycas, now particularly characteristic of tropical regions. The plates of Orthoceræ* from the islands of Lake Huron are also admirably executed in lithography. These chambered univalve shells, so interesting to the conchologist from the peculiar structure of the siphuncle, are described in a paper by Dr. Bigsby on the geology of part of North America bordering on Lake Huron. No recent species of Orthocera hitherto discovered exceeds half an inch in length; the fossil species both in Europe and America frequently attain the length of many feet. The only multilocular univalve Testacea of large dimensions now existing are some species of Nautilus, and these are confined to tropical climates. The abundance therefore of Ammonites, Orthoceræ, and Nautili of great magnitude, in the strata of Europe and North America, is worthy of observation, as tending, in concurrence with other branches of organic remains, to confirm that striking deduction of geology, that the former temperature of the northern hemisphere was much higher than it is at present.

As the fossil species appear to be all, with very few exceptions, extinct, we reason only from analogy when we draw this conclusion, and we ought therefore to require a great accumulation of evidence, together with perfect harmony in the proofs. This question, concerning the former temperature of the globe, is extremely interesting, and it has so often been alluded to during our consideration of fossil animals and plants, that we shall lay before

* However great may be the expedience of a speedy reform in the nomenclature of natural history, we must not attempt it in this place. It may be as well, in compassion to the uninitiated, to inform them that, when Lamarck writes Orthocera, he means Orthoceras, and that, in the language now spoken by conchologists, Orthoceræ stands for Orthoceratæ.

our

our readers a concise view of the principal data on which the prevailing opinions of naturalists in regard to it are founded.

Remains of large herbivorous quadrupeds occur in the superficial gravel of Europe and North America, referable to genera now confined to warmer climates. Their number does not diminish as we proceed northwards, but, on the contrary, the greatest abundance has been found in Siberia, where the vegetation is now so scanty and buried for so long a time under the snow of a polar winter, that it is impossible to conceive how herds of elephants could ever have existed there, had the climate been always so severe as it is at present. Various oviparous quadrupeds, tortoises, turtles, crocodiles, and those gigantic Saurian animals, which engaged our attention in an earlier part of this essay, are distributed in profusion throughout the strata of every part of Europe, some even in the most recent formations above the chalk, and others in different parts of the series, down to the lias and the copper-slate of Thuringia inclusive. Nothing analogous to these classes of large reptiles exists at present in temperate latitudes.

Univalve shells are said to predominate in number over bivalves throughout the secondary strata in Europe, as at present in tropical seas.* To the occurrence of large chambered univalve shells, and the conclusions to which they point, we need not again refer. Corals and other zoophytes are found at present to increase in size, in variety of species, and rapidity of growth, as we approach the equator. They form large reefs in intertropical seas, where their comminuted fragments constitute a considerable portion of the beach, and are remarkable for their tendency to consolidate, with other loose materials, into rock. Such a state of things must be supposed to have existed when the oolitic series and many other strata in Europe were deposited. But as we ascend towards the superior and more recent formations, which contain genera of shells more analogous to those now inhabiting our seas, fossil zoophytes become much rarer and inferior in size.

The above inferences are derived from so extensive a collection of facts, that the number of exceptions must be regarded as singularly small, and most of these are merely founded on analogy like the evidence on the other side. Remains of Cetaceous animals, for example, of a genus now exclusively tropical, have been discovered in a limestone in France, the *calcaire grossière*, with a species of another Cetaceous *genus* now peculiar to the frozen zone.† A more remarkable exception occurs in the discovery of

* Defrance, Tab. des Corps Org. Foss. 51. 125.
† Cuv. Discours sur les Rev. p. 315.

bones

bones of a deer (not distinguishable from a rein-deer, a *species* now confined to frozen latitudes) with those of the Rhinoceros and other fossil quadrupeds of the same epoch.* They, however, belong to superficial gravel, and it is not pretended that the organic remains of this *debris* afford such strong indications of a tropical temperature as older formations; besides that it is impossible to affirm that animals thus confusedly mixed together were in every instance contemporaneous, or were not buried in the gravel at distinct and distant periods. That genera of animals now exclusively tropical may once have contained species adapted to live in colder climates is undeniable. We find existing species, for instance, of the Ox kind, universally distributed; the musk ox in the arctic, the common ox in the temperate, and the buffalo in the equatorial regions. But notwithstanding these and other objections, the argument from analogy is unimpaired, so long as it is incontestably established that certain families or groups of genera of animals are at present characteristic of warmer climates, and are wanting, or but feebly represented, in colder latitudes: the same law holding equally with regard to assemblages of fossil remains, and most unequivocally so in some formations of considerable antiquity.

Although our knowledge of fossil Plants is more limited, they supply proofs, still more decided than do animal remains, of the ancient high temperature of the earth. The vegetation of tropical countries is now distinguished from that of colder latitudes by the luxuriance and predominance of the Palm tribe, by the arborescence of Ferns and certain kinds of Grasses, and many other characters; but several genera of plants are at present common to arctic, temperate, and equinoctial climates. Now, as we descend to ancient strata, particularly the coal, plants belonging to families and genera analogous to Palms, abound, together with Tree-ferns of great size, and Grasses arborescent on a scale of magnitude never obtained at present even between the tropics; while those genera and families now characteristic of cold climates, or even such as are common both to temperate and tropical regions, are *entirely absent*. The only approach yet discovered in the organization of any coal-fossils to plants now abounding in temperate climates is to be found in those supposed by some writers to have formed a link between the Palmaceous and *Coniferous* orders; but even these latter, it will be remembered, are not excluded at present from tropical countries. Hence the most eminent botanists who have yet directed their attention to this study have been led to infer that, when the coal-plants were in existence, the heat

* Cuv. Discours sur les Rev. p. 342. 1825.

was far more intense than is now experienced even between the tropics; and however astonishing this inference may seem, it can scarcely be rejected until some ground is shown for distrusting all evidence derived from analogy on these subjects. That we by no means comprehend all the laws that regulate the geographical distribution of living plants over the globe must be confessed. That there are some causes hitherto undiscovered, capable, in co-operation with temperature, of promoting or retarding the development of certain forms and characters of vegetation, is more than probable; but that temperature is at present the most powerful of all, is unquestionable; and that it was so when the Plants of the coal were in being we must presume, until reasons are adduced for believing that the system of nature has, in this respect, been entirely changed.

As to the manner in which so surprizing a revolution in the temperature of the globe has been effected, no conjecture deserving much consideration has yet been made known; and if a satisfactory explanation of so difficult a problem is ever obtained, we shall probably be indebted to astronomy for it. Geology can only account for local fluctuations of climate in the same latitudes, by furnishing us with evidence almost conclusive, that, during the deposition of stratified rocks, changes in the distribution of land and sea were frequent and considerable. In consequence of these changes the relative extent of superficial land and water may often have differed greatly. Continents or open seas may have alternately existed at the poles or at the equator. The land, according to its varying form, would necessarily determine in particular directions warm currents from tropical towards arctic seas, or cold currents bearing floating ice from arctic towards tropical latitudes. But these causes, though far too important to be kept out of view whenever this question is considered, are essentially partial in their operation and limited in degree; whereas the phenomena indicate most signal and remarkable alteration in climate, and that co-extensive with every part of the northern hemisphere hitherto examined in America, Europe, and Asia.

Some modern authors conceive that a comparison of the fossils of Bengal, the Carnatic and other equatorial countries, with those of Europe and North America, warrants the conclusion that the former temperature of the earth was more uniform as well as more elevated than the present; and they endeavour to explain this circumstance by supposing that climate was formerly independent, in a great degree, of solar heat, deriving warmth from the interior of the earth itself, which, since the original oxydation of its metallic nucleus, has been (say they) in a state of gradual refrigeration. We should not have ventured to amuse our readers with

with such a bare hypothesis, if it had not already awakened the curiosity of many to a class of facts extremely interesting, although too few in number to admit as yet of extensive generalization. The uniformity of ancient climate can only be established when scientific researches shall have been further prosecuted in every zone, from the territories of our new allies the Esquimaux, to the southern boundaries of our Indian empire.

Before we finally take leave of organic remains, we must not forget that Professor Buckland has in this volume made particular mention of the first example of a *mammiferous quadruped* occurring in *an ancient secondary rock*. The remains of land quadrupeds had never before been observed in any formation so ancient as the chalk: but in the calcareous slate of Stonesfield in Oxfordshire, which lies in the upper part of the lowest division of oolitic rocks, Dr. Buckland notes—

'Two portions of the jaw of the Didelphis or Opossum, being of the size of a small kangaroo rat, and belonging to a family which now exists chiefly in America, Southern Asia, and New Holland.... I refer (he adds) the fossil in question to this family on the authority of M. Cuvier who has examined it.'

As this fact is completely at variance with all preceding observations, it is not surprizing that it has been received with some scepticism. M. Constant Prevost,* who has himself visited Stonesfield, has lately published a memoir, in which every argument that can be urged to invalidate Dr. Buckland's opinion is put forth with great ability and with a spirit of fairness; but all this has not in the least shaken our reliance on the accuracy of the statement. In the first place, it is admitted that the remains in question were decidedly imbedded in the Stonesfield slate. To this stratum, 'in working the quarries at Stonesfield, they descend by vertical shafts through a solid rock of corn-brash and stratified clay more than forty feet thick.'† M. Cuvier, who has re-examined the fossil in question since the objection was started, still pronounces the animal to have been mammiferous, resembling an opossum, although of an extinct genus, and differing from all known carnivorous mammalia in having ten teeth in a series in the lower jaw. M. Constant Prevost remarks, 'that the relations of the slate in question, both with the superincumbent and subjacent beds, are obscure at Stonesfield; that doubts have been expressed by different English writers as to the exact position it occupies among the minor subdivisions of the oolitic series; that the schistose oolitic rocks, supposed by Dr. Buckland and other English geologists

* Observations sur les Schistes calc. oolit. de Stonesfield. Ann. des Sciences Nat. April, 1825.

† p. 393.

to belong to the same formation, and said 'to extend across England, from Coly-Weston near Stamford in Lincolnshire to Hinton near Bath, and in many places extensively quarried for coarse oolitic slate used for covering houses,'* may perhaps be incorrectly referred to the Stonesfield strata, 'for they do not agree precisely in all their mineralogical characters, nor contain in any other locality the same singular assemblage of organic remains as at Stonesfield.'—As, however, the French geologist has not visited these various localities, he is incapable of appreciating the weight of one description of evidence which has powerfully influenced the minds of English observers. The eye can often recognize resemblances between different rocks in regard to their colour, texture, mode of aggregation, and the general physiognomy of the entire group of strata, quite as incapable of description as are those features of the human countenance that sometimes constitute the strongest likeness between individuals. Now the importance attached to these minute correspondences is not of a fanciful or delusive kind: for although crystalline rocks of widely different ages may often be identical in composition and external character, because their aggregation may be regulated by the fixed laws of chemical combination, yet, in rocks of sedimentary origin, an exact coincidence in the particulars before alluded to, in conjunction with considerable similarity of fossil contents, can scarcely arise from any other cause than contemporaneous deposition from the same fluid; and if, in addition to numerous circumstances of this kind, there are grounds, as in the case of the Stonesfield slate, for presuming the constant relation of certain other rocks always contiguous in the different localities, it is inconceivable that accidental or independent causes could have occasioned such results. But we have moreover to inquire, if the Stonesfield slate be not referable to the oolitic formation, what place can be assigned to it in the series? The hypothesis hinted at by M. Prevost to relieve us from this dilemma, although ingenious, is evidently so unsatisfactory, even to himself, that we shall not stay to comment upon it, but proceed to consider whether the remains of Stonesfield are really so anomalous as is imagined, and whether the unwillingness on the part of continental naturalists to receive the facts communicated by Dr. Buckland has not far exceeded the bounds of reasonable caution.

The abundance of fossil wood in the lias and oolite has always warranted the conclusion, that continents existed at the time of their deposition. That the rivers of those continents floated down not only wood, but occasionally animals drowned on their banks,

* Observations sur les Schistes calc. oolit. de Stonesfield. Ann. des Sciences Nat. April, 1825, p. 393.

as well as water-birds and oviparous quadrupeds, we may fairly presume. That they sometimes carried them into the open sea and mingled them with marine shells and zoophytes is no less probable. Such admixtures would necessarily be limited in extent, as is the case at Stonesfield; for rivers like the Amazon and Oronoco, which may be supposed extensively to affect the sea at a great distance from land, can never be numerous. That phenomena like those at Stonesfield have seldom presented themselves, appears less remarkable, when we reflect that we have examined the organic remains of continuous formations in a few insulated spots only. The analogy of the fossils of Stonesfield and Cuckfield in Sussex tends to confirm the antiquity of the former, and not to render it more problematical, although M. Prevost, not being in possession of facts since ascertained, has so contended. Fortunately there is no question whatever as to the position of the Tilgate beds. Their relations can be studied not only at Cuckfield and other localities in the interior of the country, but in the cliffs at Hastings. They are certainly of a date anterior to the chalk and green sand. If mammiferous quadrupeds of the order cetacea occur, as Dr. Buckland mentions, in so old a stratum as that of Cuckfield, the possibility of their presence in the Stonesfield slate and in the corn-brash limestone in Oxfordshire, in both of which they are declared to have been found, ought to be admitted with little reluctance.* But if marine mammalia were then created, it is not improbable that terrestrial animals of the same class existed; and although it is surprizing that one example only has yet been discovered, we must not forget how large a portion of the European secondary formations are entirely marine, while, on the other hand, no bones of quadrupeds have yet been procured from the lower freshwater formation in Hampshire, although, in fossil contents and geological position, it is so analogous to the freshwater rocks in France and Germany, which inclose such multitudes of extinct mammalia.

The analogy between the fossils of Stonesfield and Cuckfield was first observed by Mr. Mantell,† and is now placed in so strong a light by Dr. Buckland‡ that many readers may perhaps be misled, like M. Prevost, into a belief of their almost perfect identity. But, in the first place, there is a total discrepancy in their fossil shells; those of Stonesfield being exclusively marine and sometimes accompanied by zoophytes, those of Cuckfield being all analogous to freshwater testacea. The fossil Plants of the two localities differ generically. At Stonesfield a large proportion are decidedly marine, algæ, fuci, &c.; while others, like

* Page 392. † Geology of Sussex, p. 59, 60. ‡ Page 394.

all those of Cuckfield, are terrestrial, lacustrine or fluviatile. We have not sufficient information concerning the bones, teeth, and palates of the various fishes and sharks to decide that any two of them agree in species. This remark applies with still greater force to the remains of cetacea and birds. No Didelphis has yet been found in the Tilgate beds, no Iguanodon at Stonesfield. That the bones of gigantic dimensions procured at Cuckfield belong strictly to the same genus as the Megalosaurus of Stonesfield, we have little doubt, although the bones of the skeleton hitherto found in actual apposition at either place are so few, that to determine this point, much less to decide on their specific identity, is impossible. The same may be said of the Plesiosaurus and Crocodile. Although the tortoises are numerous in both localities, none have yet been shown to be of the same species. The correspondence, in short, of the remains at Stonesfield and Tilgate Forest, imbedded in strata totally dissimilar in mineralogical characters, is what we might expect to find between the same formations and the deltas of the Nile, Ganges, and all large rivers of the present day in hot climates.

We have only space to allude briefly to some of the geological papers in this volume. They contain a great mass of new information, and we cannot but express our regret that the Geological Society, possessing so many zealous members, and engaged in promoting a science so fertile in new discoveries, should have permitted a lapse of two years to intervene between the completion of the volume we have been reviewing, and a new part, published whilst we are concluding this Article. There are two papers by Mr. Colebrooke on the valley of the Sutluj river, in the Himalaya mountains, and on the north-eastern border of Bengal, and another by Mr. Fraser on the country between Delhi and Bombay, which, when considered together, are sufficient to establish a remarkable resemblance in the leading geological features of the vast continent of India to that of Europe and North America. The primary rocks in Central India and in the Himalaya mountains are identical in mineralogical character with those of the Alps, and, in fact, of all primary ranges in the world. The striking analogy of the fossils from the north-east of Bengal to those of the formations above the chalk in England, is extremely curious, and quite consistent with the conclusions already deduced from the organic remains procured in the strata near Madras, and deposited with specimens from various parts of India in the museum of the Geological Society. The identity of the basalts and amygdaloids, and other varieties of trap brought by Mr. Fraser from India, with those found in similar situations in England, is no less interesting; and lastly, the coal formation, consisting

consisting of micaceous sandstone, bituminous shale and coal, on the banks of the Tista and Subuk rivers, which descend from the Bhotan mountains, cannot fail to recal to the mind of the geologist the ancient coal formations of Europe and North America.

The joint paper on the south-western coal district of England, by Dr. Buckland and Mr. Conybeare, deserves attention no less for the variety than the importance of its contents. It establishes the relations of some of the most remarkable British rocks, and furnishes us with an accurate description of the physical geography of a large district. It may also be regarded as a statistical document of the first authority, containing numerous detailed sections of collieries and a determination of the limits of the coal fields of Bristol, the Forest of Dean, and several of minor extent, by which their present productive powers and future resources may be estimated; lastly, it supplies data, founded on multiplied observations, which may direct the search of the miner to new discoveries, and often prevent a fruitless expenditure of capital in unsuccessful trials. The Bristol coal district, illustrated by the beautiful map and sections accompanying this memoir, may be pointed out to the student as full of instruction, for a great variety of formations are here comprized within a small space; and, while a knowledge of their regular order of superposition may be easily obtained, instructive examples occur of the occasional absence of different members of the series and of the leading features of disturbance exhibited on so immense a scale in high mountain chains. We regard this country also as the more entitled to the student's preference, because trap rocks, so abundant in the coal fields of Scotland and the north of England, are here entirely wanting, at least in every formation from the old red sandstone to the oolite inclusive. Geologists have in general commenced their investigations in countries where the derangement of the strata was greatest, and all the phenomena attending them the most complicated. They have studied the exceptions before the rule; and when to this we add disregard to the present operations of nature, whether with reference to aqueous deposits or volcanic products, we cannot be surprized that the theories of the earlier professors of this science, even when founded exclusively on facts and observations, were contradictory; and that the generalizations of Werner and Hutton, though bearing impressed upon them the decided marks of genius, have required considerable modifications.

Two great series of rocks occupy the south-western coal district. In the first, comprizing the lowest and most ancient formations, (the greywacke transition limestone, old red sandstone, mountain limestone and coal measures,) the strata are highly in-

clined, and exhibit marks of disturbance in every form of fracture and irregular position. Those of the second series, on the contrary, (the newer red sandstone, lias and oolite,) are either perfectly level or inclined imperceptibly to the horizon: they seldom show traces of internal derangement, and they rest transversely on the truncated edges of the strata of the former series. That the inclined strata were formed originally in a nearly horizontal position is highly probable; for the order of their superposition is very regular. But the convulsions to which they owe their present fractures, curvature and elevation, must have been long subsequent to their formation; for all the members of the series are affected in the same manner. As these disturbances very rarely extend to the over-lying beds, the lapse of a considerable interval of time between the deposition of the two series is clearly indicated. In consequence of the total want of conformity between these, and the occasional absence of some of the overlying formations, any member of one series may in this district be in contact with any member of the other.

We regret that we cannot present to such of our readers as may not be familiar with the first principles of geology an intelligible analysis of this admirable memoir without extending the present Article to an unreasonable length. But even those who have never before directed their attention to this subject will readily perceive the advantages derivable from the knowledge of the superposition of a succession of formations once ascertained to be constant and regular. In the eastern part of England, where few formations, reckoning from the new red sandstone upwards, are ever wanting, costly trials have been often made to obtain coal; and in some instances the operations have commenced in very recent deposits. In the present state of geological science such futile attempts will scarcely be repeated. In the west of England trials have been frequently made to reach coal by shafts sunk through strata now known invariably to occupy an inferior position to the coal measures when both are present. Wherever, in the map to which we have alluded, we find greywacke, transition limestone, mountain limestone, or old red sandstone, depicted as the superficial rock, it would be clearly absurd to sink for coal. As the coal measures are divisible into groups of strata, preserving among themselves a regular order of succession, and distinguishable by mineralogical character and organic remains, an attention to these points may often assist the judgment when the propriety of enlarging operations in mines already worked with profit is to be decided on. An extensive comparison moreover of the relations of the two series of formations enables the geologist to form an opinion of the probability of obtaining coal

coal or iron ore by sinking to the coal measures through the overlying deposits. Our authors, by the study of such phenomena, have come to the important conclusion that *much of the area in which coal may be found is still untouched*, and they have assigned grounds, which are most clearly indicated in their section,* for believing that an unexplored coal basin exists along the course of the Severn, between Aust and Portishead point.† They have referred to the places where trials by boring might be made, and they consider it probable also that a coal basin, hitherto unexamined, exists beneath the red marl to the south of the Mendip range.

The above communication is followed by another by Mr. Weaver on the northern angle of the Bristol coal field and part of the adjacent country, also illustrated by a map and sections. The author, from the advantage of local residence, has been enabled to enter into very minute details, and it is therefore highly satisfactory to find his account of this district corresponding strictly with that of the preceding authors, especially as his investigations embrace the whole of the same series of formations. There is, however, one insulated spot on which there is a disagreement—with regard to the connection of trap rocks with the transition limestone. A great majority of geologists, in opposition to the Wernerian hypothesis, now ascribe trap rocks to the eruptions of ancient submarine volcanos. And if this theory of their origin be correct, confusion and obscurity in their position and relations ought naturally to be expected.

As we have principally confined our view of geological discoveries to fossil organic remains, we shall conclude with some reflections naturally arising out of this branch of the science. The course of our observations has led us to treat both of the fossil plants of the coal measures and of the connection of the carboniferous strata with other formations. That coal is of vegetable origin is, we believe, doubted by no one. It is observed that peat under pressure, and subjected to the action of water, becomes bituminized, and resembles some kinds of lignite; that lignite, occurring in secondary formations more recent than the great carboniferous series, and being evidently a kind of fossil wood, sometimes passes by imperceptible gradations into coal. Impressions of plants also, though rarely distinguishable, are sometimes found in the coal itself, and are very abundant in the accompanying shale and sandstone, where the cortical part of the tree is often converted into a substance identical with contiguous masses of coal. Of the fossil plants of the ancient carboniferous

* Plate XXXII. section 1. † Page 264.

strata several hundred species are now described; and it appears that the same kinds are, with few exceptions, common to England, France, and Germany. It has been conjectured that the trees of these ancient forests were swept by torrents into friths and estuaries, and there buried, sometimes unmixed with foreign matter, but often with sand or with argillaceous and calcareous sediment. The accompanying shells are generally of a fluviatile character, but sometimes (as is perfectly consistent with the hypothesis) of marine genera. In whatever manner these strata originated, the arrangement of their materials was evidently governed by the laws of gravitation, and they must therefore have been at first nearly horizontal. By various convulsions they were subsequently thrown into an inclined and often vertical position, and at other times fractured or violently contorted; at a still later period the truncated edges of these strata were covered, in a variety of instances, by marine deposits of great thickness, inclosing shells, zoophytes, and many gigantic reptiles before described, and plants differing almost as widely from the Flora of the coal as from existing vegetable productions. To describe the various formations occurring in England, for the most part of marine origin, all evidently more recent than the carboniferous series, would require a separate treatise. We shall merely add that their organic contents indicate successive changes in animal and vegetable life, and the study of the whole phenomena attending them has uniformly impressed the minds of naturalists with an idea that periods of great duration elapsed during their accumulation.

After so many changes in position, the result apparently of alternate elevation and subsidence, we now find a large portion of the coal measures in Great Britain at various heights above the level of the ocean—sometimes exceeding 1000 feet; but a great portion still remain beneath that level, as is demonstrated by the dip of the strata on our coast. In consequence of the abundance and accessibility of this mineral in our island, and its opportune association with beds of iron ore, and the invariable contiguity of limestone, employed to flux the iron ore, we are enabled to surpass all other nations in the cheapness of machinery. Without this advantage not only would the great superiority of our manufacturing system be impaired, but we should be incapable of availing ourselves of a great part of our metallic riches. Independently therefore of the comfort derived from an economical source of fuel for domestic purposes, we may safely affirm that, without the aid of coal, neither the population nor the commerce or maritime power of the British empire could be maintained on their present extensive scale.

If we pause for a moment and consider how intimately the degree

degree of moral advancement, and the comparative political power of our own and many other countries is thus shown to be connected with the former existence of a race of plants now extinct, which bore but a faint analogy to living species, and flourished at periods of immense antiquity, probably under a climate and in a state of the earth widely distinct from the present, the mind is elevated to an exalted conception of the magnificent extent of the whole system of nature, and of the wonderful relations subsisting between its remotest parts. The present disposition of the strata in the carboniferous series, and indeed in every other formation, is the best, if not the only conceivable, arrangement, by which each might be made to rise in succession to the surface, and present in its turn a variety of useful minerals or of soils adapted for different agricultural purposes. Had the strata been permitted to remain horizontal, they would have 'invested the nucleus of the earth,' as Dr. Buckland has justly observed, 'in concentric coats, and the inferior must have been buried for ever beneath the highest.'* Now it scarcely admits of a doubt that the agents employed in effecting this most perfect and systematic arrangement have been *earthquakes*, operating with different degrees of violence and at various intervals of time during a lapse of ages. The order that now reigns has resulted therefore from causes which have generally been considered as capable only of defacing and devastating the earth's surface, but which we thus find strong grounds for suspecting were, in the primeval state of the globe, and perhaps still are, instrumental in its perpetual renovation. The effects of these subterranean forces prove that they are governed by general laws, and that these laws have been conceived by consummate wisdom and forethought. Their consequences were formerly enumerated amongst the signs of anarchy and misrule, whence the Epicurean hypothesis originated that the earth was first formed, and has been since maintained, by Chance; and in later times they have been appealed to as the visible manifestations of God's wrath and of a penal dispensation.

After the unexpected discoveries, for which we may already thank the Science of Geology, it can no longer be matter of surprize, that we remain in ignorance of the ends answered by many of the operations of nature and of her living works, in whose form and structure such infinite variety, contrivance and beauty are displayed. The zoophytes and testacea, whose exuviæ are entombed by millions in stratified rocks, contribute to our wants and enjoyments perhaps in a far greater degree than the analogous races that now fill the great deep with life. The fossil species have

* Inaugural Lecture, p. 11. Oxford. 1819.

not

not only enriched the soil by their decomposition, and probably occasioned the universal contrast between the sterile wastes of primary formation and the rich tracts composed of strata replete with organic remains; they also enable the geologist to determine with accuracy that regular order and succession of rocks, of which the knowledge, as we have shown, may often be so important in its practical application.—But is this all?—Those who have speculated on the probable final causes of the creation of inferior animals have generally assumed, as the basis of their reasoning, that the support, gratification, or instruction of mankind are the chief, if not the sole ends proposed in their existence. The rebuke given by geology to this proud assumption is striking, but is no other than the contemplation of the present constitution of nature might have afforded to any but the most superficial and unphilosophical observers. Milton has warned us against the vanity of indulging this train of thought,—

> ——— 'Nor think, though man were none,
> That heaven would want spectators.'

And when, giving the reins to his imagination, he added,

> 'Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
> Unseen,'

he must have felt conscious that no adequate purposes, worthy of so many mighty exertions of creative power, have been yet discerned, and that since they will perhaps remain for ever mysterious to man, he was justified as a poet in invoking to his assistance the intervention of supernatural agents.

The facts now ascertained have convinced those naturalists who are most competent to form an opinion on the subject, that successive races of distinct plants and animals have inhabited this earth—a phenomenon perhaps not more unaccountable than one with which we are familiar, that successive generations of living species perish, some after a brief existence of a few hours, others after a protracted life of many centuries. None of these fossil plants or animals appear referable to species now in being, with the exception of a few imbedded in the most recent strata; yet they all belong to genera, families, or orders established for the classification of living organic productions. They even supply links in the chain, without which our knowledge of the existing systems would be comparatively imperfect. It is therefore clear to demonstration, that all, at whatever distance of time created, are parts of one connected plan. They have all proceeded from the same Author, and bear indelibly impressed upon them the marks of having been designed by One Mind. There is a gradation of animated beings, from those of the simplest to those of the most complicated organization; from the invertebrated to the vertebrated;

brated; and, ascending in the scale from the lowest of the vertebrated class to the most perfect, we find at length, in the mammalia, all the most striking characters of osteological structure, and all the leading features of the physiology of the human frame fully displayed. When we have ascertained that animals of that class in which the type of our physical organization is so unequivocally developed, existed at distant, though not the most remote, periods in the history of this planet, and that a scheme, of which man forms an inseparable part, is of such high antiquity, the remarks of Bishop Butler on the connection of the course of things which come within our view, with the past, the present, and the future, are forcibly recalled to our recollection:

'We are placed (he observes) in the middle of a scheme, *not a fixed but a progressive one*, every way incomprehensible—incomprehensible in a manner equally with respect to what has been, what now is, and what shall be hereafter.'*

Indeed no department of science has ever illustrated and confirmed the line of argument adopted by that truly philosophical writer in a more satisfactory manner than geology. Relations between different portions of the system, however distant, are proved sometimes to subsist, and to extend even from extinct to living races of plants and animals. Sources of apparent derangement in the system appear, when their operation throughout a series of ages is brought into one view, to have produced a great preponderance of good; and to be governed by fixed general laws, conducive, perhaps essential, to the preservation of the habitable state of the globe. If the analogy between the constitution and government of the natural and moral worlds, supposed by Butler, be admitted as highly credible, the certainty that the former, so far as regards this planet, is a scheme of infinitely greater extent than we before had reason to imagine, greatly strengthens the presumption that of the latter also we as yet survey but an insignificant part; and that if the whole could be seen and comprehended by us, difficulties insurmountable by human reason, which now present themselves to every contemplative mind, would disappear; for 'things which we call irregularities may not be so at all;'† and 'some unknown relation, or some unknown impossibility, may render what is objected against, just and good; nay, good in the highest practicable degree.'‡

In a word, the farther we advance in the study of each branch of natural philosophy, the more our admiration of the grandeur and variety of nature's operations is called forth, while proofs of design and contrivance in all her works are multiplied. We are

* Analogy of Religion, natural and revealed, p. 167.
† Ibid. p. 159. ‡ Ibid. p. 158.

moreover

moreover continually rendered sensible how insignificant is the sum of all we know, in comparison with what remains unknown; and this observation applies with peculiar force to the investigations of geology, constituting indeed one of the main attractions which recommend that study to our attention. 'It is not easy,' says Butler, 'even for the most reasonable men, always to bear in mind the degree of our ignorance.'* That ignorance affords a full and satisfactory answer to all objections against the perfection of the scheme, whether of the natural or of the moral world, and thence against the wisdom, justice and benevolence of the common Parent and Preserver of them both.

ART. X.—*Observations on the actual State of the English Laws of Real Property; with the Outline of a Code.* By James Humphreys, Esq. of Lincolns Inn, Barrister. London. 8vo. 1826.

AN opinion that the jurisprudence of this kingdom is in a state, which requires a strong interference of the legislature to remedy its defects and abuses, and to produce a new and better administration of justice, has, for some time, been very prevalent in this country, among all classes of people.

Government has not been heedless of it; nor has it disdained to take up the work of amelioration by whomsoever commenced. A bill for the improvement of our criminal law has at length passed both houses of parliament, without any opposition, and has received the royal sanction; nor have we yet heard a voice raised against the wisdom or the policy of its provisions. The Court of Chancery had long been the theme of unrestrained and unqualified censure, the tone of which, not unfrequently, was such, as to manifest a degree of ignorance most extraordinary and reprehensible in those who ought to have been better acquainted with its principles and forms of proceeding, considering how extensively these apply, and how considerable a part of the landed and commercial interest of the country is, at all times, of necessity more or less subject to their controul and influence. During the session of 1824, a commission was issued by his Majesty, having for its principal object 'to inquire whether any and what alterations could be made in the practice established in the Court of Chancery—or in the several offices of that court, whereby the expenses attending such proceedings, and the time during which they depend in court, may be usefully and beneficially abridged.' A Report has recently been made under that commission, and a copy of it presented to the House of Com-

* Analogy of Religion, natural and revealed, p. 158.

mons,

mons, on which it is not our present intention to say more than that, no less from the importance and wide scope of the subject, than from the character of the individuals composing the commission, accompanied as it is by a very voluminous Appendix, consisting of ample returns from the several officers of the court of the nature and amount of the business transacted in their several departments, and of the examinations at great length of several of the most eminent practitioners, solicitors, as well as barristers and judges, it cannot fail to excite great and anxious attention, and to lead to considerable immediate improvement, and, in the end, to yet more important and beneficial results. It has exposed to the public eye the whole machinery of the Court of Chancery; the wheels which impel or retard the progress of its proceedings; the means which it affords to honourable practitioners for effecting, and to dishonourable practitioners for defeating, the ends of justice; the circumstances under which it holds out a full, or only an imperfect relief to its suitors, and those under which it is incapable of yielding them any redress whatever; the cases in which delay and expense are unavoidable; and those, in which these are occasioned by dishonesty, or idleness. On all these heads, it cannot be denied, that the Report has brought forward a mass of valuable information; and although, if the commission had been formed on a more extensive plan, it might *perhaps* have done greater good; yet, such as it is, the public has reason enough to be thankful for its appearance. The great number and length of the returns and examinations render it, however, an operose and irksome task to acquire any distinct or accurate view of the contents of this Report. An analytical or arranged *digest*, such as that which has been published of the examinations concerning the state of Ireland, is therefore highly necessary;—indeed, without some aid of this kind, few, we apprehend, will be able to master its tenour; and thus much of the benefit to be expected from free and open discussion will be lost to the public.

It is indeed somewhat surprizing that, with (we believe) one single exception, this document, so valuable from the nature of its contents, and so repeatedly and anxiously called for, has as yet drawn forth no comment or criticism of the slightest importance. This solitary exception, however, is in itself equivalent in importance to a host of minor notices; for we cannot help believing the rumour to be correct, which assigns a recent pamphlet, entitled 'Considerations suggested by the Report made to his Majesty under a Commission,' &c., to a late lord chancellor of Ireland, who was himself a member of that commission, but who withheld his signature from the Report, for reasons which appear

appear sufficiently on the face of this pamphlet. His lordship's profound knowledge, both of the law and practice of courts of equity, is unquestionable; his opinions therefore upon the subjects embraced by the Report, or in any manner connected with it, are entitled to the highest degree of respect and attention—They will have their due degree of weight with the public at large, no less than with the legislature, when it comes to the task of embodying and carrying into effect such of the suggestions made by the commissioners as may be thought expedient, together with such other provisions as may be found consequential upon them. More than this not even the noble lord himself can wish for, or anticipate, as the result of his public-spirited interference. Even the vague fear of innovation might, we conceive, have been quieted by the name of the illustrious individual who presided in the commission, and whose name appears foremost, as sanctioning and recommending the propositions of the Report; and his lordship needs not to be informed, in the words of the first and greatest of our English chancellors, that even innovation itself is a thing not more 'turbulent' than 'a froward retention of customs.' Nevertheless, for ourselves we shall only say that, sincerely wishing well to the results of this important inquiry, we rejoiced at the appearance of his lordship's pamphlet. In questions which arise upon subjects of profound and intricate investigation, truth is seldom elicited without a considerable degree of hostile controversy. Let the propounder of an opinion be ever so well informed upon the subject of it, he seldom perceives all the connected arguments, whether favourable or unfavourable to his own conclusions, until after a conflict with some able adversary. Such a struggle generally leads to deeper meditations and more active researches:—to the discovery of facts, which would not have been known; of arguments which would not have suggested themselves; and of fastnesses and weaknesses, which would not have been spontaneously explored.

At one most important result, however, the framers of the Report, and the noble author of the pamphlet, arrive in concurrence—namely, that any great and extensively beneficial change in the practice and administration of the law is necessarily connected with a revision of its principles.

'No person,' say the Commissioners, 'can have had much experience in courts of equity, without feeling, that many suits owe their origin to, and many others are greatly protracted by, questions arising from the niceties and subtleties of *the law and practice of conveyancing*. Any alteration in this system must be made with the greatest caution: but *as connected with the object of saving time and expense to suitors in the Court of Chancery*, we venture to submit to your Majesty's consideration, whether

whether it might not be proper to commit to competent persons the task of examining this part of our law, with a view to determining if any improvement can safely be made in it, which might lessen the expense and narrow the field of litigation *respecting the transfer of property.*'

The recommendation contained in this passage of the Report is indeed conveyed in terms which are framed with all the caution to be expected from persons in the exercise of so high and responsible an office, when speaking on a subject not strictly within the scope of the inquiry committed to them, however incidentally connected with its objects. But it is impossible for the most superficial reasoner not to perceive the extent of meaning couched beneath the guarded expressions which they have employed, and in which sense they seem to have been considered by Lord Redesdale himself where he signifies his full approbation of this part of their suggestions. What (it must be asked) is 'the law of Conveyancing,' the niceties and subtleties of which give rise to so many questions, the origin themselves of suits so complicated and protracted, but the whole system of jurisprudence by which the transmission of property from person to person is governed; and how can any investigation of the subject be limited, so as not to embrace that entire system, and the very principles on which it is founded?

Scarcely had these intimations been given, when they were answered by a work of singular novelty, both in its exhibition of the system itself, so far as regards the subject of *real property*, and in suggestions for its amelioration. Embracing, as does the work alluded to, the entire subject which it professes to discuss, its copiousness and, at the same time, its severe compression, alike forbid the supposition of its being the mere production of the moment; and we are forced to conclude that, by a fortunate coincidence, the author was already prepared for the enterprize in which the sudden demand of the occasion induced him, perhaps, more immediately to embark.

Mr. Humphreys, a gentleman well known for his professional skill and experience, (qualities which cannot fail to add weight to his theories, and force to the confidence which we are disposed to place in his reasoning,) commences the work which we are about to consider, with a distinction, hitherto unremarked by us, between political and civil institutions, as regarded with a view to correction. The former, he observes, are in their nature comparatively simple, and they affect the great body of the people.

'When a government possesses the elements, and a people the character of freedom, it is by the quick perception and the energies of the public that political defects are detected or abuses remedied; and, in laws

laws of this character, it is of more importance that they should each be adapted to the feelings and habits of the people, than that the whole should be framed in some imagined harmony of parts.'

This he exemplifies by various instances, in some of which, nations, living under fixed laws, have secured their personal freedom by means apparently inadequate to that great end; and in others, have either overlooked, or derived no advantage from, institutions which should have had a direct tendency to it.

'But,' (he continues, in a series of canons of incontrovertible truth, and practical cogency,)—'if system ever be requisite in laws, institutions respecting real property, under its various modifications, both as regards transactions among the living, and the return to the quick from the dead,* imperiously demand, (and the requisitions are perfectly practicable,) that their characters be direct and well defined; free from mere technical distinctions, whether of tenure, of nominal ownership, or of jurisdiction;—that possessions be kept distinct, unaffected by interfering rights of third persons,—that the rules of succession, whether primogeniture or equal partibility prevails, be simple and uniform;—that the power of alienation be unrestrained, and its mode bear immediately on the object;—that the rights of creditors be ample and prompt;—that the periods of prescription, or bar by adverse possession, be clear and of limited extent;—above all that, instead of vainly seeking, by equitable interference, to adapt the crude and scanty institutions of early ages to the complicated relations of cultivated society, one uniform system of laws regulate the whole;—and that no act be done, nor right conferred, by circuitous means, whether of legal fiction, or nominal interest, where the object may be effected *directly*, with its real name and character.'—*Introduction*, p. 3.

Of the defects thus alluded to, in institutions respecting real property, and of the supineness of the legislature, and the indifference of the public in correcting them, the laws of England afford, in the author's opinion, a signal example. The main causes to which he traces them are, *Tenures*, originating in the feudal system; and *Uses*, and *Trusts*, invented, the former for eluding the defects of tenure, and also for enabling ecclesiastical bodies to appropriate to themselves lands in mortmain; and the latter to supply the narrowness of a literal construction put by the courts of law upon an act passed by the legislature to legalize uses. After a rapid glance over these topics, he proceeds towards a practical view of the system; but premises it by a definition '*Of Real Property and its essential Qualities.*' This species of ownership is considered, in the laws of England, (he says,) as comprizing not only land, with the erections and other improvements upon it, all which are called *corporeal;* but also various rights derived out of land, and which (consisting of privileges for

* *Le mort saisit le vif*, say the feudal jurists.

the

the benefit of strangers; as rights of *way*, *water*, and *light*, and the like) are technically termed *incorporeal*, in respect of their having no apparent existence but in their enjoyment: in reality, however, instead of constituting property of themselves, he views them as so many burdens or, as the civilians term them, *servitudes* on the land. The privileges thus enumerated are affirmed to be in their nature universal, wherever land is enjoyed in separate property; and to these he adds, for a substantial reason, rents for life, or for any more limited period.

The first part of the work, which is descriptive of the actual state of our laws of real property, is then divided (according to a method of arrangement which pursues in the main, though with some improvements, that of our prior commentators) into eight principal heads, or '*Titles*.' Of these the first treats (but more largely and more practically than before) of Tenures, Uses, and Trusts; and as these form, in the opinion of the author, the leading causes of the defects in the present system, we should hardly do justice to so important a subject, if we were to exhibit in any words but his own the view which he himself takes of it. Of *Tenures*, then, he thus writes:

'It was a maxim of tenure, that the tenancy should be always full, that is, there should be always a tenant or a succession of tenants to do the lord's service. Hence land could not be granted, to vest at a future day, or on a future event. It was frequently granted to one for life, with remainder to another in fee. In that case, the immediate tenant, being seised of the property, was entrusted with the protection of the possession. If he failed in this duty, it was a forfeiture of his estate. It was another rule, that land could only pass by delivery of the possession, or *seisin*, as it is technically called. This was accompanied by a feoffment, of which the livery of seisin was the essential part, the tenant for life accepting it on behalf both of himself and those in remainder; while the deed only authenticated the transaction. This livery passed a fee, either by right or by wrong; since whoever had the seisin was competent to deliver it over. The same effect was attributed to a fine; a species of assurance, whereby the person seised in possession, acknowledged, in a feigned action at law, the right to be in another. The result of these positions was, that an immediate interest in land could only be transferred on the spot or by a judicial acknowledgment—that all in remainder took through the medium of the delivery of seisin to the first tenant,—that this tenant, being entrusted with the seisin, was competent, by the same mode of feoffment or fine, to transfer it, not merely for his own rightful interest, but absolutely to another. Such an act, indeed, was a forfeiture of his own estate; and if the grantee in remainder was in existence, and his interest was vested, and not depending on a future event, he might enter for the forfeiture. If, however, there was no such grantee, then, from the imaginary ouster or devestment of the seisin on which the limitations depended, and the

want of an existing right of entry to restore it, the contingent remainders were destroyed. The grantor indeed, or his heir, might, in that case, re-enter, the seisin under the grant being at an end; but if the latter colluded with the tenant in possession, the whole grant might be defeated, and a complete estate acquired by wrong with impunity. After uses were converted into legal interests by the statute of Hen. VIII., the effect of this inconvenience was prevented, in settlements to uses, embracing provisions for unborn issue, by limiting to trustees an estate commensurate with that of the immediate tenant for life, for preserving these remainders, with a right of entry for that purpose. This cured the particular evil; but it introduced into settlements another system, that of trust, in order to remedy the inadequacy of the laws of tenure to the necessary modifications of landed property.

'At common law, whatever was vested, in a legal sense, was alienable; and dispositions were effected, where the estate was immediate, by feoffment or fine, with livery of the possession; but, where it was expectant, by grant; as none but the tenant in possession could give seisin. Contingent remainders, however, or eventual interests, were inalienable to third persons; but they might be released, or extinguished in the fee.

'These different properties of destructibility and inalienableness in contingent remainders, have occasioned distinctions between them and vested estates; and again, between them and the modifications of interests, called springing uses, and executory devises' (which he promises to notice afterwards). 'The variety and nicety of these may be best depicted, by referring to two treatises of about half a century old on these subjects, which, for exact arrangement and acuteness of reasoning, stand almost unrivalled in English jurisprudence. It is to be regretted, that the times were not then ripe for directing the talent that produced them, towards simplifying, instead of systematizing, the refinements of landed property.'

This is followed by a section treating of '*Uses.*'

'The next creature of our laws of real property is *Uses*. These were of ecclesiastical introduction, for the purpose of eluding the restrictions against mortmain. They were in time adopted by the laity; partly to avoid the rigour and inconvenience of tenures, and partly as admitting those modifications of property, demanded by the increasing intercourse and wants of society, which were incompatible with the maxims of feudality. After repeated attempts by the legislature to assimilate the two systems, uses were ultimately converted into legal estates by the statute of 27 Henry VIII. c. 10. By means of uses, thus legalized, various modifications of property were introduced, to which the system of tenures was a stranger. For instance, expectant interests by way of use did not require to be preceded by an estate in possession, nor to be a remnant of the original fee, like a remainder at common law; but they might be limited, upon any future event, happening within the period for which, by the law of entails, property was usually tied up, namely, a life or lives in being, and twenty-one years and nine months afterwards, and *that*, although the whole in the use was first disposed of, if only defeasibly. They also, in their original character, introduced and

and afterwards preserved a species of dominion almost unknown at common law, called *powers*. By means of these, a person, having merely a partial interest, or even none whatever, in the land, might dispose of or charge it, in the particular manner authorized.'

'Uses, however, when legalized, assumed the properties of estates at common law, to which they were assimilated. The inheritance was subject to the legal incidents hereafter noticed, of curtesy and dower, in a surviving husband or wife. The partial owner in possession under the use (called the *cestui que use* in possession) had the same capacity as a similar tenant at common law to destroy the subsequent uses, when bearing the character of contingent remainders. When, however, the whole fee was disposed of, though eventually, as to one and his heirs, if he attained the age of twenty-one; or defeasibly as to one and his heirs, but if he died under twenty-one, then to another, the subsequent limitations no longer bore any analogy to common-law interests, but were then called *springing* or *executory* uses; and, as their existence did not technically depend upon the seisin of the tenant in possession, no act of his could destroy them. Powers, however, when they operate by way of use, are (with some qualifications) destroyed by the feoffment or fine of the appointor; and that although he have no such intention, if he be also invested with any estate in possession, as for life, on account of the technical capacity attributed to him of disturbing, by these means, the seisin on which the power depends.'

The third section is given to '*Trusts*.'

'*Trusts* are what uses were before they were legalized, a confidence reposed in the grantee of the land, which is enforced by a court of equity only. Their revival was chiefly occasioned by the narrowness of construction which the judges at common law put upon the statute of uses in two instances. This act, it should be noticed, treats uses and trusts as convertible terms. Notwithstanding this, and the obvious intent to reduce the whole of them to estates at law, it was conceited, that no use could be limited on an use; and, therefore, on a feoffment to A. and his heirs, to the use of B. and his heirs, in trust for C. and his heirs, the courts held, that the statute executed the first use only; and that the second was a mere nullity. Again, the statute mentions only such persons as were *seised* to the use of others. But of terms of years and other interests short of freehold in land, the person entitled is technically described as *possessed* only, and not seised. To these estates also it was held that the statute did not extend.

'Over the interests which were thus excluded from the operation of the statute, equity resumed its ancient jurisdiction; applying to them the denomination of *trusts* in contradistinction to legalized uses. They are resorted to for various purposes, to which even uses, now coerced into the strict rules of legal estates, cannot accommodate themselves. Of these he gives various instances; and concludes with representing them and their like as not only allowable, but essentially necessary for the complete enjoyment of property.

'The system, however,' he continues, 'as it stands, is liable to several

objections; for the due understanding of which a few preliminary observations are necessary.

'Trusts, in our law, may be divided into *active* or operative, and *passive* or formal. The former class consists of trusts, in which some confidence is placed in, or some duty imposed on the trustee; as, where real property is vested in him for the purposes of sale, and distribution of the produce among creditors, which demands both activity and integrity. This species of trust, or something correspondent to it, appears indispensable in every system of jurisprudence. The latter, or formal class of trusts, is a mere technical phantom, springing out of our complicated systems of real property; as in the various instances of trustees introduced into a purchase-deed for preventing dower; into assignments of terms for protecting the inheritance; into marriage-settlements for preserving contingent remainders—for securing the jointure—for raising younger children's portions, &c.

'Trusts, being a personal confidence, ought to cease with the person of the trustee. Our law, however, continues the estate, though not always the confidence vested in a deceased trustee to his heir; or, if it be for a term of years, to his executor or administrator. Still a new trustee is to be appointed whenever the deed creating the trust, or the refusal or incapacity of the representative requires it. This is effected either by the parties beneficially interested, if they have a power for that purpose, or else through the circuitous and expensive medium of the court of chancery. To such new trustee the technical property, called the *legal estate*, in whomever resident, is to be conveyed. The heir, however, may be a married woman, an infant, or a lunatic. In the first instance, the fictitious and expensive process of a fine, which will be detailed hereafter, is necessary. In the two latter cases a conveyance was formerly impracticable; and, consequently, the title of the beneficial owner was rendered defective from the incapacity of a stranger. To remedy this singular mischief, various acts were successively passed which have recently been consolidated into one, namely, 6 Geo. IV. c. 74, whereby infant trustees and mortgagees, and persons acting on behalf of insane trustees and mortgagees, or of trustees out of the jurisdiction, or whose existence is uncertain, are authorized to convey under the direction of the court of chancery, or, in specified cases, of other equitable jurisdictions. While the present system prevails, the provisions of this act are indispensable; but the delay and expense of its proceedings must be too obvious; as must also be their needlessness, when it is reflected, that the estate ought to cease with the trustee, and pass over with the trust, as a shadow with its substance.

'Nor is this all: land vested in a trustee, being deemed his own at *law*, will, consequently, pass there by his will containing a general devise of all his estate. But this may be so qualified as to the object of the disposition, as to pass such lands only as he is beneficially entitled to. As, when the gift is to one for life, with remainder to another, or charged with debts or legacies; since these interests cannot be raised in the estate of another. Other instances occasionally occur, as may be supposed, of a more doubtful character; as, where the devisee is also executor,

ecutor, with a general direction for payment of debts; and then, it is said, there is no inconsistency between the devise and the trusts, as the debts were meant to be paid by the devisee out of the personal estate, of which he is the executor. This for a single specimen; but, on contracts for sale, many a title has been ruinously hung up in chancery, on a question in reality foreign to itself, and regarding only the will of a stranger.

'Similar difficulties, it may be noticed, as frequently occur on the death of a mortgagee in fee; the legal estate in whose security descends to his heir or devisee; but clothed with an implied trust, first for his executor or administrator, and then for the mortgagor; while the money, the substantial part, devolves to the executor. The act already quoted provides for the inconvenience in this case also; but upon the same vicious principle, of regarding the legal estate as something distinct from the lien.

'Should the trust be of a term, then it must be assigned by the personal representative of the deceased trustee. It sometimes happens that he dies insolvent, and no one proves his will or administers to him. It more frequently occurs (and, should the term be of any antiquity, must invariably be the case) that the personal representatives of the trustee are all dead, and his assets distributed; and then there is no occasion to administer further to his effects. In each of these cases the useless charge of suing out a *limited administration*, (as it is called,) that is, so far only as respects the term, thus technically continued from the deceased, is cast upon the beneficial owner, in order to acquire a legal interest in his own property.'

Having thus depicted the three systems (as they are called) which influence the enjoyment, the transmission, and the different liabilities of land, the author's *second title* treats of its consequent legal divisions. These are six in number, and in their origin wholly feudal: namely, 1. freehold at common law; 2. customary freehold; 3. ancient demesne; 4. gavelkind; 5. borough English; 6. copyhold. The first is the general tenure of the land. The remaining five exist only by special custom, and, in particular places or districts. After being described, they are dismissed with the observation that

'to annul them, and to impart to the lands affected by them the simplicity of the general rules of alienation and descent, would be to confer a great benefit on the owners, without injury to the rights of others.'

The rights of seignory, he observes, are of no value; and, after the great sacrifices made by the abolition of tenures at the Restoration, will scarcely bear mention.

The artificial burdens, or servitudes on land, are next adverted to.

'These, also,' he remarks, 'spring chiefly from feudality; as the royal privilege of the chase; whence forests, with their various privileges;

free warrens; the numerous fruits of tenures, as fines on death and alienations, heriots, profits of courts, &c. common of pasture; being a privilege to the tenants of depasturing over their lord's waste.'

The profits of tenure he proposes to discuss under the head of copyholds, to which they are now principally confined. And, as to rights of pasture,

'the opinion,' he says, 'both of the legislature and the public, upon the policy of this privilege, has been already expressed by the general Inclosure Act of 41 Geo. III. and the numerous local inclosure acts which have passed and been acted upon both before and since; to such an extent, indeed, as to have materially diminished the general quantity of waste land.'

The author then briefly alludes to the peculiar servitude (still following his own mode of classification) of *tithes*: but refers us to a subsequent division of his work as containing his reason (which is of a prudential character) for declining a full discussion of it.

His *third title* embraces the different modifications of interests in real property, as at present acknowledged.—Of these the first is a fee-simple; the greatest estate known in our law. The second consists of estates tail and other modes of settlement. The operation of the law of entail for this purpose, though traced through all its singular obliquities, is scarcely so curious as another and more modern mode of settlement which he has thus characterized.

'*It* is effected by what are called *springing uses* in deeds, and *executory devises* in wills. The rigid law of tenures allowed of no limitations after a fee; but uses, adapted as they were to the exigencies of more recent times, and devises, which followed them in their modifications, admitted of this fee being rendered defeasible on certain events, and another being substituted for it. After much uncertainty as to the extent to which these substitutionary estates might be carried, they were finally limited to the period of a life or lives in being, and twenty-one years afterwards, with a further allowance for the gestation of *conceived* issue (about ten months). This limit was fixed by an alleged analogy to settlements by entail on the parent for life, with remainder to his unborn eldest son in tail, and with any extent of remainders over for life and in tail; but all of which might be barred by the son, either alone, or concurrently with the parents if living, suffering a recovery on attaining his majority, to which period the above limitation of twenty-one years was meant to relate.

'An essential variance was, however, in time discovered between the two modes; inasmuch as, in springing uses and executory devises, the lives were not required to take corresponding interests, or to be otherwise connected with the estate, but might be introduced as mere nominees, for the purpose of protracting the power of alienation. This defect was taken advantage of to an extraordinary extent by the late Mr. Thellusson,

Thellusson, who in his will directed the produce of his estates, both real and personal, to the amount of about 800,000*l.*, to be accumulated and laid out in land, during (in effect) the lives of all his descendants, however numerous and remote, who should be living at his death. At the end of that period, the estates, as well devised as directed to be purchased, were to be divided in lots between the eldest male lineal descendants, then living, of his three sons. The trust, after having been contested in chancery, and on appeal in the lords, was finally established, and is in operation while I write; but it occasioned an act restrictive of accumulation, which will be noticed hereafter.

'The rule, however, is still in full force as to capital. In its defence it is often urged, that all the candles are burning at the same time. Luminous as may be the illustration, it is somewhat defective in exactness: the candles are of equal length—but among a number of lives selected, a few will probably occur who far outlive the ordinary period of mortality. So calculate the life insurance companies; and so did the testator, or his legal adviser, in a cause of Bengough v. Edridge, which now awaits the judgment of the Vice-Chancellor, on the following singular will, which I shall cite somewhat at length, as strongly illustrative of the extent of perversion to which the defective terms of the rule in question exposes it. The object of an opulent testator, who had no issue, was to give his landed estates, and those which might be purchased with their produce during twenty-one years (the period still allowed by law for accumulation), to his collateral relations, consisting of five nephews and grandnephews, a niece and a grandniece, and their several male descendants, for successive life-interests, as far as the restrictions of the law against perpetuities would allow. For this purpose, all such estates were vested, and directed to be vested, in fee-simple, in trustees, who were to hold the same for a period of 120 years from the testator's death, if twenty-eight persons therein named (of whom the first seven were the above relations, and the other twenty-one strangers), or any of them, shall so long live; and then for a further period of twenty years, from the determination of the first term. These terms were intended as nearly commensurate with the periods during which estates might be tied up: viz. any lives in being and twenty-one years; and might be termed the machinery of the contrivance. Then followed its working, or the beneficial interests carved out of the terms. They consisted in a series of trusts for a term of ninety-nine years, if each successive donee should so long live, for the nephews, greatnephews, niece, and grandniece named, and the respective heirs male of their bodies in succession, forming, in effect, successive estates for life; and finally, failing the whole of these, for the individuals successively answering the description of the testator's right heirs, during similar derivative and determinable terms of ninety-nine years each, until the above technical terms of 120 years and twenty years should be exhausted, either by lapse of time, or the deaths of all the nominees. As to the reversion expectant on the above two terms of 120 years and twenty years, testator directs it to be conveyed on the determination of these two terms, and not before, to his nephews and greatnephews, niece and greatniece before specified, and their respective issue male, in the like order of succession in a course of

strict settlement; and failing all these, to his own right heirs; but he subjoins a direction, that none of them shall take a vested estate till the end of the terms.

'It will naturally be asked, if the law allows, as you state, alienation to be restricted for any life or lives in being, and twenty-one years afterwards, why not do it directly, and dispense with this cumbrous machinery? The answer is, that, after a gift of freehold to an unborn person for life, no interest can be limited less than an estate of inheritance, and consequently alienable. Had the eldest son, therefore, of the first nephew been made tenant for life, the dispositions over would have been all void. Terms of years, however, being created to nearly the utmost extent for which the restriction is allowed, it was conceived that derivative terms might be lawfully carved thereout for successive portions of the same periods. Without criticising its parts, the device is an ingenious perversion of the purposes for which these restrictions were established. Its success will depend upon the result of a struggle between the lax terms of the rule, and its real object.

'In fixing the rule, what a difference it would have made, if, in lieu of "*for* a life or lives in being," its framers had said, "*to* a life," &c.; and if, instead of permitting an *absolute* term as a provision against the *eventual* period of minority, the infancy itself had been made the term of procrastination! Such is ever the advantage of direct over allusive institution.'

The *fourth title* treats of 'the Different Modes of acquiring Real Property.' (p. 50.)—This our present law effects by seven means: 1. By descent; 2. (to a partial extent) by the rights of marriage; 3. by disposition, by deed or will; 4. under the rights of creditors; 5. by escheat, or lapse to the lord of the fee, upon either a failure of inheritable blood, or corruption of it, by attainder for felony; 6. by forfeiture to the crown, in attainder for treason; and, 7. by adverse possession, usually called limitation of time. This forms the largest and most material title of the first part of the treatise. The modes of acquiring property are, some of them, technical; but for the most part, essential. The former are exposed by the author in his usual style, that is, not by direct reprehension, but by hard and strict delineation of their obliquities in principle, and consequent complication in practice.

In the chapter which treats of *alienation by the act of the party*, and in that division of the chapter which more especially relates to the question of *competency to aliene*, after stating various legal disabilities, those of married women are represented as not reducible to any fixed system, but as requiring to be particularized in order to their being comprehended. This the author has accordingly done with reference to their *legal* interests, which generally require to be aliened by fine, and occasionally by recovery. Two descriptions of property, however, he shows to have been invented in modern times, in favour of married women;

the

the one both at law and in equity, and the other in equity exclusively; the former taking effect through the medium of powers, and admitting of land being rendered alienable, under what is technically called, a power of appointment; while in equity, in addition to such powers, property may be vested in trustees, for the sole use and enjoyment of a wife, free from the controul either of the husband or of his creditors.

'Whether all, or only a part, of these rights should subsist, is' (adds the author) 'a question for legislative decision; but surely it is, at all events, fit, that three discordant systems, the first obsolete in principle, and the other two acting unequally, and by indirect means, should give way to one uniform, intelligible class of rights.'

In the ensuing section, which treats of alienation *by Deed*, or act *inter vivos*, after enumerating the various technical modes of alienation subsisting at law, the author proceeds to a concession in favour of mere *equitable* assurances, which it somewhat surprized us to meet with, and which might have inclined us to view the whole existing system with some complacency, had it not been followed up by a vivid, though we think not overcharged, delineation of the technical fictions and refinements which pervade every description of legal instruments.

'Compared with the formalities, the fictions, and the circuities of *legal* assurances, they' (viz. assurances which pass *equitable* interests) 'surprize us' (observes the author) 'with a simplicity and directness of purpose which would satisfy the most zealous advocate for these desirable qualities; it being sufficient, that the transaction be in writing, without any set forms, or technical expressions. This and other similar instances evince that, *to a considerable extent, our laws of property may be reformed merely by selecting, without innovating.*

'In *legal* dispositions *inter vivos*, however, of landed property, we should greatly err in conceiving that, when the mode of assurance is once determined the substance may be executed with precision and simplicity; or that every disposition finally resolves itself into one or other of the foregoing modes.'

This he proceeds to illustrate by two specimens of assurances of the most opposite character; a mere conveyance on a sale, and a settlement on marriage; and more striking examples could not be given of the 'uncertainty of title, doubtful rights, and tedious and costly litigation,' which the strange anomalies of this branch of the system occasion; and which the blunders of unskilful, and the artifices of designing practitioners, augment and perpetuate. The passage in which he gravely solicits the attention of his reader, on the occasion of a simple purchase deed, to the technical distinction between an appointment of the use, under a past assurance, *to* the purchaser, instead of '*to the subsequent limitations for his benefit*,' somewhat reminds us of the ridicule

dicule cast upon the Roman pleaders of *Cicero*'s day, in the oration *pro Murenâ*.

The next section treats of alienation *by Will*. After a brief account of its origin, and a caustic exhibition of its imperfections, both in formalities and operation, the latitude of construction imparted to it for passing an estate of inheritance, where words of limitation (as they are called) to the heir are wanting, forms the subject of the following lively and free picture.

'By the civil law, land was divided into a right to the profits (or *usufruct*), most commonly for life, and the absolute property (or *nouca.**) If only the former was meant to be given, it was limited accordingly. But a simple gift of the land passed the whole interest in it; and such is still the case even by the English law as to personalty. On the introduction of tenures, however, lands were originally granted out to the tenant for his life only. Afterwards the grant was extended to his heirs. But to have this effect, it was necessary the grant should be so expressed. This reversed the more natural order of the civil law; and, instead of a mere gift of the land passing the entire property, terms of art (or words of limitation, as they are called) were required to be annexed to the grant, making it both to the donee and *his heirs*. From the technical inexperience, however, of testators, or those around them, these latter words were frequently omitted, and the clearest intention was consequently frustrated. To prevent this injustice, courts of law, feeling themselves freed, in testamentary questions, from the trammels of tenures, but not choosing to violate the old rule, that a gift of land, without more, passed an estate for life, seized, wherever they could, other expressions or circumstances, as indicative of an intention to pass a fee: such as the words, "real estate—testamentary estate—residue of estate—real property." So, introductory words to the will, expressive of testator's intention to pass all his property—thus: "As touching my worldly estate, I give and devise *the same* in the following manner:" and these followed by a mere gift of land. Again, where land is given to one, he paying the testator's debts; or, (though this seems, from modern cases, to admit of some qualification) charged, in the devisee's hands, with debts or legacies, or an annuity—all, or any of these circumstances have been held to pass a fee; although the devises did not contain any express words of inheritance.

'Where, however, instead of denying the general application of a rule, as that which requires words of inheritance to pass a fee, it is sought to elude it by means of special circumstances, these must necessarily generate numerous distinctions; and, while many cases would indicate, others would be considered as falling short of, an intention to pass a fee, without words of inheritance. Thus, where a gift of an estate is followed by a description of the occupiers, or of the tenements of which it consists;—also, where the introductory clause is, "As to my worldly

* On this occasion the author quotes aptly that well known couplet of Pope;

'Well, if the *use* be mine, can it concern one,
Whether the *name* belong to Pope or Vernon?'

estate,

estate, I give and dispose (without saying "*of the same*") as follows;"—again, where the charge of debts or legacies is not upon the devisee personally, or upon the land *in his hands:* in these, and similar cases, the devisee has been held to take for life only.'

He then adds or alludes to various other cases, in which, for different reasons of strong intention, a fee has been held to pass, though words of inheritance were wanting. Constructive estates *tail* in wills also fall under his consideration. The entire class of these cases evinces, according to him, the systematic disposition of judges, in modern times, to evade technical rules in favour of a testator's intention.

'As they were not prepared, however,' says the author, 'to go the full length of holding, in cases of implied fees-simple, that the gift of the land was a gift of all the testator's property in it, they have effected their object by distinctions so numerous and so complicated, as to render their decisions of doubtful benefit. The refinements on testamentary estates tail by implication, which have converted a settled *formula* (namely that by which an estate tail is created by deed) into a series of individual cases, obscurely shading down from a fee-simple to a fee-tail, and often terminating in a mere estate for life, with remainder to the issue *by purchase*, amply demonstrate, that rules of law, where they work injustice, should be repealed, not evaded.'

The author next treats of *Powers*, and of appointments under powers, by means of which a greater interest may be conferred than the alienor himself possesses. After a brief, but lucid exposition of the law on these important subjects, he concludes with a description of the mode in which courts of Equity have thought themselves called on to interfere, in aid of informal or defective, and in avoidance of what are technically termed, illusory, appointments. These he has succeeded in rendering plain to the comprehension of the most unlearned reader; and his exposition is better calculated to expose the radical absurdity of a distinct equitable jurisdiction, than any other text which could be selected for a similar purpose.

We must leave it, however, and pass to the next head of discussion—that which treats of involuntary alienation, or the rights of creditors, a subject which the author has subdivided into the liabilities of the living debtor, and those which affect his property or *assets*, as they are called, when dead. The origin and character of the distinction between legal and equitable assets is curious, as affording another specimen, at least equal in extent and importance, of the early interposition of equity to correct the imperfections and inequalities of the strict legal system, and the consequent glaring anomaly of two conflicting principles, applied to the government and distribution of one and the same description of property. The statement is too long to be transcribed; nor does

does Mr. Humphreys's clear and nervous style admit of compression; but the entire subject is peculiarly worthy the attention of those whose minds are employed in the important consideration of the defects inherent in our present system of Equitable Jurisdiction.—We must however find space for the author's concluding remarks on this division of his labours.

'Such,' he says, 'are the leading rules for the administration of assets in equity, within whose jurisdiction they are now principally drawn. Their two-fold objects, of rendering, by means of marshalling, real property, assets for payment of simple contract debts, and of an equal distribution between creditors of every description, were not only consistent with natural justice, but liberal to a degree, which, had their political effects undergone discussion on their first introduction, would have not only alarmed the prejudices of feudal landowners, but even startled the very framers of the rules. The circuitous means adopted, however, (to some extent unavoidably,) for effecting these purposes, have introduced a discordant and most complicated body of laws. First, we have the harsh, though simple, rule of common law. Then comes equity; not subverting, but undermining it, in changing the character of creditors from simple contract to specialty, by marshalling the assets. Her next step is bolder;—framing a new description of assets, under the title of *equitable*, and administering these, not according to the rule, (always professed, though seldom respected,) that equity follows the law, but after a new system of perfect equality, both as to persons and property. These assets, however, necessarily require to be administered in conjunction with legal ones. Indeed the distinction being purely technical, the two characters may pervade the same property. Equity, too, is obliged to bend itself, sometimes to the law, sometimes to the legislature; as, in equities of redemption of mortgages in fee, and in trust estates. It, however, generally rights itself and its rule, by giving a new direction to some other property, over which it may have a more absolute jurisdiction.

'But, in effecting these objects, what accounts—what classifications—what apportionments—what assemblages of party and property into one general mass of litigation—what direction and superintendence become necessary! To such an extent indeed, that a large proportion of the assets of the country are now administered under the direction of the Court of Chancery. The only adequate cure consists in one simple set of rules for the administration of assets of every description. The principle which should pervade it is, that of equal distribution. It is sanctioned both by natural justice, and the long established practice of courts of equity.'

On the subject of Alienation by Adverse Possession—in other words the limitation by lapse of time to the recovery of real property, Mr. Humphreys sums up his statement of the existing law by observing, that the reader, on perusing it, cannot fail to be struck with the obliquity of operation by which the ordinary bar of twenty years is produced.

'But

'But passing the mode, and supposing the period a suitable one,' he continues, 'it is very far from being general. It is exceeded in the instance of an heir, who may enforce his claim, where grounded on the mere right of his ancestor, at any time within sixty years, while a devisee is confined to twenty; so also where the remedy of the claimant is not grounded upon his right of entry, but rests, though with forlorn chance of success, upon either the mere right of himself, or the possessory title of his ancestor, in which cases the periods of limitation seem to be, in some cases thirty, and in others fifty years; and again, in the instance of incorporeal hereditaments which, not requiring an entry, may be recovered at any time within fifty years; with the exception of advowsons and tithes, which are not subject to any limitation. On the other hand, the period of six years, at the end of which all present rights may be concluded, by means of a fine with proclamations, is brief beyond all analogy and reason; and is confined, capriciously in principle, to *freeholds*, leaving the inferior tenure of copyhold unaffected by it.'

He further remarks, that

'the present law of entails forms a great impediment to any uniform limitation of time; since, although one line of heirs in tail may be barred by adverse possession, yet, on its failure, a second has a new and similar period within which to make its claim; and so in succession, as long as the different limitations endure, which may possibly be for a century or more.'

Of our author's exposition of the law of copyholds, and their arbitrary and often oppressive incidents of fines and heriots, we can afford space only for the conclusion, in which he points out the modes which present themselves for the extinguishment of this servile and anomalous tenure.

'This,' he says, 'may be effected either by the tenant releasing to the lord; or, which is by much the more frequent occurrence, by the lord releasing his seignory and services to the copyholder; who thereby acquires the freehold, and ceases any longer to hold of the manor. Each of these two modes is voluntary, and assumes, that both the lord and the tenant are respectively entitled in fee; or that the former, if only tenant for life under some settlement or will, or his trustee, has a special power to enfranchise. Another most salutary mode, and well worthy of general imitation, is, where power is given by inclosure acts to commissioners, to enfranchise the copyholds within their district, at the instance of the lord and tenant in possession. Here no regard need be paid, either to the quantum of their estates, or to their titles.

'In the preceding system of copyholds, retaining, in the nineteenth century, constant traces of its primitive *villenage*, three classes are concerned: the copyholder, (who owns the soil,) the lord, and the public. Of these, *the first* has a property, governed by a peculiar and complicated body of laws, embarrassed with expensive forms, which keep multiplying with each successive division of the tenure; affected by a different title, and often by a different mode of descent, from any freehold property with which it is held; frequently exposing the copyholder's personal estate

estate to an offensive seignorage, in the shape of heriots; and, above all, incapable of improvement, unless on the unthrifty and galling terms of effecting it for the lord's benefit as well as his own. *The lord's* gain is far from commensurate to his tenant's loss. His only material benefits are his fine, and (where it exists) his heriot; both yielded with reluctance, and evaded by every possible stratagem; but capable of ready compensation, either in land or money, on well-known terms. *The public*, without any advantage whatever, sustains a double loss; first in the impediments which are opposed by fines arbitrary to the improvement of the land, and particularly to its circulation, by the fine *on alienation*; and next, in the injustice sustained by creditors, from copyholds not being either extendible by *elegit*, nor assets for payment of debts.'

The seventh title, which relates to the Registration of Legal Assurances, and exhibits, for the first time, the numerous crudities and inconsistencies which now pervade that important subject, embraces also the strangely involved and complicated head of *equitable notice*, which, in all its subtle ramifications of '*actual*' and '*constructive*,' furnishes another signal example of the ill consequences of the intermeddling spirit already adverted to, and a most forcible illustration of the so often repeated and so much disregarded maxim—'Summum jus summa injuria.'

In his eighth and last title, the author enumerates the *sources* of the laws of real property. Our readers will probably be appalled by the catalogue. We will give it in his own words.

'The result is, that our laws of real property are to be sought for in the copious library of six hundred and seventy-four volumes, exclusive of Indexes to the Statutes. If, from this collection, we make a liberal deduction for obsolete and redundant treatises, and works of slight esteem, or only occasional relevancy, there will still remain a total of SIX HUNDRED VOLUMES.'

The importance of the subject, and the novelty with which it is discussed, have induced us to depart from the modern usage of reviewers, and, for the present, limit ourselves to a fair exhibition of our author's work in the form by which he has himself chosen to convey his impressions. This, indeed, we take leave to think, is but justice to the public in cases so very grave as the present; and, if we have been induced to extract from the first and more exegetical part of the work, more copiously than is our usual habit, or than may prove agreeable to some classes of our readers, we can only say, that we have given no more of the author than appeared to us a necessary introduction to the second and more original division of his treatise. We cannot however dismiss the preceding statement without observing, that it is composed in a style of equal conciseness and perspicuity; and that we know of no chart of any thing like the same dimensions in which the legal modi-

modifications of real property in this country are so clearly and accurately delineated.

In the Second Part of his work, Mr. Humphreys treats Of the Remedy for the Defective State of the Laws of Real Property.

'There are two modes (he says) of effecting this—one, by applying partial remedies wherever the institutions are inconsistent or deficient; the other, by framing an entire new code of laws of real property.'

Mr. Humphreys introduces his own view of this momentous question by some apt citations from Lord Bacon's treatise *De Augmentis Scientiarum, Lib. viii.*

'There are two modes,' says Lord Bacon in his fifty-fourth aphorism, 'of enacting new statutes; one confirms and strengthens the former statutes upon the same subject, with some additions and variations; the other abrogates and expunges all former enactments, and substitutes an entirely new and uniform law. The latter appears to us preferable. The former renders the provisions complicated and perplexed; it provides a remedy for the case which presses, but vitiates the general body of the law: the latter requires greater deliberation in framing the enactment; but excellently provides for the future uniformity of the laws.'

And again in his fifty-ninth aphorism:

'If heaps on heaps of law have swelled into so many volumes, or labour under such confusion that it is become necessary to reduce them into a healthy and active body, let this be a paramount concern; let it be considered an heroic work; and the authors of such a work should be solemnly and deservedly numbered among the legislators, among the founders of society.'

So in the seventy-eighth:

'Nothing contributes to the certainty of law so much as confining writings of authority within certain bounds, and keeping off an enormous multitude of legal authors and doctors. By these the doctrine of the law is frittered away; legal process becomes perpetual; advocates, from their inability to read and master the works themselves, have recourse to abridgments and glosses, tolerably executed perhaps. A few writers of acknowledged weight, or rather some portions of their writings, are adopted as authority.'

This, be it remembered, was written at a time when the English lawyer's library did not amount to a twentieth part of its present portentous dimensions; and Mr. Humphreys has done well to fortify his own decided preference of an entire new code of laws for the regulation of landed property, over any plan for the adhibition of partial remedies, by the sanction of a name so high and venerable. His next appeal is, to the examples set before us by several among the continental nations; Here the Code Napoleon necessarily occupies a pre-eminent station; This is followed by the payment of a high, and (we believe) a just, tribute of applause to

to the successful labours of our less mercurial neighbours of the Low Countries; And lastly comes a rather unexpected reproach to our own country—that, with all her unrivalled pretensions in the science of government, England has nevertheless suffered herself to be preceded even by the Papal State in the recent reform of her civil institutions, as she formerly was in that of her calendar.

In this part of his treatise, it may be thought by some that our author should have cast a glance across the Atlantic, and alluded to the principle of periodical revision, introduced into the legislative systems of some of our former colonies. Of these the most distinguished is the legislative report of 1821, upon the revision of the constitution of the state of *New York*. That country, like our own, has felt the grievance of a distinct equitable jurisdiction, styled with them, in imitation of England, the Court of Chancery. Some members proposed its abolition—others, its amalgamation with the courts of law; but, in this respect also resembling us, they have viewed only the visible evil, the court itself, with its dilatory and expensive forms; its imperfect mode of extracting truth; its capricious selections of topics for jurisdiction, and its interference with legal proceedings on the same subject. Both the parent and its offspring, contemplating only *remedies*, have hitherto been alike regardless, that *rights* form an anterior and more important portion of jurisprudence,—that remedies, in which the judiciary functions wholly exist, are employed only to the enforcement of rights,—and that in proportion as rights are simple and well defined on the one hand, or vague and complicated on the other, are remedies prompt and of easy access, or tardy and costly.

Still (returning to our author) he conceives that it at least is due to the vast importance of such a subject to ponder well whether the defects in our laws of real property may not be corrected by judicious curtailment and occasional alteration, before we resort to the bold experiment of total abrogation and remodelling. And with this object he proposes to take a rapid review of the causes to which these defects are attributable, distinguishing those which may admit of correction from such as, in his view of the case, absolutely call for extirpation. In an inquiry of so much delicacy as well as of such deep concern, it is fit that the reasons on which such an author has brought himself to a conclusion, which we are ourselves averse from admitting, unless upon compulsion, should speak for themselves.

'The three great causes,' he observes, 'to which I have attributed the redundancy of these laws are *tenures*, *uses*, and *passive*, or mere formal *trusts*, as contradistinguished from operative or active ones. The first

first of these rests upon a system which has long ceased to influence society; while its theory still pervades and augments every part of our laws of real property. The second, namely uses, though first introduced by churchmen to evade the restrictions against mortmain, was continued to avoid the rigour and intractableness of tenures. With the removal of the evil, the remedy would surely become useless. The third and last cause is, in effect, only a different species of uses, originating in the narrow construction they received from courts of law, which occasioned the chancellor to take under his own cognizance what the judges rejected. The principle, therefore, which would abolish uses would involve *formal* trusts.

'But, exclaims the man of precedent and practice, what guides, what rules will you leave us, if you destroy these landmarks of landed property? My reply is, they do not fix, they do not regulate, but merely obscure the only essential purposes of property, namely, enjoyment, transmission, and legal liability. Remove them, and these rights will exhibit themselves more intelligibly, governed by rules comparatively few and simple. If a practical illustration be wanted, view our laws which regulate the disposal and modification of personal property. There we discover no traces of tenure nor of uses, and little of mere formal trusts; those which subsist being necessary, not to keep the legal interest and the benefit distinct, but to protect the property, which is of a more frail and exposed character than land. I would also cite the institutions, equally simple, of the Code Napoleon on this subject. Take the two systems just alluded to, and with the only material variation, which equally pervades both, of partibility of succession for primogeniture, they would furnish the outline of a code of real property embracing every legitimate object, without a trace of the excrescences of tenures, uses, or passive trusts.

'The fact indeed is, that from the practice of centuries, with the occasional interference of the legislature to remove anomalies, the different parts of the complicated systems in question cohere tolerably among themselves. It is not in any individual defects that the objection lies; *the entire nuisance requires to be abated.*

'The alternative of partial correction or a new code, as applied to the remaining defects in the laws of real property, may be more summarily disposed of.

'In succession, the admission of the half-blood and of lineal transmission' [he should have added 'in the ascending line,'] '(which are now excluded by the technicalities of tenure,) and the substitution of the state, which protects all property, for kindred so remote as to be lost in the general mass of mankind, and for the feudal right of escheat, give a new and totally different character to this branch of titles.

'The rights of marriage, involving curtesy and dower, and the wife's separate estate, require correction; but on principles wholly different from those on which these rights at present rest. Any thing under the form of an amendment must resemble that which so frequently occurs in either house of parliament, of omitting and providing a substitute for all but the first word.

'The modifications of estates next present themselves. Of these,

many of a mere technical character would disappear by abolition of the three systems I have just rejected. Among the remainder, the estate tail is the most objectionable, both in its existence and the mode of destroying it; for, unlike every other interest, it is scarcely ever suffered to die a natural death. Any mere regulation upon it (as by substituting some less costly bar than a fine or recovery) would only impose the necessity of keeping alive so uncouth an institution. Nothing short of abolition will serve.

'Proceeding to alienation and charge by deed, or other act *inter vivos*, great havoc will be made by the abolition of tenures, uses, and passive trusts, in the technical regiment I have exhibited of the different assurances depending on these systems—one simple form, but necessarily new, will suffice for each alienation and for each charge.

'Testamentary disposition will admit of nearly equal improvement both in its attendant formalities and its substance; and it is singular that the provision which will the most *enlarge* its operation, namely, the extending it from real property, to which the testator is entitled at the making of his will, to all that he may be entitled to at his death, will at the same time, and in a correspondent degree, *abridge* the law on this subject. So important and so radical indeed are the improvements, and of a character so variant from the existing laws, that what little might be preserved of the latter would operate but as a foil.

'The doctrine of powers, like other existing institutions, will be influenced and simplified by the abolition of tenures. Other *peculiar* improvements have been hinted at, which cannot be effected by a reference to the present system, but will assume the shape of new and fixed laws and require the entire system to be recast.

'The rights of creditors require at the same time both enlargement and simplification. Any reference to a statute of Edw. I. or Car. II., (however excellent each in its day) would not meet the exigency, while it would perplex the remedy.

'If *any* laws are incorrigible, they are those for the administration of the assets of the deceased. It is sufficient to refer to my exposition of the actual system on this subject.

'The like, I think, may be safely said of the laws of limitation of time. A few simple and *direct* enactments on the subject would surely be far preferable to the inextricable labyrinth of real actions, and to the bar, so circuitously and obscurely deduced, in our chief practicable remedy of ejectment, from the period to which a right of entry is restricted.

'The peculiar laws of copyhold, forming a code of themselves, surpassing all the necessary distinctions in an entire system of laws of real property, would be swept away with those of tenure.

'The laws of registration and of equitable notice present, instead of a system, an uncouth mass of conflicting institutions. The former demand uniformity and method—the latter utter abrogation.

'But an advantage nearly equal to the aggregate of those already enumerated, would result both to the public and to the professors of the law, from sweeping away the ponderous pile of volumes in different ages, various languages, *Norman*, *French*, *low Latin*, and *modern English*, in which the laws of real property are to be sought. Viewed as to their

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mere number, (a total of upwards of 600 volumes,) and the expense and time necessary to collect and digest them, they are a sealed book to the public, and even to the bulk of the practitioners. Already have the latter found it necessary to confine their attention to the modern reporters, and occasionally to rely even on the second-hand authority of digests; while the more ancient collections still retain their authority, when explored by those whose narrow but keen views confound laws with justice to entrap or perplex the unwary claimant.'—p. 171—176.

After this vindication of his preference of a new code, the validity or sufficiency of which it is for others than ourselves to determine, Mr. Humphreys proceeds to exemplify its formation, which he proposes to effect by a succession of legislative enactments, thus assuming the decemviral *Esto* rather than the imperial *Videtur*.

By a preliminary enactment he at once sweeps away the rubbish of tenures, and their various perplexing incidents, excepting only copyhold tenure, rents service, reliefs in respect of them and heriots. The existence of these also, however, is to be of short duration, his Majesty being authorized to issue commissions for the extinction of them, and also of fee farm and other perpetual rents, forests, chases, and free warrens, and for making compensation to the owners.

This, perhaps, is the boldest of all the author's projected innovations; and one, the execution of which cannot but be attended with difficulties, even in his own conception of it. He defends it however by the various partial acts which the legislature has already passed for effecting one or other of these several objects; and would not (we may ask) the proposed measures, if the difficulties, real or supposed, were once effectually surmounted, prove in a very high degree beneficial both to the public and to individuals? Must not both desire that the discordant tenures of ancient demesne, copyhold, borough English, and gavelkind, with their separate privileges, separate customs, separate modes of descent, and, in some cases, separate courts, should be abolished throughout the land? Would not the abolition of them add to the comforts which attend the enjoyment of real property, simplify its settlements, facilitate its commerce, and, above all things, tend to set it free from the heavy, uncertain and unprofitable tax of litigation, which now hangs over and oppresses it in every stage of its transmission?

The next step is to the abolition of all uses, trusts and charges, legal or equitable, upon land, for the benefit of third persons: retaining, however, those trusts for the owner of the land, which require that the trustee should be actively employed in the execution of them. Thus a trust, whereby an annuity for the benefit

of B. should be charged on the estate of A. would be void; a trust by which A.'s estate should be vested in B. in trust for A. himself would also be void; but a trust vesting A.'s estate in B. in trust to manage it, and to lease it, and to pay the rents and produce to A., would be good. Neither is the proposed abolition to extend to trusts arising by implication of law.

Having thus divested land of its feudal incidents, and simplified its legal qualities, the author commences his first title with a definition of real property according to his own system. He considers it to be land, with all that (following the old definitions) is above it and all that is under it; together also with such servitudes of light, way, water, &c. as are *essential* for its enjoyment. Then follow the various modes, by which he would direct that title should be acquired.

The first of these is *Descent*, under which head he recommends a departure from our existing rules of succession, in order, in some instances, to meet the ends of natural justice, in others for the sake of consistency and simplification. Having rejected the feudal incident of escheat, he assigns the estate, on a general want of heirs, to the crown; and this, in conformity with the law of every nation, which considers the state to be entitled to all property, of which there is no other owner. He obviates one of our worst anomalies, by admitting the half blood to the succession; with a preference of the full blood, however, in the case of brothers and sisters and their issue; and with a preference also among the half blood itself, of the paternal, to the maternal line of inheritance. On failure of these near relations, the ascending line is admitted by him in preference to the collateral; and, under this last head, he introduces a novelty, borrowed from the *Code Napoleon*, by interposing a life interest to the father, on failure of lineal heirs, and a life interest to the mother on failure of brothers and sisters and their issue.

Whether the land come from the father or mother, he makes it descend, first in the paternal line; and failing this, in the maternal. In this proposal, his great object is simplification; and his calculation is that, although the maternal line will thus be occasionally postponed, as to land *strictly descended* from a maternal ancestor, yet the maternal descendants will, in the greater number of cases, be gainers.

He allows of no right of representation beyond the issue of brothers and sisters; he proposes that more remote collaterals should take *per capita;* so that a junior uncle, surviving, would inherit in preference to the issue of his deceased elder brother. This he justifies on the ground, that, in descent, the leading principle of precedence is proximity of blood, which is deviated from,

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in the instances of the ancestor's own issue, and of the issue of his brothers and sisters, only because they proceed from members of his family, or that of his parents, who would be the natural objects of his bounty or affections. The proposed alteration, however, is by no means in unison with our present sentiments and habits on this subject.

To the title of descents, the author has appended a comparison between primogeniture and equal partibility; exemplifying the former by our own system, and the latter by the Code Napoleon. With so strong a disposition to resort to first principles, and so little fear of innovation, as he has exhibited in the preceding chapter, we were not prepared to find in Mr. Humphreys the champion of an institution bearing among ourselves such unequivocal marks of a feudal origin, and so much at variance with the spirit of what is called philosophical legislation. Though unprepared, however, we were rejoiced to find it so; and still more to discover, in the reasoning by which he supports his view of the question, so much of what we are apt to regard as true philosophy—a wise and temperate regard even to prejudices, (if they must needs be so termed,) consecrated by habitual usage, and which have taken their place *de facto* among the main-springs of national action.

'Our English law of primogeniture,' he says, 'has often been represented as a harsh and impolitic rule, which, sacrificing natural affection to an ill-regulated passion for family aggrandizement, or to the vanity of supporting an empty name, beggars the younger branches of a family, to enrich the eldest; and prevents the free circulation of property. But, let us view a little in detail, first, the extent of property to which this law applies; next, (as influenced by the preceding topic,) its concurrence with natural affection; and finally its political effects.'

Our author then points out, that the rule in question does not extend to *females*. 'They all,' he observes, 'take equally; and the public sentiment, generally guided by the law, adopts the same mode of disposition among them.' The widow's jointure, and younger children's portions are equally exempt from its operation. But, what is of far more importance, and in application so extensive, as actually to convert the rule itself into the exception, is, that it does not extend to *personal property:* that is to say, to a class of possessions infinite in its qualities and ramifications, and of which one single article, namely, the interest of the national debt alone, exceeds in amount the total of our national rental of land.

'It has been justly observed,' (says our author,) by Montesquieu,* that to educate children is a natural obligation on the parent; to give them his property, is one of civil or political institution. Conceding however

* Esprit des Loix, liv. xxvi. c. 6.

somewhat of the strictness of this principle, in favour of natural feeling, it has still been shown,' (adds the author, in reference to the preceding part of his discussion,) 'that, in our own country, the proportion of landed property is not such as to deprive a father of his power, in conjunction with his testamentary right, to make ample provision for all his offspring.'

He exposes the fallacy of the objection, that primogeniture impedes alienation. The rule, as by him demonstrated, has no such necessary consequence.

'The full power of alienation which, in our present laws, each generation in its turn possesses, aided, as it frequently is, by the necessity to discharge the portions of the younger branches, or other charges on the estate—by the extravagance or enterprize of the owner—or by the division of the estate among the female line, break down and scatter, from time to time, the largest masses of landed property, with a rapidity which would surprize any but those long conversant with the changes of ownership. The annual extent of alienations of real property may be brought to an unerring test, by referring to the *ad valorem* duty paid on sales on land, in England and Wales, for the year 1825, being about £440,000, which, at the average rate of 1¼ per cent., would give for the aggregate purchase-money upwards of £35,000,000; for the aggregate yearly value of the property sold, taking lands and buildings, freeholds and copyholds, estates in possession and in reversion, at one high rate of thirty years' purchase, about £1,200,000 per annum.'

In another branch of his argument we follow him with still greater pleasure, dictated, as it seems to us to be, under the influence of some of the best, as they are among the most general sentiments of our nature.

'An attachment to the soil, and a reluctance to part with the seat of one's ancestors, have in all ages, and under every system of succession, attended the possession of land; and this feeling, added to the peculiar stability of land as property, has rendered it the means of preserving the names and dignities of families. We trace the original sentiment in the affecting story of *Naboth*'s vineyard. The more complicated motive develops itself in the brilliant exposition by Montesquieu of the original laws of succession among the Romans. These, while they allowed the property to pass indifferently to all the children of the father, both male and female, under his dominion, kept it always in his family, by not permitting the daughters, who, on marrying, passed into the families of their husbands, to transmit it to their children; since this would have carried it into another house. Here we discover the principle of supporting the importance of families by means of their possessions; with this difference, that, in republican Rome, the dignity was attached to the entire family; while in modern times, it is centered, and along with it the estate, in the head of the family. Deprived of the means of perpetuating their names through their landed property, as the families of modern French at present are, by their rigid system of equal partibility, still, even here, we discern an effort towards it, and an attachment to the

the soil, in the practice among the coheirs, in agricultural countries, if they cannot conveniently cultivate the property in common, for one of them to take it and pay a rent to the others; or, in richer and more commercial districts, to buy them out.

'To this universal and most natural attachment to the soil, and its suitableness as property, under whatever system of succession, for preserving the memory and influence of a family, may be added its peculiar value among ourselves, as connected with primogeniture, in preserving the independence of the aristocratic branch of our constitution. With privileges rather for the public advantage than their own, less violent and more consistent than the multitude, if, in past ages, a tyrant was to be coerced or expelled, or in present times, a sovereign is to be *advised*, the arms and the counsel of our nobility have ever been found equally prompt. Without them, whatever may be the individual merits, *the many* are as a rope of sand.'

Our author may be justly proud in having his own sentiments on this important subject supported by those of the most philosophic statesman of modern times.

'—— The law of primogeniture, (says Mr. Burke,) with a few inconsiderable exceptions, is the standing law of all our landed inheritance, and without question has a tendency (I think a most happy tendency) to preserve a character of consequence, weight, and prevalent interest over others, in the whole body of the landed interest.'—*Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs.*

From this statement of the case in favour of our old English system, the author turns to the other side of the picture, as presented by the *Code Napoleon*, which, as he observes, in establishing equal partibility among all the children, and all other kindred of equal degree, has not only prescribed a system of succession the opposite to ours, but has given that system a more unbending character, by prohibiting, to a large extent, voluntary gifts, either *inter vivos* or testamentary. Our space precludes us from following the author with any closeness through this part of his argument; which is, however, of sufficient force and originality to merit (as it is sure to attract) the attention of our continental neighbours, so recently engaged in the revision of that very article of their laws of which it is his design to call in question the wisdom and expediency.

'Land,' he observes, 'is, in its nature, incapable of the same easy and complete division as money and other moveables.' The truth of this maxim, in itself sufficiently obvious, is made practically familiar to us by the expensive and vexatious nature of our own proceedings under a commission of partition. These evils among ourselves are confined to a small number of cases, and a very limited description of persons. That, which forms our exception, constitutes their general rule of succession—with this

addition, that (unless our author has greatly erred in his estimate) all the inconvenience and expense of a partition among English coheirs occur, in a much greater proportion, in the case of every single succession, regulated by the provisions of the civil code of France. The author thus sums up the comparison.

'From an engraftment of good sense on good fortune, the English law appears to possess the germ of a perfect system of succession,' (he speaks now of property of every description,) 'with reference to our own constitution and habits. Its benefits, however, cannot be developed, till the present perplexed mode of administering assets, with their distinction of legal and equitable, their consequent marshalling, and the limited and circuitous liability of lands are removed. Justice, too, will not be done to the next of kin, until the executorship is treated as a mere office, and not as passing the residue, where undisposed of, to a stranger, in preference to the next of kin. Courts of equity have long revolted at this rule of law; and have, as usual, corrected it, whenever the individual case afforded evidence of intention to treat the executor as a trustee, by giving him a legacy, or, in the case of a bequest of the residue, which afterwards lapsed, by the legatee's death in the testator's lifetime. Here, however, as in many similar cases already noticed, the relief dispensed in particular instances is greatly diminished, if not counterbalanced, by the increase of judicial equity, and equitable distinctions.'

We shall not travel step by step through the remaining divisions of the proposed code, but remark only such suggestions as arrest our attention by their apparent novelty or importance.

Under the head of rights arising out of the relation of marriage, the author proposes to give to the surviving husband, in case of issue, the rents and profits only of one moiety of the wife's land during his life; in case of no issue, a life estate in the land itself; to the surviving wife, in the former event, a third part—in the latter, a moiety of the rents and profits of whatever land the husband may die possessed of; and he vindicates the distinction by observing, that the issue is the first object of a deceased parent's duty and affection, and that the ties of collateral relationship are comparatively feeble. The restriction of the right of dower to whatever lands the husband *may die possessed of*, he defends—by the right of alienation, which should be inherent in a husband over his own property—by the brevity and simplification in the forms of conveyancing, which are in use to elude the present law of dower—and by the precedent of freebench, which, according to the usual custom of copyholds, attaches, in such lands only as the tenant may die possessed of. His reason for giving, in some instances, a share of the profits of the land, and, in others, the land itself, is in conformity with his general system, that the land should be left in the hands of the persons most interested in the good management of it. To avoid the present circuitous and expensive

expensive machinery of fines, and powers of appointments, and to establish an uniformity of principle, he allows to the wife the free disposition of her land either by will, or, with consent of her husband, by deed, which (for the avoiding of undue influence) is to be acknowledged before a judge. No settlement, or other disposition on the part of the husband, either by deed or will, is to operate in derogation of any of the rights of marriage before specified, unless an intention that they should thus derogate is expressed—a provision which is stated to be levelled at our present equitable doctrine of *implied* satisfaction, the numerous distinctions and nice refinements of which produce the certain evil of a large mass of *active* law, while the balancing of contradictory expressions, equivocal facts, and conflicting authorities renders it questionable, whether the intention be not oftener defeated than aided by the application of the rules now in force.

The chapter respecting 'Alienation by Deed or Will' is replete with most novel and important matter. The author's proposals for enabling a testator to devise *prospectively* whatever land he may be possessed of at the time of his decease, and that a devise of land shall not be revoked by any intermediate change in the nature of the property, or in the circumstances of the testator, would lead to the prevention of disputes, the number and intricacy of which no one, who is not a practising lawyer, can imagine.

Among such regulations as are common to deeds and wills, the author proposes, in the first place, to put all dispositions regarding land, whether present or future, certain or contingent, under the immediate protection of the law, so as to be rendered incapable of being destroyed by the acts of third persons; and, in the next place, (what had been previously provided for in part,) that all such dispositions, of whatever nature, shall be made directly to the person meant to be benefited, and not to any other in trust for him—except where some *active* purposes are intended—that all estates and interests in land shall be legal rights, and cognizable as such in the courts of law—and that, in alienations in perpetuity, it shall be unnecessary to name the *heirs or assigns* of the alienee. The author justly anticipates, that the latter proposition will startle his readers, (he means, of course, his professional ones). He shows, however, that the practice was utterly unknown till the establishment of feudal tenures. The grants under these were originally for life, and gradually extended to the heirs; this extension rendered it necessary to use the word 'heirs' when it was intended that the heirs should take.

No judge, perhaps, has ever sat upon the bench, who has not lamented the conflict between the legal import of the word 'heirs,'

'heirs,' and the intentions of those who use it. If an ignorant person wishes to vest the absolute property of land in his devisee, he gives it to him without using the word 'heirs.' If he wishes to entail it upon him and his issue, he devises it to him and 'his heirs.' By the construction of law the devisee takes, in direct opposition to the intention of the testator, an estate for life only in the first instance, an estate in fee simple in the second. There has not, perhaps, been a single term for the last 100 years in which some case upon this point has not arisen: and the adoption of the proposed rule would undoubtedly obviate an infinity of litigation both at law and in equity.

To put the question within the reach of the public at large, the author urges, that the *general* term conveys the absolute and unqualified meaning, while, says the law maxim, *additio probat minoritatem.*

'Where,' observes old Wingate, (whom he quotes as commenting on this rule,) 'you finde it said in any book, that a man is seised in fee without saying more, it shall be understood in fee-simple; and not in fee-taile, unlesse there be put unto it such an addition, fee-taile, &c. and, therefore, in heraldry, the younger sonnes give the differences. And in France, by *Monsieur*, (without any addition or other title,) is to be understood the king's onely brother, and by *Madame*, (without more,) the king's onely sister; and, therefore, they are said in French to be Monsieur *sans queue*, and Madame *sans queue*, viz. without any other addition or title. But if there be in France any occasion of naming any other lord or lady, they are always named with their proper and peculiar title, as Monsieur de Longville, Madame de Chevreuse, &c.'

Surely, adds Mr. Humphreys, an absolute perpetuity may claim, with us, the privilege of passing *sans queue.*

On the great and much agitated subject of perpetuities, or (more strictly speaking) of the settlement of real property, by such limitations of it, as, during a certain period of time, will take it out of commerce, and suspend the vesting of the absolute ownership, Mr. Humphreys proposes, that land, or any profits accruing from it, may be aliened for the period of any life or lives in existence at the time of the deed being executed, or, (if the alienation be by will,) at the death of the testator—that it may also be aliened, either in possession, or so as to take effect on the death of the donor, or on the death of any tenant for life, to any person or class of persons, who may be living, or be conceived, when the disposition shall vest in possession; defeasible, however, on the death of the donee during infancy, or on any other assigned event within that limit. Substitutional limitations are next allowed under the same restrictions; but all dispositions, to take effect at any more remote period, are declared to be void.

The rules submitted by Mr. Humphreys for this purpose are represented

represented by him as embodying and giving certainty and effect to the principles of our present laws of settlements, both as to lands and profits; and as remedial of the defects on this subject complained of in the first part of the essay. He adverts, however, to an useful effect indirectly produced by our present laws of settlement, of enabling a father, in consequence of the necessity for his concurrence in barring the entail by recovery, to procure a resettlement of the estate, and thus preserve it in the family. This power, he suggests, need not be relinquished; and for preserving it he proposes that, during the father's life, the eldest or only son's expectant estate shall not be alienable nor extendible, unless with the father's concurrence. This, in the event of the son's dying without issue in his father's lifetime, would give the property, on the son's death, to the brothers and sisters in the character of heirs.

These provisions would certainly be a great simplification of the present mode of settlement of real property. Years of study are required to comprehend it; and, when understood, none but the most skilful artists can be trusted with it. Even yet its principles are far from being distinctly settled; and their extent and application are still less ascertained. Hence great expense and litigation frequently follow, and legal instruments are immeasurably prolix; numerous contingencies must be provided for, and language sinks under the necessity of describing and providing for them. It is always extremely difficult, and often quite impossible to explain to the parties themselves the effect and operation of the settlements they execute, or the effect of their wills. Does one testator in fifty, when he devises his property in strict settlement, clearly know to whom, or in what manner, he has disposed of it?

The necessity (or at least the policy) has been long acknowledged in practice, of investing owners of limited interests in real property with certain powers, (as of selling, exchanging, and leasing,) which are now actually incident only to the absolute ownership. These incidents, now almost invariably given by express provision, Mr. Humphreys proposes to annex by law, to the partial estates in question—the two first to be made exerciseable at the instance of all tenants for life in possession, with remainder to their issue; the latter by the parties themselves being in actual possession. To this annexation of the power of leasing we can discover no sound objection; but the mode of rendering those of sale and exchange available appears to us to demand the author's further consideration.

All *Charges* on land are either in respect of some annual payments, or for securing a principal sum of money. Charges of the

the first description our author would restrict to the term of a life, annexing the power of distraining, as an incident inseparably attending them. *Principal charges*, by way of mortgage or portion, are dealt with in a manner which will probably surprize the legal reader; but which we shall present without venturing any remark.

Mr. Humphreys does not allow of the creation of a term of years, or a legal fee, for securing them. All he admits is *a charge*, which binds the land, and is to authorize the person, entitled to the money secured by it, to enforce its raising by sale, through the medium of *a summary process before the clerk of the peace for the county where the land is situate*. Provisions are then made for the due application of the purchase money, according to the priority of incumbrances; which he would no longer permit to be disturbed by the unjust and pernicious privilege of *tacking*; and the remedy of distress is given (in the case of mortgagees and portioners, a novel power) for enforcing the payment of interest. The rules both of law and equity on the subject of *Powers* would, it is obvious, be greatly contracted by the proposed abolition of all distinction between legal and equitable estates, and by requiring all dispositions to be made *directly* to the person in whose favour the power is executed. In the chapter relating to Powers Mr. Humphreys suggests other advantages with which his system will be attended. One of his principal objects in this article is, to assimilate appointments (especially as to the formalities in the execution of the instruments by which they are made) to other legal instruments. No person is to be allowed to prescribe other formalities; and no appointment is to be valid, even in equity, without them. This provision we think will prove highly beneficial: while we acquiesce entirely in the author's canon that—'every abolition of needless distinction and formality affords a correspondent clearness of right and protection against litigation.' We cannot extend our observations on this part of the subject further than by remarking, that one of the most important objects which Mr. Humphreys professes to entertain in this place, regards the now interminable questions on the doctrines of exclusive and illusory appointments, which he proposes to settle by one clear and intelligible principle of provision, to the evident extinction of a great mass of uncertainty and consequent litigation.

Under the head of *joint property* Mr. Humphreys proposes, that no interest shall pass by survivorship without an express provision. The right, though consonant with the principles of feudal law, he represents as opposed to the present habits of society, and, as such, always discountenanced by our courts of equity.

The *rights of creditors* (considered as *inter vivos*) attach upon both the real and personal property of the party indebted, in such a manner

a manner as does not admit of separate provisions for either description of property. The author confines himself, therefore, to some general suggestions respecting their effect upon land; and in this place he observes, that the proposed extinction of copyhold tenure will open that species of property to the demands of creditors; while his proposed simplification of all descriptions of real property will deliver them from many of the obstacles which they now experience. For the relief of creditors by judgment or recognizance, he provides—1st, that the personal property, of whatever description, whether in possession or action, whether present or expectant, within the same county, is to be first sold, and applied in discharge of the debt; 2dly, that, if the produce of that sale be insufficient, and if, in the judgment of the sheriff, one year's clear rents and profits of the land within his jurisdiction will supply the deficiency, such rents and profits shall (after the model of the old writ of *levari facias*) be received and applied by the sheriff accordingly; and lastly, in the event proving otherwise, the real property in different counties is to be sold, and applied successively after the return of each former writ of execution; and land in possession to be extended in preference to land in expectancy. Thus the author's great object undoubtedly is, to enlarge the remedies of creditors by facilitating the sale of the debtor's lands; but in order to this he requires, that the personal estate, to its full extent, comprizing funds, loans, commercial shares, and all rights in action, which are at present capriciously exempt, should be first resorted to; and the rents secondarily applied in the manner already stated.

On the important subject of *Assets* he thus expresses himself:

'As some counterpoise to the superior advantages both civil and political attending our different rules of succession to land and to moveables, coupled with unlimited testamentary power, the transmission of every species of property in the same course under the *Code Napoleon*, as it at present stands, certainly precludes all questions and accounts between different classes of representatives and testamentary donors, regarding their respective contributions to the ancestor's debts—of our regulations, however, on this subject, though some are indispensable, a considerable portion have arisen from the defective provisions of our law for the payment of debts; from the circuitous contrivances of equity to remedy them; and from more technical distinctions between law and equity. Possessing (as I conceive our system of succession coupled with the testamentary power does) a decided superiority in the main, it is the more incumbent on us to strengthen its weaker points, by lopping off all redundancies, and by simplifying and giving method to its *necessary* characters.

'The abolition already proposed of *formal* trusts, (which involve equitable interests,) and the reduction of mortgages into their natural character

character of charges, will extinguish the present technical distinction between *legal* and *equitable* assets. By rendering the real estate liable, in the second degree, and in aid of the personal, to the payment of debts of *every* description, we shall avoid the complicated and costly process of *marshalling assets in equity*. The co-operation of the two measures, with the assistance of some secondary ones, about to be proposed, will clear the way to a simple and just system for the distribution of assets.'

We have already noticed our author's important distinction between active, or operative, *Trusts*, and those which are merely passive or nominal. The latter, as we have seen, he means to abolish—the former to regulate; first by authorizing the delegation of trusts, so as to invest the delegate with the whole actual disposition and management of the lands, and with the receipt of the rents and profits during a prescribed period; and secondly, by directing, that the actual purpose of disposition, management or receipt, so far as regards the *corpus* of the property, shall be expressed in the instrument by which the trust is created; leaving the application only of the rents and profits at liberty to be declared by any separate instrument. The professed object of this provision is to prevent a relapse into nominal trusts, and to imprint on the face of assurances, their real character; an object which he further aims at in the articles on *Registration*.

The next article directs that,

'in all dealings of the trustee respecting the trust property, its produce and the application of it, his receipts and other acts, shall be as valid as of a beneficial owner.'

Its object is to correct a vicious doctrine in equity which constantly contravenes the intention of the parties, by depriving a trustee, in most instances, of the power to exercise a most important part of his trust, namely, to receive and give a discharge for the produce of the fund. The ill consequences of this rule are forcibly depicted.

After adverting to the very defective state of the actual laws on the subject of *registration*, and the mischievous doctrine of *equitable*, or constructive, *notice*, the author shows, that the expediency of either enrolling, or registering the substance of all assurances for the protection of alienees and incumbrancers against latent dispositions, has been long recognized.—He then discusses the much agitated question whether enrolment at length, or registration of the substance be preferable. Against the former are objected, the disclosure of private transactions, and the expense attending it. In favour of the latter, it is urged, that while it avoids these objections, at the same time in stating the instrument, the parties, the land affected, and the general character of the interest disposed of, every circumstance necessary for the

the information of the public is disclosed. Mr. Humphreys decides in favour of the latter.—The various enactments by which these objects are proposed to be effected are not susceptible of abridgment. One description of registry however deserves notice from its novelty and importance; namely, that of *pedigrees*, to prove the descent from an intestate. The present law for the registration of judgments is allowed to remain in full force for ten years only; but with liberty to renew it during or at the end of that period. Contracts for the purchase of land are permitted to be registered, and to acquire thereby precedence over all subsequent assurances. Nine different specimens are prescribed of memorials framed agreeably to the author's principles. These again are succeeded by a prohibitory article, against any effect of *notice*, either to give validity to an unregistered act, or to disturb the order and priority of registration. The author never lets pass an occasion of either assailing or guarding against this doctrine of courts of equity.

An appendix is subjoined to the work in which, the more strikingly to illustrate his system, the author has exhibited contrasted tables of descent, and forms of various deeds of sale, mortgage, and settlement, according to the present laws and to the proposed system; the latter being accompanied by a short exposition of the principles on which they are framed. We were scarcely prepared, even by all that preceded it, for so singular an exhibition of the economizing power of his provisions as is presented by these contrasted forms.

We trust that we have now presented to our readers an accurate view of this singular work; which is evidently the production of a gentleman not only thoroughly conversant with the English law of property, and the modes of its transmission, but who has also bestowed great thought and reflection on the principles of universal law; particularly with reference to the motives which influenced the compilers of that extraordinary code designated by the name of the late French Emperor. To its provisions, throughout the work, he makes frequent recurrence—so frequent, as to have tempted us now and then to remind him, that he professed to legislate, not as a cosmopolitan philosopher, but as an Englishman, and for Englishmen;—Σπαρτην ελαχες· κεινην κοσμει· We are disposed, however, on more deliberation, to give credit to the readiness and ardency with which he draws from foreign sources, and especially from the brilliant theories of Montesquieu, illustrations of his own doctrines, indicative at once of the power and the disposition to generalize on this most important of legislative subjects. Many indeed may feel a disposition to shrink from his suggestions, as carrying too much the semblance of, what

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is usually termed, a *radical reform*—and, no doubt, those suggestions go to subvert some established principles, as well as a multitude of (what are too often mistaken for principles) established forms and ordinances. But, although forms and principles are frequently confounded by ignorance, and still more frequently by prejudice or interest, nothing is of such vital importance in all legislative discussion, as that care, amounting even to jealousy, should be taken to extricate the subject from so grievous an error as that which would elevate the petty concerns of clerks and notaries to a level with the great landmarks of law, the constituted bulwarks of civil liberty and religion. The true question is, whether, consistently with the preservation of these landmarks, and with the security of their deferees, the proposed system is practicable;—and we see nothing in the outline presented to us, to convict it of impracticability—we see nothing even to induce us to question, whether the facts bear out the author's repeated assertions—that, *to at least a considerable extent, the laws of property may be reformed without innovating*; and that, *where innovation or abolition is thought to be necessary, the proposal is sanctioned in most instances by prior legislative changes, of the same or a greater extent, and in the rest, by justice, or obvious expediency.*

1. It must be admitted, that the statute of 12 Car. 2. introduced a much more extensive abrogation of the then existing law as to tenures, than any thing which Mr. Humphreys proposes; and that also at a far greater gratuitous sacrifice on the part of the feudal lord, than any to which his patriotism is by the present measures subjected.

2. The statute of 27 Hen. 8. was intended to abolish uses, by investing them with the character of legal estates; and this would have been the actual consequence, but for the narrow construction put upon it by judicial interpretation.

3. This false principle of interpretation gave room to the revival of uses in equity, under the name of *trusts*; which would not now have existed, had the intention of the legislature been properly seconded. In those anomalous characters of passive or nominal, trusts are peculiar to the jurisprudence of this country. Indeed it is not less surprizing than true, nor less true than mortifying to national pride, to discover, that many of the boldest measures proposed by Mr. Humphreys for our adoption, as improvements in the English laws of property, have already been carried into operation, and are now the established law of so many states infinitely below us in the scale of political greatness and moral excellence.

We

We are not fond of the term '*Code:*' and fancy that there is something imperial and arbitrary in its sound, which is apt to grate on the ears of a disciple of Bracton or of Littleton. We conceive, that a more serious objection may attend it, as calculated to create a prejudice against the very substance of reform, recommended under so un-English an appellation. But let us not be frightened by words, nor diverted by our dislike of a name, from attending to the true subject of inquiry—namely, the practicability and expediency of a general revision of system. There is little ground for serious apprehension that England will be led astray by the ardour of innovation, or a restless appetite for distinction. The national tendencies are all on the other side. These lead men to inquire and deliberate, to examine and balance, and ultimately to decide on no matter of alleged improvement, however speciously recommended or loudly called for, without the most scrupulous sifting of facts, the most laborious investigation of principles;—to remember that (in the words of Burke) 'difficulty is a severe instructor, set over us by the supreme ordinance of a parental guardian and legislator, who knows us better than we know ourselves, as he loves us better too'—that

'Pater ipse colendi
Haud facilem esse viam voluit'—

that, (to use still more of the language addressed by our great orator already cited, to the codifiers of the French National Assembly,)

'Our antagonist is our helper. This amicable conflict obliges us to an intimate acquaintance with our object, and compels us to consider it in all its relations. It will not suffer us to be superficial. It is the want of nerves of understanding for such a task, the degenerate fondness for short cuts, and little fallacious facilities, that has, in so many parts of the world, created governments with arbitrary powers.

'To make every thing the reverse of what we have seen, is quite as easy as to destroy. At once to preserve and reform is quite another thing. When the useful parts of an old establishment are kept, and what is superadded is fitted to what is retained, a vigorous mind, steady persevering attention, various powers of comparison and combination, and the resources of an understanding fruitful in expedients, are to be exercised. They are to be exercised in a continued conflict with the combined force of opposite views; with the obstinacy which rejects all improvement, and the levity that is fatigued and disgusted with every thing of which it is in possession.'

We are not—we once again repeat—in the least afraid, that these sound and enlightened precepts will be forgotten by those of our own time and country, with whom the great and enviable task of reforming our system of laws principally rests; and in whose hands we believe that the work we have been analyzing

will prove a most valuable magazine of thought and suggestion. It is not the only book of merit and reputation to which the growing spirit of legislative improvement has recently given birth; and we confidently regard it as itself the precursor of many yet to come. But it is the first which, by selecting a particular and most important department of law, with which the author is himself practically conversant—and by noticing no defect or abuse, of which it does not prescribe a specific remedy—both challenges and deserves the peculiar attention of those whose duty it is to assist the progress of original thought, and free inquiry. We did not indeed anticipate, that the invitation of the Chancery Commissioners would have been so immediately accepted; and still less, that the first to take up the gauntlet would be an eminent practitioner in that very department of the profession the abuses of which he undertakes to meet and to vanquish.—

'Via prima salutis,
Quod minimè reris, Graiâ pandetur ab urbe.'

Mr. Humphreys, however, is not, we are happy to think, the only lawyer of our times anxious to wipe off the reproach to his profession of an interested and sordid opposition to all plans of improvement which, assuming for their basis the vast spread of litigation occasioned by the uncertainties and imperfections of the existing system, threaten to abridge its emoluments, by narrowing the field of its practice. We have all due respect for a body of men so important in themselves, and so essential to the well-being of the community, as the lawyers; though we cannot but hint the possibility of their importance and value, in their collective capacity, being overrated—regard being had to the fact, that the principles of the constitution have at least as often been put in jeopardy, as they have been protected from violation, by the members of that very learned, but not always very scrupulous, profession. But what consequence would follow from admitting them to the full benefit of their highest pretensions? Do not the professors of medicine constitute a class of society as important and valuable? Yet we should hardly bear to be told, that the gout or the plague must be encouraged in order to afford the doctors a livelihood. Neither the discovery of Jenner, nor the previous introduction of inoculation, was discountenanced upon any such pretext; indeed to the honour of the medical character, it is but justice to acknowledge, that the members of that profession have always actively and disinterestedly promoted every research, and every discovery, tending to mitigate the physical sufferings of humanity. If somewhat too much of a contrary disposition has hitherto been manifested by lawyers, there have never at least been wanting worthy and commendable instances of exception

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to the prevailing spirit. There is no reason to fear, but that these instances will increase and multiply under the auspices of a liberal and wise administration; and the opposition of private and petty interests will prove altogether powerless, without the aid of a correspondent principle of timidity and inaction.

ART. XI.—1. *Correspondence with the British Commissioners, relating to the Slave-Trade.* 1825, 1826. *Class A.*
2. *Correspondence with Foreign Powers, relating to the Slave-Trade.* 1825, 1826. *Class B. Presented to both Houses of Parliament.*
3. *British and Foreign State Papers.* 1824, 1825.
4. *Nineteenth and Twentieth Reports of the Directors of the African Institution.* 1825, 1826.

IN December, 1824, the senate of South Carolina passed certain resolutions, among which was the following:—

'That this legislature is aware of the dangerous and insidious conduct of a party in Great Britain and the United States, who are ever ready to indulge their benevolent propensities at the expense of their neighbours, and who seem to reflect with complacency on the scenes of carnage and cruelty, which must be the result of their inconsiderate and mischievous machinations.'

This is strong language; but perhaps may not be the less true for being so. The resolution shows, at any rate, what are the opinions of a large portion of the free and independent republicans of the United States in regard to negro slavery, and the persons most conspicuous, both in England and in North America, for their exertions to bring its existence to a speedy end. No one will doubt or deny that there does exist a class of persons, such as the resolution designates as 'a party,' (but who may, in England at least, be more properly considered as an organized confederacy of sectarians,)—and it is equally certain that these persons have been, and are, exerting every nerve, *per fas et nefas*, to accomplish an object, which, if accomplished suddenly by any means, or accomplished at all by their mode of proceeding, would unquestionably produce 'scenes of carnage and cruelty.' Every rational being, who knows any thing of the West Indian colonies, and will bring himself to reflect coolly and dispassionately on the relative situation and condition of the whites and the blacks,—the masters and the slaves,—must be aware of this; he must also be convinced that, if once a general insurrection be stirred up—and nothing is more likely to produce it than those 'inconsiderate and mischievous machinations' of which the legislature of South Carolina speaks—a general and indiscriminate

massacre would be the result among the varied population of our sugar islands; that a total destruction of all property would be inevitable; and, in a word, that these valuable possessions of the British empire would be utterly lost and annihilated. Nor would his view of the matter be altered in favour of the ultra-abolitionists, by the additional observation that, in point of fact, other nations, in utter contempt and violation of solemn treaties, are systematically taking advantage of the effects of English legislation upon the English colonies—that, in short, foreigners are zealously engaged in increasing the slave population of their own colonies, with the obvious design of enabling these to raise in greater abundance the articles of produce for the consumption of the European world, which were once almost exclusively in the hands of our British planters.

To the assertion that the conduct of the party in question is 'dangerous,' we cannot for a moment hesitate to give our assent; whether their object be 'insidious' (by which we suppose is meant, treacherous, or mischievously artful) is best known to themselves. We cannot but think, however, that a candid and impartial foreigner, who should witness the multitude and magnitude of petitions presented to parliament for the emancipation of our colonial negroes, might very well be puzzled in his attempt to hit upon the real cause of these expressions of popular feeling—he might be in doubt whether they were the effect of a free constitution, producing in the minds of the people an intense love of liberty, and a burning detestation of the very name of slavery—or merely of human compassion for the supposed sufferings of eight hundred thousand fellow-creatures. In the first case he would conclude, that it was perfectly natural for such a people as the English to be anxious to wipe off the stain with which the existence of slavery, in one portion of the empire, taints the national honour and character; and learn without surprize that petitions were pouring in from every city, town and village of the British Isles, some praying for an immediate, others for a gradual, but all of them for a total abolition of negro slavery, even although it were distinctly assumed—(which we are very sorry to say it has not been)—in every such document, that such an event *could only be brought about by a great national and* INDIVIDUAL *sacrifice*. And, unquestionably, by such noble and generous conduct, adopted under such sane and rational views of the whole case, the people of England would extort his applause, nay, they might well excite his envy.

If, on the other hand, this foreigner should be inclined to ascribe the extraordinary eagerness in question solely to the dictates of humanity, and a feeling of compassion for the unhappy

happy state of the West Indian negroes—he might perhaps be apt to pause when, on looking around him here at home, he saw so many objects of wretchedness and want, such a mass of ignorance, and crime, and cruelty exhibited before his eyes, and detailed with disgusting minuteness in all the daily newspapers, for the relief or reformation of which no particular anxiety appeared to be felt by the 'party' alluded to, or by any other equally active and organized association.

A third view, however, may be supposed, which, if explained to our stranger, might better reconcile to his judgment, than either of the other two, this general impulse and impatience for breaking the fetters of the negro. He might be told, and perhaps truly, that great pains had indeed been taken, on the one hand, by the kind of people described in the South Carolina resolution, and, on the other, by quite a different class of persons, to excite and keep alive these kindly feelings in the people of England in favour of the slave population; but that the main object of the former 'party' was, to raise themselves into a spurious kind of reputation and importance, and the sole object of the other, a mere mercantile speculation, grounded on the idea that the ruin of our western colonies would promote their own personal interests in the east.—This foreigner might be told that, to effect *these* objects, the most unfair and unjustifiable means had been resorted to; such as that of calling public meetings in the metropolis and most of the great towns, at which inflammatory speeches are made, loaded with tales of oppression and cruelty, many of them absolutely false, others most grossly exaggerated;—He might be told that pamphlets of the same stamp had been got up and distributed gratis over the whole country, illustrated with pictures of negroes in the act of being whipped, or fettered in chains, for the clearer understanding of those whose learning extends not beyond hieroglyphics or picture-language; and that petitions, ready manufactured in London, had been in thousands sent down to the provinces, to be subscribed by all quakers, methodists, and other dissenters of every denomination—including all that numerous sect who have a fancy for using the cross as their signature, and other really well-meaning and humane persons, who, on too many occasions, are the easy dupes of the artful and designing.

Whether charges of the nature we have mentioned be true or false, we shall not take upon ourselves to affirm; it is certain that such have been made, and equally so that they have met with nothing like a satisfactory disproof, or even a solemn contradiction. Of one thing, however, we are very sure, namely, that very

false impressions have been made on the public mind as to the real condition of the negro slave in the British colonies; and that, if humanity be their object, the intemperate and misguided proceedings of our ultra-abolitionists are much better calculated to injure than to meliorate the fortunes of the African race. Leaving entirely out of the question, for the present, the incalculable evils, moral and political, which would result from any general convulsion in our slave-population—and which disappointed hope is but too likely to stir up—the very expectation, by other nations, (and by the French in particular,) of such a catastrophe, has already given an increased appetite to speculation in the SLAVE-TRADE. In short, it has been and is their hope and expectation to see their own well-stocked colonies rise to prosperity on the ruins of ours. Our ultra-abolitionists, indeed, argue that the only security for the abolition of the slave-trade is to be looked for in the extinction of slavery itself—and their position would, no question, be undeniable, on the supposition that the extinction of slavery was to be universal and total. But we are sorry to be obliged to say, that the absolute abolition of the slave-trade by England alone, and even the steps hitherto taken by England with the view of ultimately abolishing the condition of slavery, have, in fact, had, as yet, more evil effects than good on the fate of the African race at large. This country has, in truth, offered a premium to other nations to engage more actively in the trade, while we are firmly persuaded that, if once the slave-traffic could be put an end to, the mitigation and ultimate extinction of slavery would follow in all the colonial possessions of every nation, by an operation at once gradual, safe, and certain; nay, that there is no other means from which any such results can be rationally expected.

But how, it may be asked, is this to be effected? Those powers with whom we have made solemn treaties for the extinction of this trade, if they do not directly encourage their subjects to violate those engagements, take no active steps whatever to prevent them from doing so; others refuse absolutely to join in any such treaties; in short, to say the least of it, all of them are lukewarm in the matter. They all, in fact, pretend to regard our interference as a political measure, founded upon self-interest; although it would be difficult indeed to produce even a shadow of argument for the support of such a charge. Our abolition of the slave-trade was a measure carried through parliament with the greatest good faith; it was a measure dictated by the purest principles of humanity; though, it must be confessed, the result has not corresponded with those sanguine views which were taken at the time.

It would not be difficult to prove, that the transfer of the trade from

from England to other nations has been productive of more human misery in one single year, than the sum-total of what has occurred in our West Indian colonies from the date of the abolition to the present hour; while we may safely affirm, that not one slave the less has crossed the Atlantic, since our abandonment of the traffic, than would have done so if we had continued it to this moment. And to say truth, our own government was in some degree to blame for this unfortunate result, by the hasty manner in which, after so many years of discussion, the abolition was at last carried. We took that step absolutely without any concert whatever with foreign powers,—although there had indeed been a previous resolution in parliament for an address to his Majesty, that he would be pleased to direct a communication to be made to the other governments of Europe, for the purpose of engaging them to join in the abolition. Indeed it would almost seem, from the precipitate manner of proceeding, that the administration under which the abolition was carried, had anticipated its own speedy abolition. So anxious were the new-fangled and unsteady ministers to get the measure through, that they would listen to no proposal that implied delay. In vain the Lords Eldon and Hawkesbury urged the expediency of acting in concert with those powers who were then actually engaged in the trade; in vain was the cabinet forewarned, by Lord St. Vincent, of consequences now too visible—that France, on the restoration of peace, would get complete possession of this traffic; that the humane regulations by which the trade in our hands had been, to a considerable extent, governed, would be totally disregarded by those into whose hands it would fall; and that the misery of the middle passage itself would be eventually aggravated in a tenfold degree by the rash and isolated humanity of this country.

It is a matter of equal regret that, in the treaty with France of the 30th May, 1814, by which her West Indian islands were given back to that power, it had not been made a condition of the restoration of those colonies, that the slave-trade should immediately, and for ever, cease on the part of France, and a guarantee exacted for the due execution of such a stipulation; instead of which, under a mistaken liberality, our negociators were satisfied with an additional article to the treaty, by which

'His Most Christian Majesty engages to unite all his efforts to induce all the powers of Christendom to decree the abolition of the slave-trade, so that the said trade shall cease universally, as it shall cease definitively, under any circumstances, on the part of the French government, in the course of five years.'

His Most Christian Majesty, however, in another supplementary article to the Treaty of Paris, of 20th November, 1815, again engages

' to concert, without loss of time, the most effectual measures for the entire and definitive abolition of a commerce so odious, and so strongly condemned by the laws of religion and of nature;'

a commerce which he had indeed before stigmatized as ' repugnant to the principles of natural justice, and of the enlightened age in which we live.'

To what extent those ' most effectual measures' of his Most Christian Majesty Louis XVIII. were carried, and what success crowned ' all his efforts' to wipe off this odious disgrace to the laws of justice, of religion, and of nature, we have in part shown in a former Article; and we shall now briefly inquire, whether the ' efforts' of his successor, his present Most Christian Majesty Charles X., have been more successful in inducing all the powers of Christendom, and, at all events, his own subjects, to abandon so odious a commerce, now that TWELVE years, instead of FIVE, have passed away since the signing of this solemn compact of May, 1814. We shall confine ourselves, for the present, to the statement of a few cases of atrocious conduct on the part of the three principal sets of slave-dealers, those of France, Spain and Portugal. The other maritime nations of Europe have, as we believe, relinquished in good faith all intentions of carrying on the trade, and every wish of skreening their subjects who may be concerned in it from punishment. Indeed, with the exception of a very few cases, there is no reason for thinking that the subjects of the king of the Netherlands are now engaged in this traffic. They have been deterred by penalties of increased severity: and the zeal of the officers and crews of the Netherlands navy has been stimulated and encouraged, by the government having given up its proportion of the prize-money to the captors.

The government of the United States is unquestionably influenced by an honest desire to put an end to the trade; and to accomplish this the more effectually, it entered into a negociation with us, in which the principle of a mutual right of search was recognized; but the Senate, from some crotchet of jealousy, refused its sanction to a treaty, which made the slave-trade piracy. In consequence of this unhappy refusal, several American vessels, generally under the Dutch flag, have been slaving on the coast of Africa; one of them, the Bey, was lately seized under that flag, the crew of which, consisting entirely of Americans, escaped the punishment that, had the American Senate been as wise as the American Cabinet, must have awaited them. Their cruizers, however, are, we rejoice to know and to say, honestly and actively employed in looking out for offenders against the laws.

The New States of Spanish America, interested as all of them had immemorially been in the traffic of slaves, have eagerly disowned

owned and prohibited it. The abolition of slavery was one of the first acts of the Constituent Assembly of Guatimala. It declared not only that 'every man in the republic is free,' but that no one who takes refuge under its laws can be a slave; and it positively debars any one who carries on the slave-trade from the privileges of a citizen. This law was no sooner promulgated than one hundred slaves from the Honduras escaped into Guatimala; and these, though demanded back by our superintendent, were justly allowed the full protection of the statute which had proclaimed them free.

The recent conduct of Spain, and of the late Spanish colonies, in regard to this matter, has been justly held up by Mr. Canning as a reproach to the ancient and civilized monarchy of France. The cabinet of Madrid has readily entered into treaties for the abolition of the trade, and the voluntary acts of the emancipated colonies for the extinction of slavery have been already mentioned. But the urgent and reiterated expostulations of our minister, on the utter inefficiency of the existing *French* law for prohibiting the trade, have hitherto proved of little avail. In fact, the years 1824 and 1825 show an increased activity in the slave-trade under the flag of the lilies; and we do not find, in the papers before us, any mitigation or diminution of those atrocities which, from the first, have been exercised in the prosecution of this traffic. An earnest wish, and even a hope, it seems, was early expressed by our ambassador, Lord Granville, to the Baron de Damas, that the era of the reign of his Most Christian Majesty Charles the Tenth might be signalized by some decisive measures for the suppression of practices which he (Lord Granville) stated to be a scandal to the flag of France—and no doubt the answer was smooth. In vain, however, does Mr. Canning, up to this day, direct our ambassador to remonstrate in the strongest terms against the odious practices of the French slave-dealers, the indifference of the government, and the inefficiency of its regulations to check 'this disgraceful traffic under the protection of the flag of France;'—this traffic which, as he distinctly says, '*disgraces the French name.*' The French minister is always ready enough with his assurances, that the French naval officers are strictly charged with the execution of the laws, and are zealous in intercepting slave-traders at sea, and in bringing the parties concerned before the tribunals; but, unhappily, these assurances are not supported by facts. We know, on the contrary, that the authorities, civil and military, seeing the indifference of the government, have openly, as well as secretly, lent their aid in support of the diplomatically denounced traffic: and we shall give one sufficient example. *Les Deux Nantais* was one of those numerous vessels annually fitted out at Nantz

Nantz for the African coast. The attention of the French government was specially drawn to this vessel by Sir Charles Stuart, in his note to M. de Chateaubriand, accompanied with a description of several other vessels fitting out at the very same port for the slave-trade, and terminating in a distinct call on the French ministry to take means for preventing the intended voyage. M. de Chateaubriand, in reply, gave the usual assurances,

'that the government of the king of France did not feel an interest less deep than that which was felt by the British government in the suppression of this odious traffic, and would not neglect any means for effecting the object.'

The 'interest,' however, which the king of France took would seem to have been the other way; for, notwithstanding these assurances of M. de Chateaubriand, the *Deux Nantais* did perform her African voyage without any molestation, either at home or on the coast, until she was boarded by his Britannic Majesty's ship Primrose off St. Domingo; when she was found to be laden with a cargo of 466 negroes from the river Sherbro' and bound for Cuba, where she afterwards landed them. The case was so glaring, and the French government was so pressed upon it by our ambassador, that an order was sent to the Commissary of Marine at Nantz to seize the vessel on her return from the West Indies. On the very day, however, after the receipt of this order by the Commissary, the several pilots at the mouth of the Loire were in possession of a circular, of which the following is a copy:

'M. Mahé, Master of the "Deux Nantais." The moment you receive this you will steer for the port of Antwerp, whither I intend proceeding without delay. Pray do not, on any account whatever, put into a French port. Give the pilot, who is the bearer of this, and who will take you out to sea, a receipt, upon producing which he will be paid by me one hundred francs for his pilotage. I wish you a good voyage.

(Signed) OGERAU.'

We need scarcely say, that at Antwerp she accordingly turned up, laden with a cargo of colonial produce. M. de Damas put forward an attempt to justify the local authorities; but the case was found to be too strong for him, and the affair was reluctantly brought before the tribunals; and the 'Deux Nantais' was finally confiscated. The notoriety and the novelty of this proceeding, and its issue, alarmed the worthy people at Nantz, and still more so the receipt of new orders addressed to all the ports by the minister of the marine; the result of which was, as stated by Sir Richard Clayton, (in a letter dated 25th January, 1826,) that

'a temporary stop has been put to every thing in this shameful commerce, and shares in the concern were yesterday endeavoured, from the alarm,

alarm, to be disposed of on the Exchange at 30 and 40 per cent. loss, but without success.'

But there was another reason to induce the government to put on the appearance of severity in the case of the *Deux Nantais*. It seems that public opinion (thanks to the British press and to the persevering remonstrances of Mr. Canning!) was beginning to declare itself in Paris against the infamous traffic. The merchants and bankers of that city had already petitioned the legislature against it; they had held up Nantz as the great emporium for sanctioning a crime which they declared to be compounded of robbery and murder; against which the law, they observe, as it now stands, recognizes but one single offender, namely, the captain of the ship, although his guilt is shared by the owners, the insurers, the advancers of capital, the supercargo, and the seamen. France has also its abolition societies, though yet in their infancy, who are scandalized at the barefaced proceedings of the dealers of Nantz.

'Thirty ships (says one of them), belonging to a civilized country, have sailed in the nineteenth century from a single port of one of the most enlightened nations in the world—a nation which honours letters, which admires the sciences and the arts, which publicly recognizes and professes the religion of Christ; and these ships have sailed, not to communicate to Africa the blessings of civilized life,—not to go, guided by the Spirit of Jesus Christ, that Spirit of mercy and of peace, and carry to the inhabitants of Africa the good tidings of salvation,—but to bear thither terror and desolation, to foment war and carnage, to pollute its shores with the most flagitious crimes, and to condemn thousands of innocent victims to the horrors of the middle passage, unparalleled in the history of the miseries of mankind.'

The slave-dealers of Nantz have also been told, by one of their own deputies, what their real character is.

'If the pirate is a criminal, an armed robber, often an assassin; so the man who orders, or shares in such a traffic, (for there is no difference between the slave-captain who executes, and the merchant who, from his counting-house, in cold blood, gives out to his accomplice this execrable mission,) the man thus sharing and thus ordering is also a criminal, an armed robber, often an assassin: he is, moreover, as cowardly as he is ferocious: he has not even the courage of a pirate. He does not deserve to be less hated, because he must be more despised.'

The spirit of commercial avarice, however, though checked, is not easily subdued; and we are therefore not in the least surprized that the trade under the French flag should, at the moment we are writing, be as vigorously pursued as ever. If the government manifests, to say the least of it, a frigid indifference on the subject, we may be quite sure that the commanders of the few ships of war, ostensibly sent to the coast of Africa for the suppression of

of the trade, will imitate the supineness of the ruling power. While these traffickers are swarming on every part of the coast, few, if any of them, are captured. The master of one of them, which was boarded by one of our cruizers, said he had been visited by a French ship of war before he took on board his cargo, the commander of which only told him to *take care he did not fall in with him on his coming out* some ten days afterwards; as, if he did, *he should be obliged to capture him:* a friendly hint which, of course, was not lost upon the slave-dealer. Another slave-captain says to his owner,

'M. La Traite (who commands the Hebe) gave me plainly to understand that he was not ignorant of my voyage, and told me at parting, "Be prudent, and look well about you."'

There appears to be some ground, therefore, for the complaint of the Baron de Damas, 'that the officers of the navy are disposed to do their duty very reluctantly.' But why are they so disposed? The reason is obvious enough—they meet with a degree of discouragement from the government and the civil authorities, which the spirits and the hardihood of a seaman can scarcely be expected to surmount. Yet one French officer at least has honestly done his duty. Captain Lachelier detained and sent to Senegal for adjudication several French slaving vessels, and among others three that were afterwards boarded by the Maidstone; but mark the issue—they were all liberated by the Court there, and, when very shortly afterwards met by our Commodore, Bullen, they had already audaciously returned to complete their adventure.

The law, therefore, as it now stands, is either inadequate to the object, or there is a secret understanding that it is not meant to be acted upon. In truth, it is a mockery of common sense to proclaim a traffic to be unlawful, and to punish the offender with confiscation of the vessel only, while neither infamy nor corporal punishment attaches to the individual, and while he knows that the profits of one successful voyage will more than compensate him for the losses he may sustain in two, by the capture of his ships. France objects to a mutual right of search, and to the capture of her ships actually engaged in the slave-trade, because, forsooth, such a concession would militate against the honour of her flag—strange notions of honour, that can suffer the French flag not only to protect a trade which France has declared to be infamous and illegal, but to give security and protection to the wretches of other countries engaged in the trade who may chuse to display it! France, however, may rest assured that even *her* flag would not be dishonoured in assisting the British flag in the work of extending humanity to the African race.

In point of fact, the privileged pirates under the French flag openly

openly declare that they have no fear of being disturbed by the king's ships. Mr. Canning may therefore well say, that 'the slave-trade is now carrying on under the flag of France with scandalous publicity.' 'So little,' says Commodore Bullen, 'do they appear to fear detection, that the officers of *La Sabine* voluntarily conducted ours over their vessel, pointing out the different apartments for the males and females, and explaining every circumstance connected with it.'

Some notion of the system of atrocities under which this traffic is carried on may be collected from the dispatches of Commodore Bullen; but we must observe, that the number of slave-vessels seen and visited by our squadron, on a line of coast of more than a thousand miles, affords no criterion of the real extent of the trade. Neither can we form an idea of the sum of human misery from the cruelties which are witnessed in those few that are captured; as is justly observed in the Nineteenth Report of the Directors of the African Institution, 'there is not more of cruelty, it may fairly be assumed, in the one vessel which is captured, than in the hundred which escape.' In their Twentieth Report they say,

'It is stated, under date of 10th December, from Sierra Leone, that, notwithstanding the activity of English cruizers, the coast still swarmed with slave-dealers. The Redwing boarded, during a single cruize, French vessels having on board upwards of three thousand slaves; besides which, she saw many French vessels which avoided her. A brig, la Jeune Caroline, had four hundred and fifty slaves on board, every one of whom was closely battened below when she was boarded. A large French ship, having five hundred slaves on board, and carrying twelve guns and sixty men, bound for Martinique, was boarded a few days prior to the Redwing's return to Sierra Leone. She had all her guns clear for action, but offered no resistance to a visit from the boats of the Redwing.

'Three Spanish vessels were captured by the Redwing's boats between the 7th and 11th October, but only one had arrived at Sierra Leone by the 10th December. The schooner Teresa was upset on the morning of the 19th October, in a tornado, when one hundred and eighty-six slaves, three men and one boy belonging to the Redwing, and the Spanish mate, were lost; the remainder, two officers and nine seamen belonging to the Redwing, and six slaves, were picked up on pieces of the wreck the next morning: fortunately, fifty slaves had been removed to another vessel the day before, and have since arrived at Sierra Leone. It is observed, that the captures of the last six months equal any other in a similar space of time which can be named, fourteen vessels having been captured, making a total of 1,690 tons, and carrying about 4,000 human beings. It is stated that the Maidstone boarded, amongst many other French vessels, a corvette fully armed and manned, which originally had 1,000 slaves on board.

'*On the whole, it appears that the slave-trade has increased during the last*

last year; and that, notwithstanding the number of prizes taken, it continues to rage with unabated fury; and that the coast, with the exception of the British settlements and their immediate neighbourhoods, is in a worse condition than it has been for years past; that the Spaniards and Brazilians carry their profligacy as far as ever; whilst the French have become the slave-carriers of the Antilles.'

The Maidstone, in one month, between 17th June and 15th July, 1825, in the Bights of Benin and Biafra, boarded seventeen slave-vessels, ten of them under French colours, and seven of which were about to take on board 3,000 human beings. In September following, there were eight vessels under French colours in the river Bonny. In September, 1825, Commodore Bullen boarded the *Orphie* of Nantz, 377 tons burthen, five days from the Old Calabar river, bound to Martinique, with a cargo of 698 slaves, originally 700, two having died since leaving the river.

'The state (he says) in which my lieutenant found the miserable objects of their brutal traffic, is truly revolting to the feelings of human nature: the whole of the men (550 in number) were heavily chained in couples; some round the ancles and arms, and many by the necks; the whole of whom he set at liberty, and suffered them, during the search, to inhale the fresh air; the confined and putrid air issuing from the slave deck, a height of scarcely three feet, was so strong as almost to deter my lieutenant from exploring it; but considering it his imperative duty, and my orders to search every part of her as minutely as possible, that I might be the better enabled to particularize to their lordships every circumstance respecting her, he did so, and found her as before described. My instructions positively forbidding my interference with French vessels, other than as before mentioned, it was with feelings of reluctant regret, I allowed the master to triumph in his villainy, by suffering him to proceed on his execrable and inhuman voyage.'—*Parliamentary Papers*, Class B. p. 133.

Our Commodore speaks of a whole horde of French slave-ships in the Gallinas; he gives a list of thirteen that were boarded in the course of a month; nay, he states that, in September, 1825, Lieutenant Griffin, whom he had dispatched in the two pinnaces and cutter, in the short space of two days boarded no less than eighteen vessels, engaged in the traffic, thirteen of which were French. 'With respect,' says the Commodore, 'to what an alarming extent the slave-trade is prosecuted, on this coast, under the flag of the French nation, there are, in that river alone, 2,007 tons of shipping, 293 persons, and 35 guns, under that flag, employed in the speculation of human flesh.' Well might Mr. Canning affirm, that 'the laws of France on this subject are neither efficient in themselves, even in the heart of her dominions, nor can it be believed that they are acted upon with integrity.'

It

It would be an endless task to enumerate all the cases of atrocity which have even recently come to light; we shall content ourselves with the selection of a very few. On the 3d October, 1824, Commodore Bullen writes thus—

'Finding the James here, commanded by Captain Prince, who conducted himself so humanely, and showed such attention to the crews of my boats, on their arrival in a distressed condition in the Bonny, in June last, I was happy in being enabled personally to express to him my sincere thanks for his praiseworthy conduct on that occasion. From him I learn that the French slave-trade has lately most considerably increased in the rivers Bonny and Old Calabar. Several new vessels have arrived, and many laden with full cargoes of human victims have left, under the white flag and manned by Frenchmen, although the capital embarked is ostensibly Spanish. That their lordships may have full and complete information respecting the degrees of barbarity and want of feeling evinced by these subjects of an enlightened nation, which publicly disavows such horrible and infamous conduct, I beg leave to acquaint them, that "Le Louis," commanded by "Oiseau," who was so insolent to my officers on their visiting him in June last, on completing her cargo of slaves in the Old Calabar, without the slightest spark of humanity in him, thrust the whole of these unfortunate beings between decks, (a height of nearly three feet,) and closed the hatches for the night; when morning made its appearance, *fifty* of the poor sufferers had paid the debt of nature, owing to the confined, diseased, and putrid atmosphere they were condemned to respire. The wretch coolly ordered the bodies of these miserable victims of his total want of human feeling, to be thrown into the river, and immediately proceeded on shore, to complete his execrable cargo, by a fresh purchase of his fellow-creatures. To detail all the enormities committed by these dealers in human flesh, who feel they are protected by the nation they claim, and the flag they hoist, would trespass too much on their lordships' time; suffice it to say, they are heart-rending, and would disgrace the most unenlightened savage and most refined cruelty.'—*State Papers*, pp. 340, 341.

In the same month, Captain Willis, of the Brazen, boarded the Eclair of Nantz, 120 tons, with 169 slaves, bound to the Havannah; 'the master stated that he lost one-third of his cargo in the surf, in embarking them; she measured three feet, one inch, between decks; the men chained, many of them unable to sit upright.'

A case is stated, from Guadaloupe, of La Louise, Captain Armand, having landed a cargo of 200 negroes, the remainder of 275, which he had taken on board, *for*, it being discovered that she was unable to stow and provision so many, seventy-five of them had been thrown overboard alive! The Baron de Damas finds it difficult, as well he may, to give credit to so revolting an atrocity, and denies its truth. He does not, however, condescend to

to offer the slightest proof of its falsehood; and when we call to mind the atrocious case of the *Rodeur*, which the French government so carefully endeavoured to conceal, we need not hesitate in believing any enormity from a French slave-dealer, whose crimes are not visited, if visited at all, with any severity of punishment. It is the character of this hateful traffic to deaden the feelings, and to harden and brutalize the heart.

'The captain,' observe the Directors of the African Institution, 'who, without necessity, throws overboard the goods of his employers, is visited with the whole vengeance of the law; but if he takes on board a greater number of negroes than his vessel can conveniently transport to her place of destination, and, as has lately happened, quietly casts the supernumeraries into the sea, the crime becomes alleviated, and he escapes with comparative, nay, with almost entire impunity.'

The petition from the abolitionists of Paris, presented in February last to the Chambers, is not so incredulous on this point as is the Baron de Damas. It states that

'it is established by authentic documents, that the slave-captains throw into the sea every year about *three thousand negros*, men, women, and children; of whom more than half are thus sacrificed, *whilst yet alive*, either to escape from the visit of cruizers, or because, worn down by their sufferings, they could not be sold to advantage.'

Is it possible that a nation, calling itself enlightened, can tolerate such atrocious proceedings as these, and not attempt a remedy?—QUOUSQUE TANDEM. . . . . .

If we turn to the opposite coast of Africa, we there find the French flag equally active, in conjunction with the Portuguese, in carrying on the same traffic. Captain Owen states, that in the port of Quiloa, he found seven vessels preparing their cargoes for Rio de Janeiro, one of which, of 600 tons, was to take on board 1,200 slaves; the annual number exported from Mozambique, he computes at 15,000, and from Quilliman, 10,000 more; and he adds that if one-third arrive safe, it is considered a good voyage.

At the Havannah, too, the French are not less actively engaged in the slave-trade than the Spaniards. It is stated by the commissioner, Mr. Kilbee, that in the year 1824, sixty vessels landed in Cuba upwards of 16,000 slaves; that of these ships a great number were French, and that, after disposing of their negroes on the island, they make it their usual practice to take on board a cargo of colonial produce for some of their own ports. The authorities of the colony take no notice of these arrivals, and their negligence is seconded by the connivance of the naval officers, and by the obstinate indolence of the government of Spain. Indeed the Captain-General declared, that copies of the additional articles to the treaty concluded in December, 1822, had never been transmitted

mitted to him by his government, and accordingly he refused to act on their stipulations.

In the first month of the year 1825, nineteen vessels had left that port for the coast of Africa, and twenty vessels, five French and fifteen Spanish, had arrived from thence, having previously landed, within twenty leagues of the Havannah, 5,766 negroes.

In the month of July, four vessels sailed from the Havannah for the coast of Africa, and four returned from thence; the latter having landed upwards of 1,200 negroes on the coast of Cuba. In September, three Spanish vessels sailed, and two arrived, having landed 530 negroes. In November, a Spanish brig landed 480, and a French schooner upwards of 300 negroes, previously to their entering the port of Havannah. In consequence, however, of the steps taken by the French consul, who had recently received instructions from his government, the captain thought it prudent suddenly to depart very early on the morning after his arrival. In December, no less than eight slave-vessels arrived, after clandestinely introducing into the island nearly 2,300 slaves.

Whether the Additional Articles to the treaty of 1817, which were signed under the government of the Cortes of Spain, and which, by the influence of the Duke del Infantado, have at length, in the early part of the present year, received the sanction of his Catholic Majesty, and have been transmitted to the authorities of Cuba for their guidance, will have any beneficial effect, a short time will show; but it is much to be feared that the authority of the government of Spain is very little regarded by the local authorities of Cuba, when its orders are opposed to their interests. Mr. Lamb says, and we doubt not says justly, that 'the character of the Duke of Infantado is a sufficient guarantee, that what is promised is intended to be executed.' But in the mean time the trade increases at the Havannah, and it is notorious, as Mr. Canning observes, 'that there is scarcely an individual in the department of the local government itself, who is not directly or indirectly concerned in the trade.' The capture of the *Zee-Bloem* affords a curious specimen of the tricks and frauds by which 'this horrible, greedy, and inhuman traffic,' as the Secretary of State properly designates it, is carried on.

This 'Flower of the Sea' was captured under Dutch colours; her Captain, Goldwaith, an American, threw her papers overboard, maintaining that these were Spanish, and that she was the property of a Frenchman of the name of Dutocq, of Cuba; he had stated but the day before, that she belonged to Mr. John Martin of St. Eustatius; and the owner in the end turned out to be a Mr. Nathaniel Mussenden, a member of the Council of Police of St. Eustatius. Among some precious MSS. found on

board this vessel, owned and navigated by this nest of scoundrels, was a letter, drawn up in the technical language of the atrocious trade, and affording much insight into the nature of the French government's 'efforts' for putting it down. The following is an extract:—

'Under the *auspices* of Mr. Couronneau of Bordeaux, our friend, we *have the honour* of tendering to you our services at this place. You know, gentlemen, that the advantage which our market offers for the disposal of *Ebony*, gives it a great preference over any other of our colonies; and it strikes us that it would suit you to send to it *a few shipments of that sort*. We have received this year *a great many cargoes of that article*, on account of merchants of Nantz: and towards the end of January, we expect here other ships that have sailed from the last-mentioned port. All our sales have been attended with favourable results.'—'The last cargo sold here, was that of the Harriett of Nantz: 328 *logs* were disposed of on their landing, (those that were *damaged* excepted,) at 225 dollars each.'—'This *merchandize* was of a very ordinary nature, and had *suffered* much: by getting rid of *the article* at once you *may make a much better thing of it*.'

The writer then proceeds to give some particular instructions and precautions necessary to be observed, and thus continues:

'The COMMANDANT, WHO IS DEVOTED TO US, would deliver a letter of instructions for the captain:' 'when once the cargo is on shore, all risk is at an end.—We have this day to communicate to you a circumstance that will no doubt afford you as much interest as it does to us.

'The brig, "Two Nations," Captain Pettier, which had lately been captured by an English cruizer, (at the moment when she appeared before Uragua with a cargo of *Ebony*,) and carried to Kingston, has been released; *the admiral* having declared that no one had the right of capturing the French flag: in consequence of this, the brig returned to Uragua, where she landed 456 *logs*. Had the *wood* been good, it would have had a fine sale; but owing to the bad state of *the bulk of the cargo*, which had suffered much, it is of the smallest kind. *The liberation of this vessel offers to us the assurance that our flag will henceforth be respected*. The three vessels that were cruizing upon our coast were immediately recalled to Jamaica. As to the Dutch, there is only one English vessel of war in our latitude commissioned to capture them; the others are altogether interdicted that right. We consider, therefore, that there is no longer any risk upon our coast; and that vessels may present themselves with all safety before Uragua, *where we constantly keep a pilot. The sales meet with no opposition, and are carried on in some measure publicly*.'—*State Papers*, pp. 245—247.

The same devilish kind of language appears in the following letter of instructions to the Captain of *Les Deux Sœurs*, captured on the coast of Africa; it is dated St. Pierre, 3d August, 1824, and signed *De la Roche*.

'You will repair direct to the coast of Africa, to trade there in *billets*

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of ebony wood; the cargo which I give you being well chosen, and as advantageous as possible. I hope that you will bring back one, at your return, that will answer our expectations. I do not wish to have *billets* either too large or too small, but particularly sound.

'You will return to Martinique, Pointe des Salines, at the second landing at the sea-shore; taking care not to pass "Pointe Dunkerque," so as to expose yourself to the sight of the marine.

'You will land the things with which you may be loaded; at your arrival you will find orders for you to follow in the continuation of your voyage. Wishing you a fortunate and quick return, I am, &c.'

And under the annexed instructions for the captain and crew is the following memorandum:

'As to the choice of the return cargo, it is expressly recommended to the captain and to his officers, if there is opportunity of choosing, not to embark any other "balles" or "ballots" (females or males, we suppose) than those that weigh from ten to twenty arabas, (years of age) of which the two-thirds to be in "ballots," and the other third in "balles;" it being expressly agreed, that if there are any "balles" or "ballots" found among the cargo under ten or above twenty arabas, the captain's allowances upon each of the "balles" or "ballots" are to be reduced one half, the same for any that may be damaged, otherwise than by the chances of the voyage.'—*Parliamentary Papers*, Class A. p. 15.

Next to the French slavers in point of numbers, and fully equal to them in atrocious conduct, are the Portugueze, whether on the west or the east coast of Africa. Since the separation of his European and American dominions, Don Pedro of the Brazils has more than supplied the place of his late father in Portugal as to the slave-trade. 'Portugal' (well says one of the papers before us) 'still remains a melancholy exception to the concurrent authority of the rest of Europe. She alone, of civilized nations, continues to class the purchase of our fellow-creatures among the ordinary modes of *lawful* commerce.' Her conduct is mean as well as wicked: for while she has consented to abolish the trade to the northward of the line, and to carry it on to the southward only, nineteen-twentieths of the slaves carried to the Brazils are actually shipped to the northward of the line. To vessels there filled, in point of fact, the captures, by our ships of war, are chiefly confined. The Brazilian slaver clears out for Molembo, for which place he has an imperial license; but he well knows there are no slaves to be had at Molembo; he creeps therefore along the coast from the southward till he reaches Biafra or Benin, keeps a false log, and having entered one of the rivers, takes in his cargo of slaves, generally got ready for his immediate reception of them. It was precisely in this way that Portugal herself evaded the stipulations of the treaty and carried on the illegal trade. So far, in fact, are the Portugueze from having the least feeling of respect for public

opinion, that they consider the slave-trade as an honourable and legitimate branch of commerce; and so little horror is felt at the enormities which are constantly occurring, that nothing is more common than for *ladies* to take shares in an *Ebony* adventure; we find indeed that, in one capture alone, were *four* female consignees. We have also discovered, among the papers before us, that the amiable Donna Maria de Cruz, daughter of the governor of Princess Island, of whom we had occasion once before to make honourable mention, is still engaged in carrying on the traffic, though in a small way. The Victor sloop of war fell in with and captured a schooner-boat belonging to this paragon of her sex, called the *Maria Pequina*. Her burden was *five* tons; she had taken on board, in the river Gaboon, besides her crew, water, and provisions, *twenty-three slaves*, six of whom had already died; they were stowed in a space between the water-casks and the deck, of *eighteen inches* in height; and Lieutenant Scott reports that, when he seized her, the remaining negroes were in a state of actual starvation.

The Diana, another Portugueze vessel, was also captured by the Victor.

'Of all the vessels I was on board of,' says Captain Woolcombe, 'this was in the most deplorable condition; the stench, from the accumulation of dirt, joined to that of so many human beings packed together in a small space (the men all ironed in pairs) was intolerable. To add to the scene of misery, the small-pox had broken out among them; nine died before we took possession, and one almost immediately after our first boat got alongside.'

The '*Two Brazilian Friends*,' one of thirteen vessels which sailed about the same time from Bahia, had 257 slaves on board:

'Its filthy and horrid state,' says Commodore Bullen, 'beggars all description; many females were far advanced in pregnancy, and several had infants from four to twelve months of age; all were crowded together in one mass of living corruption; and yet this vessel had not her prescribed complement by nearly one hundred.'

The 'Aviso,' when captured, had 465 slaves on board, of whom thirty-four died almost immediately. The Commodore describes this vessel as in a most crowded, filthy and wretched condition, although she had on board 120 less than her passport from the Emperor Don Pedro authorized her to carry. She had only twenty days provisions on board, and less water, for a voyage to Bahia. The Bella Eliza was privileged for 368 slaves; she had taken on board 381, of whom twenty-two died before they reached Sierra Leone; the passage was seven weeks, and such was the state of suffering from want of water and provisions, that in two days more, it is stated, all hands must have perished. In the first

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of these four charnel-houses, the men's slave-room was only two feet seven inches high; in the second, two feet; and, in the third, two feet three inches. It is stated that in some of these vessels were fierce dogs of the blood-hound species, trained to sit watching over the hatches during the night, lest the wretched beings below, driven to desperation, should make any attempt to reach the region of purer air.

But the heart sickens over such details. What the sum of human misery must amount to during the passage across the Atlantic in the ships that escape, we can only form some idea from the state of the few that are captured—for very few indeed they are, compared with those that elude our cruizers. The number of vessels brought for adjudication at Sierra Leone in the year 1824, as stated by the Commissioners, amounted only to six, out of which the number of slaves emancipated was 1,245. The total number of cases adjudicated since the establishment of the Mixed Commission is stated to be fifty-two; and the total number of slaves emancipated up to the 1st of January, 1825,—5,160. In the year 1825 they report the condemnation of six ships having on board 1,660 slaves.

But bodily suffering in these floating dungeons of filth and corruption—of disease and death—is but a part—perhaps a small part—of the misery which the ill-fated African is doomed to undergo. If we allow him to possess but a small portion of the common feelings of our nature, we may imagine the mental agony which must attend the eternally recurring recollection of that moment when he was brutally snatched away from friends, family, and dearest connections, to be crammed into the hold of a slave-ship; his cruel lot still further embittered by that dreadful state of suspense and anxiety, which a total ignorance as to his future fate must unavoidably produce.—Major Denham has taught us how sword and fire are let loose upon harmless and peaceable villages for the sake of seizing and carrying off the unoffending inhabitants, even far in the interior of Africa, where, contrary to what is observed in most regions, the natives are more civilized than those nearer to the sea-coast; how wars are multiplied upon wars merely because those of the vanquished that escape butchery are slaves,—all this in order to satisfy the greedy and rapacious cravings of the native slave-dealers, who are again tempted and urged by the European traffickers.

Here then, on the coast of devoted Africa, is scope enough for the exercise of our humanity. Here is the favourable climate and the fertile soil, on which is nourished and propagated that condition of slavery which we are so anxious to abolish—here is the root; and in vain should we cut down the tree, while the root is

suffered to remain; young scions will shoot forth with fresh vigour, as we have seen them do in the course of the last twenty years. If we really wish to abolish slavery, we must first eradicate the source and origin, the feeder and the nourisher, of it. Yet those who would be thought the most zealous advocates for meliorating the condition of the African, who are most sensitively alive to every thing that interferes with his happiness and comfort—those, in short, at whom the South Carolina resolution points, loudly as they exclaim for the emancipation of *our* negroes, which would probably tend to their destruction, are wholly silent as to the brutal and inhuman proceedings by which thousands of the same race are still daily brought into the condition of slaves; so that if it were not for the African Institution, (whose means of doing service to the cause are but limited,) we should not hear one syllable about all this disgraceful and detestable traffic, except through the channel of parliamentary papers, annually presented by Mr. Canning—to whom the poor African is more indebted for his persevering efforts to shame the remaining traffickers in human beings out of their pursuit, than to all those pretenders to humanity, whose indiscreet interference is calculated scarcely less surely to aggravate his sufferings than to injure our colonists, our commerce, and our empire.

England has done much towards effecting the total abolition of the slave-trade; but she must yet do more. The government has honestly and zealously performed its part, and the persevering and indefatigable exertions of the officers of our cruizers, and their humane endeavours to alleviate the sufferings of the unhappy beings which fall into their hands, are above all praise. At the risk of life and fortune they shrink not from the grateful task of giving liberty to the slaves; but the traffickers are frequently too cunning for them; and the law, as it now stands, affords—to the French in particular—a loop-hole for escape from their own cruizers, and a prohibition against capture on the part of ours. The slave-ships of Portugal, Spain, and the Netherlands, are the only ones subject to capture; but the slavers of France are not even contented with being permitted to carry on their trade with impunity; they have sometimes the audacity to treat our officers with a degree of insolence and defiance which nothing but the strictness of their orders, as the Frenchmen know full well, would prevent them from chastising on the spot.

'This,' says Commodore Bullen, 'points out, under what painful circumstances a British officer can attempt to perform his duty to his country, when he is liable to the grossest insults from a set of wretches, engaged in this most inhuman and infamous traffic, who know and feel they are protected and encouraged by their government.'

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What then remains to be done? Are we, in utter despair, to withdraw our cruizers from the coast of Africa; to abandon all our forts and settlements on that coast, and throw open at once the whole line of this devoted country to the full and unrestrained scope of the slave-dealers of those governments who are more disposed to encourage than to repress the hateful traffic; and who have the insolence to ascribe our anxiety for its extinction solely to interested motives? Or, are we to compel by force of arms, the French, the Spaniards, and the Portugueze to abandon it? It is but too obvious that hitherto persuasion and remonstrance have equally failed; though our steady perseverance has produced, in the course of the past year, some little glimmering of hope, that a sense of shame has just touched the ruling powers of France, and that public opinion in that country is beginning to declare itself against a trade, which the French king, twelve years ago, solemnly pronounced 'repugnant to the principles of natural justice, and of the enlightened age in which we live.' Even the Baron de Damas has at length admitted the utter inefficiency of the existing law. Even he (we are told)

'did not hesitate to acknowledge, that the slave-trade from the French ports had very much increased during the last two years; and he gave assurances that the French ministers were examining thoroughly the whole question, not only with the view of adopting an improved mode of administering the present law, but with the intention of collecting materials on which to found the proposition of a new law to the chambers. He apprehended, however, that the investigation was not in a state of sufficient forwardness to enable the government to bring forward the question during the ensuing session.'

Indeed, we have little doubt, that the French government will find it necessary, in the course of next session, to adopt something more efficient than the present law; the support they are likely to meet with, from the most respectable men in the two Chambers, will leave them no excuse for evasion. The directors of the African Institution say—

'The Baron de Staël, who visited Nantz in the course of last year, whilst drawing the strongest picture of that place, (which is in France now, what Liverpool was in its days of less creditable commerce,) and declaring the impossibility that any man of good faith there can question its truth, at the same time adds, that "nobody doubts for a moment that the slave-trade will be suppressed almost instantaneously whenever the government will adopt severe measures, and employ honest men to carry them into execution. The slave-dealers, whatever may be their impudence, and absolute want of moral feeling on the subject, know that they are supported by no real interest, and that their traffic has no chance of lasting." A more rapid progress may perhaps now be looked for. The Baron de Staël readily obtained, during the two days which he staid in Nantz, specimens of the irons used in the slave-ships. Upon

laying these before the Dauphin, he had the satisfaction of finding the expectations of justice and humanity not deceived. His Royal Highness seems prepared to give the authority of his high station in behalf of this great cause; and has promised that every measure adapted for the suppression of the slave-trade shall have, not only his approbation, but his support.'—*Twentieth Report*, p. 26.

There is some hope too that Spain, having no longer any great interest in pursuing the traffic, and having an honest minister at the head of her councils, may ere long pass such a law against the trade as shall effectually prevent her flag and her subjects from being engaged in it; and as for that wretched government of Portugal, which owes its existence, feeble and palsied as it is, to Great Britain, she ought to be peremptorily ordered to abandon the traffic altogether. Having no slave colonies she can no longer have even a pretext for carrying it on; her ships, therefore, found in the prosecution of the slave-trade ought unquestionably to be considered as mere pirates, and treated accordingly. The Marquis of Palmella acknowledged indeed, two years ago, to our ambassador at Lisbon, that 'he was almost willing to consent at once to the total abolition of the slave-trade, in which Portugal could have no interest, in case of the independence of the Brazils.' On which the directors of the Institution justly observe,

'As the independence of Brazil has been subsequently recognized, and as any negociation binding its direct interests must be now made with Brazil, it is difficult to explain why, as far as Portugal is concerned, this abolition has not been proclaimed—especially since it is understood that the British government have determined to enter into no treaty with Portugal in which the effectual abolition of the slave-trade should not be provided for.'

We shall presently see what is the determination of the new representative government of Portugal.* With regard to the Brazils, the surrounding states of America will, when once settled in their respective governments, dispose of Don Pedro's negroes, and probably of himself; in the mean time, should his ships continue to desolate Africa, we hope they may be most rigidly kept within the limits prescribed in the existing treaties, and harassed even there by every possible means. At present every Brazilian slave-dealer practises a double fraud, assisted by the corrupt con-

* While this sheet is passing through the press, we observe (Sept. 2) the arrival of some Sierra Leone Gazettes filled with new instances of Portugueze, as well as French, cruelty and audacity, in the unremitted prosecution of this traffic. A Portuguese schooner, La Fortuna, had just been captured and brought in, with 200 slaves, the remainder of 250, of which the cargo had originally consisted. Ten slavers had been seen lying together in the Bonny, of which seven were French, and the Maidstone had just fallen in with a frigate-built French vessel, the original cargo of which had been 700 negroes.

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nivance of the officers of his government. Firstly, his imperial passport directs him to Molembo; but both the giver and receiver of that well know there are no slaves to be had at Molembo; secondly, the same passport declares the tonnage of the vessel to be quite different from what it actually is, by means of which vile trick, instead of taking on board five slaves for every two tons, according to treaty, it has been discovered that they are in the constant practice of taking on board four or five to every single ton.

'It has been attempted' (say the directors of the African Institution) 'to justify this infringement of positive treaty by the singular declaration that there are two modes of measuring vessels; one for merchant vessels in general, and another for slave-ships: in other words, that a nominal and fictitious tonnage is taken for the last, "whereby human beings can be crammed into a smaller space than that known to be occupied by their weight in lead. The wretched creatures thus stowed away have been, consequently, chained together so close, that in all cases extreme misery, and in very many madness and death, have followed." Mr. Canning's expostulation against this violation of common humanity, as well as of solemn compacts, was presented during the course of last May to the government of Brazil, *begging* for an "immediate decree to do away this one, at least, among many evils." M. Carvalhoe Melho has answered, with a most concise indifference, that "he will take a *fit opportunity* to direct the proper measures."'

The following description of a Brazilian slave-trader, taken in the present year, may serve as a specimen of the condition of the poor negroes put on board a ship of this nation. It is that of the 'Perpetuo Defensor,' having on board 424 slaves.

'A short time after detention (it is Commodore Bullen who speaks) 'I visited her, to be an eye-witness to the state of the slaves on their being brought on deck for the purpose of being counted; and I have to assure their lordships, that the extent of human misery evinced by these unfortunate beings is almost impossible for me to describe. They were all confined in a most crowded state below, and many in irons, which latter were released as soon as they could be got at. The putrid atmosphere emitting from the slave-deck was horrible in the extreme, and so inhuman are these fellow-creature dealers, that several of those who were confined at the farther end of the slave-room, were obliged to be dragged on deck in almost a lifeless state, and wasted away to mere shadows, never having breathed the fresh air since their embarkation. Many females had infants at their breasts, and all were crowded together in a solid mass of filth and corruption, several suffering from dysentery, and although but a fortnight on board forty-seven of them had died from that complaint.'

The directors of the African Institution appear to think that, 'by a determined encouragement of free labour, we may make the trade not worth pursuing.' We must take the liberty to say, that we have no great opinion of this 'free labour' system. The directors

directors themselves must be the first to acknowledge that the public are not, up to this hour, in possession of proof that the experiment has anywhere been carried to a successful issue. We all know, indeed, that such an experiment, on a large scale, and under proper superintendance, is now in progress within the territories of Sierra Leone; and IF it should be found to answer there,—that is to say, IF the emancipated negroes, when duly instructed by persons from the West Indies, will submit to the labour that is required *in the cultivation of sugar*—for it is this article in particular, that requires constant and severe labour, and it is this only which constitutes the value of our West Indian Islands—then, unquestionably, will the gradual abolition of West Indian slavery be divested of those gloomy forebodings with which it is at present contemplated by many of the best informed and the most liberal-minded of our planters.

Without waiting for the result of this experiment,—for it must require years to determine that—and, if that be successful, ages—long and busy ages—to establish the new system in the West Indian islands and on the continent of America,—we conceive that an effectual and immediate check might be given to *the slave-trade* by the adoption of a measure—which would at least, we are fully convinced, render it 'not worth pursuing.' It is but too evident that our cruizers capture but a very few even of those slave-ships which, if fallen in with, they are legally authorized to seize. There are so many avenues left open on the extensive coast in which the dealers can assemble their victims, that it would require half the navy to close the whole of them. Commodore Bullen states that he rarely visited a port, in which he did not find these wretched beings lying in chains ready to be embarked, as soon as an opportunity should occur; when once a cargo is thus assembled, it requires only about six hours to put on board 400 or 500 slaves; the traders therefore watch the moment that any of our cruizers leave the part of the coast where the negroes are thus ready to be shipped, slip out of the river, and, when once clear of the land, there is little chance of their voyage being interrupted.

If then we are still to keep up, however disheartening it may hitherto have been, the police establishment of the world for the suppression of the slave-trade, the plan, which indeed we have more than once suggested, and in the propriety of which we are borne out by every officer, without exception, who has visited the spot, is to make the island of Fernando Po the principal station on the coast of Africa; to remove thither the Mixed Commission now resident at Sierra Leone; to have two or three steam-boats of light draught of water, properly armed, to run up the nume-

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rous rivers that fall into the bights of Biafra and Benin; to sweep their banks of all the traffickers in slaves; and to protect the legitimate trader of all nations, who is at present continually exposed in these regions to insult in his person, and robbery of his property. From this quarter of the coast, we reckon that at least two-thirds of the slaves annually carried away from Africa, are shipped. The remaining third of the traffic, from the more northerly parts of the coast, might, in like manner, be effectually checked, by two other steam-boats, whose rendezvous might be either at Sierra Leone, or the Gambia, or both. The French have already two steam-boats to navigate the Senegal; and we should find them equally useful, even in a mercantile point of view, on the Gambia.

It is of the utmost importance that the slave-ships captured in the Bight of Benin should be brought in for adjudication as speedily as possible. The horrible state in which the poor wretches are found admits of no delay in liberating them from their dungeons of disease and death. The passage to Sierra Leone is from five to twelve weeks, and is frequently attended with great mortality. We will mention but one instance, in the present year. The Seguenda Rosalia, captured by the Athol, lost in her passage up to Sierra Leone *eighty-two slaves*, all of which, except ten or twelve, died of absolute starvation, the ship being eleven weeks on her passage. Such was their miserable condition that, for upwards of three weeks, their daily subsistence was a handful of *farinha* and black beans, with half a pint of water, which was served out by spoonfuls. Nothing of this kind could happen on our plan. A day or two at the most, from any situation in the two bights, would be sufficient to carry them to Fernando Po, where they might be employed in cutting down timber, preparing billets of wood for the steam-vessels, and clearing the ground for cultivation. In the present state of this island, the savage natives produce the finest yams perhaps in the world, and appear to possess abundance of fowls. A refreshing breeze constantly blows over the island from the Atlantic; it has plenty of good anchorage in more places than one, and abundance of clear running water; and it is so situated, as to overlook and command the whole Bight of Biafra and the numerous rivers that fall into it.

Thus might this beautiful but hitherto neglected island become the rendezvous of our merchant shipping employed in the African trade, and from hence might the rudiments of civilization be carried into the very heart of Africa. At present our merchants engaged in lawful commerce have no safe depôt for their goods; they are obliged to keep them on board ship till disposed of, and are therefore at the mercy of the native dealers; but this fine island

island is so situated, as to afford not only a secure but a convenient depôt.

We now know, by the enterprizing exertions of Clapperton, that a road is open to the fertile and populous districts of Central Africa; and who can doubt that commerce will find its way thither, and in its train carry with it those improvements in civilization which have hitherto been its invariable concomitants? The paltry trade at present carried on by the Arabs over the Great Desert would no longer be worth pursuing, and the few thousand negro victims, who are at present dragged across that dreary waste, would thus be annually saved from death and slavery. Though we do not imagine that any of the great rivers which flow into the Bights of Benin and Biafra proceed from Haussa, or that the much talked of Niger crosses the great and continuous chain of mountains which cost Mr. Clapperton five days in passing, but that they take their origin from the southern side of these mountains, yet it is evident that the slaves from the interior, after passing the chain, are marched down to the banks of these rivers for embarkation; and there can be little doubt, from their magnitude, that they are navigable by steam-boats to the very feet of the mountains. By the latest accounts from Clapperton he was at Katunga, on the borders of the Fellata country, situated in lat. 9° 12′ and long. 6° 10′ E., being on the same meridian nearly with Saccatoo, and the same parallel with the scene of Major Denham's disastrous engagement with the Fellatas; he had fallen in with no great river: the Kowarra, however, which was seventy miles *west* of Saccatoo, was described to him as running about thirty miles *east* of Katunga; which strengthens the probability of Denham's supposition that it joins the Shary, after skirting the northern feet of the mountains. Even in this case, the Kowarra or Niger might be made a most advantageous conveyance of mercantile commodities through the central and best parts of Africa, when once a communication has been opened between the sea-coast and the dominions of Bello.*

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* We have heard, since this was printed, that the undaunted and indefatigable Clapperton had reached the capital of his friend Bello; and also that the consul of Tripoli had reported the safe arrival of Major Laing at Timbuctoo. We have indeed seen a letter from Mr. Houtsen, the merchant who accompanied Clapperton to Katunga, and who had returned to the coast, relating that, before his departure from that city, he had received intelligence that Clapperton, on his approach to the frontiers of Barghoo, which borders upon Bello's dominions, had been met by the sovereign of that country at the head of 500 horsemen, to conduct him to his capital. The letter states that it was highly probable Mr. Dickson, who had proceeded from Dahomey, was already at Saccatoo. We have now, therefore, every reason to hope that the interior of Northern Africa, beyond the Great Desert, will no longer remain a Terra Incognita, and that the information brought back by our intrepid travellers may be turned to the mutual advantage of their native country and of the long-suffering African; but, be the result what

The expense of keeping a squadron constantly employed for the suppression of the slave-trade, the bounty of ten pounds per head paid for every slave captured, and the salaries and other expenses of the Mixed Commission, which, all together, we should imagine, fall not far short of half a million a year; and, above all, the dreadful mortality, and, at the same time, the absolute insufficiency of an English squadron, to whatever extent it might be thought proper to increase it, for the execution of the object in view, so long as the French persevere in pursuing and encouraging the trade—these, taken together, are sufficient grounds, in our opinion, for making the experiment of a change of system: that is to say, for abandoning the attempt to abolish the trade by attacking it on the ocean or at the mouths of the rivers; and, in place of this, ascending the rivers into the interior, by armed steam-boats of a light draft of water, and thus cutting off all communication between the slave-hunters and the slave-factors.

We have before us a manuscript account of a transaction between Spain and Portugal respecting Fernando Po, which shows that neither of these powers has any claim to the possession of that island; and, consequently, that it is open to any power to negociate with the natives for a settlement upon it.

In the year 1778 the Portugueze ceded the islands of Annabon and Fernando Po by treaty to Spain; and in the same year the Spaniards sent out an expedition to take possession of them. The men, ere they reached these regions, were sorely worn down by disease, occasioned by delay, and by want of provisions and medicines; a party were landed in a debilitated state on Fernando Po, and the rest proceeded to Annabon, where, being well received by the natives, the Spanish flag was hoisted, Te Deum sung, and mass said. Here, however, as soon as the natives discovered that the Spaniards were come as lords and masters, not simply as visitors and friends, they, by the advice of a black priest, refused, in the most positive terms, to allow the strangers to take possession of the island. The commander of the Portugueze frigate, which accompanied the expedition, wished them to land troops and compel the natives to submit; but this the Spanish commander would not allow, as he had the positive orders of his sovereign only to accept of their *voluntary* submission, and to avoid all contest; they therefore re-embarked and set sail for the island of St. Thomas; and from thence proceeded to Fernando Po, where it had been resolved to form a settlement in

what it may, the various expeditions that have been sent forth with the view of gaining intelligence and promoting the interests of humanity, will form lasting evidence of the enlightened and disinterested spirit of the British government under the colonial administration of the Earl Bathurst.

the

the Bay of Conception, on the southern side of the island, as both the anchorage and soil were there most promising. Here they found some huts, with natives of both sexes, to whom they distributed looking-glasses, knives, and other trifles. The next day they erected a cross, hoisted the Spanish flag, prepared to pitch their tents, and build a temporary hospital; but the natives had disappeared. A severe sickness soon spread through the garrison, so that one half of them had died in the course of five months, and the remainder were incapable of carrying on the works. They sent a schooner to St. Thomas's to bring them assistance in men and provisions, but she was found in so defective a state as to be unable to return. In the mean time the poor remainder of the Spaniards—for they had been reduced to fifty-five—mutinied against the commander. They said it never could have been the intention of the king of Spain that they should remain on the island until this miserable remnant should also perish. They therefore took the opportunity of a Spanish ship from the Canaries to embark, one and all, and to abandon an island which had been so fatal to their companions. Of 547 men, who originally embarked, 67 only returned to Spain.—The cause of this mortality was not entirely owing to want of provisions and medicines, but partly also to the bad choice of a situation on the island, being to *leeward*, and to the uncleared state of the country.

Since this abandonment of Fernando Po, neither Spaniards nor Portugueze have made any attempts to occupy it. The Spanish commander complains that the Portugueze practised a fraud upon his government; denies, in short, that this nation ever had had any connection with Fernando Po, or even landed upon it. The Count of Argelejos, the commander of the expedition, in his remonstrance against this fraudulent transaction, thus reasons:

'For the lawful transfer of a dominion, one of two titles is indispensable, either a right of property, or actual possession. No person can pretend to deliver over as his own that which belongs to another. Under these suppositions we ask, how could the crown of Portugal lawfully give to the crown of Spain the island of Fernando Po without having either property in it or possession of it? It was only *seen* in the reign of Alphonso V. by a gentleman of the name of Fernando Po, and without further conquest, either temporal or spiritual, this nation asserts its claim of direct sovereignty. How easy would it be for many needy wretches, now struggling with poverty, to make conquests in this manner, if whatever they see with their eyes they could claim as their property! The commissioner, therefore, who was named by the court of Portugal in 1778, ought rather to have invited the Spaniards to undertake the conquest of the island of Fernando Po, either by force of arms or by fraud and cunning, than pretend to make a delivery and solemn cession

cession of an island in the name of his king, when that king could neither deliver nor cede that which was not his own.'—*MS. Account, &c.*

This reasoning is quite conclusive, and the document in question establishes two facts: first, that Spain, finding herself grossly imposed on, renounced all claim on the island, and broke off the treaty; and secondly, that Portugal had no claim to the island, by right of discovery or of possession.

On the northern part of the coast of Africa, by the personal exertions of the late General Turner—exertions which his generous zeal pushed beyond the bearing even of a remarkably robust and vigorous frame—a blow has been struck against the slave traffic, which, if followed up by an equal degree of energy on the part of his successor in the government of Sierra Leone, cannot fail to be attended with the happiest results. The general ascended the rivers on which the slaves are usually embarked, protected and re-assured the honest trader and the industrious natives, but pursued with fire and sword those unfeeling wretches whose trade is to encourage rapine and murder among the innocent inhabitants as far as their influence can reach into the interior.

'The best information,' says the general, 'which I can collect, warrants my rating the number annually exported at not less than 15,000, all of whom will in future be employed in cultivating the soil, preparing and collecting articles of export, and improving their own condition; nor will the kings or head-men of these or the surrounding nations have, in future, any interest in carrying on those cruel and desolating wars which depopulated whole districts.'

He states that, in consequence of the treaty he had concluded with the neighbouring districts, the chiefs of the country embracing the two rivers Pongos and Nunez, 'so celebrated for their slaving transactions,' had sent to him their voluntary offer to abolish for ever the slave-trade, (and others have since done the same,) on condition of receiving in return the protection of Great Britain, and the benefit of a free trade with our settlements; and he thus concludes his dispatch to Lord Bathurst:—

'Our name and influence are spreading with incredible rapidity throughout this part of Africa, and I have little doubt but I shall have the honour ere long to announce to your lordship the total abolition of the slave-trade for a thousand miles round me, and a tenfold increase to the trade of this colony.'

General Turner, we are bound to mention, partook of none of those gloomy ideas to which the unhealthiness and the mortality on the coast of Africa had, for some years ere his death took place, given prevalence—and which have not, to say the least of the matter, been weakened by the circumstances of this gallant and devoted

devoted officer's own subsequent fate. He, down to the last, speaks in sanguine terms of the rapid improvement of Sierra Leone, both in regard to its internal management, and the security and extension of its trade; and in these views he is supported by the testimony of the Commissioners, who state that the agriculture of the colony has improved and increased, and that its produce is now fully sufficient to support its augmented population. 'The people,' says General Turner, 'by being thrown more upon their own resources, are becoming industrious and orderly, respectful to their employers, submissive and obedient to the laws;' and he adds, what is most important, that the name and character of the colony are spreading rapidly, and that the rulers of distant nations are eagerly seeking our friendship and alliance, and openly soliciting a trade with us. Indeed we hesitate not to say, that, once establish a commercial intercourse of this kind, encourage it even at a loss for a time, and wage unrelenting war with every slave-dealer on the banks of the rivers—and the civilization of Africa is ensured; but so long as the slave-trade is permitted to exist, we are equally certain that rapine and murder, barbarism and desolation, will continue to mark its footsteps.

It is to Africa herself, we must repeat, and to the slave-trade, that the chief attention of the rational philanthropist ought at present to be directed. These are the primary objects which ought to engage the zeal that is not without knowledge.

Erratum.—P. 157. line 5. for *models* read *medals*.

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